

# HE STORY OF IOWA

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BY

WILLIAM JUSTIN HARSHA.

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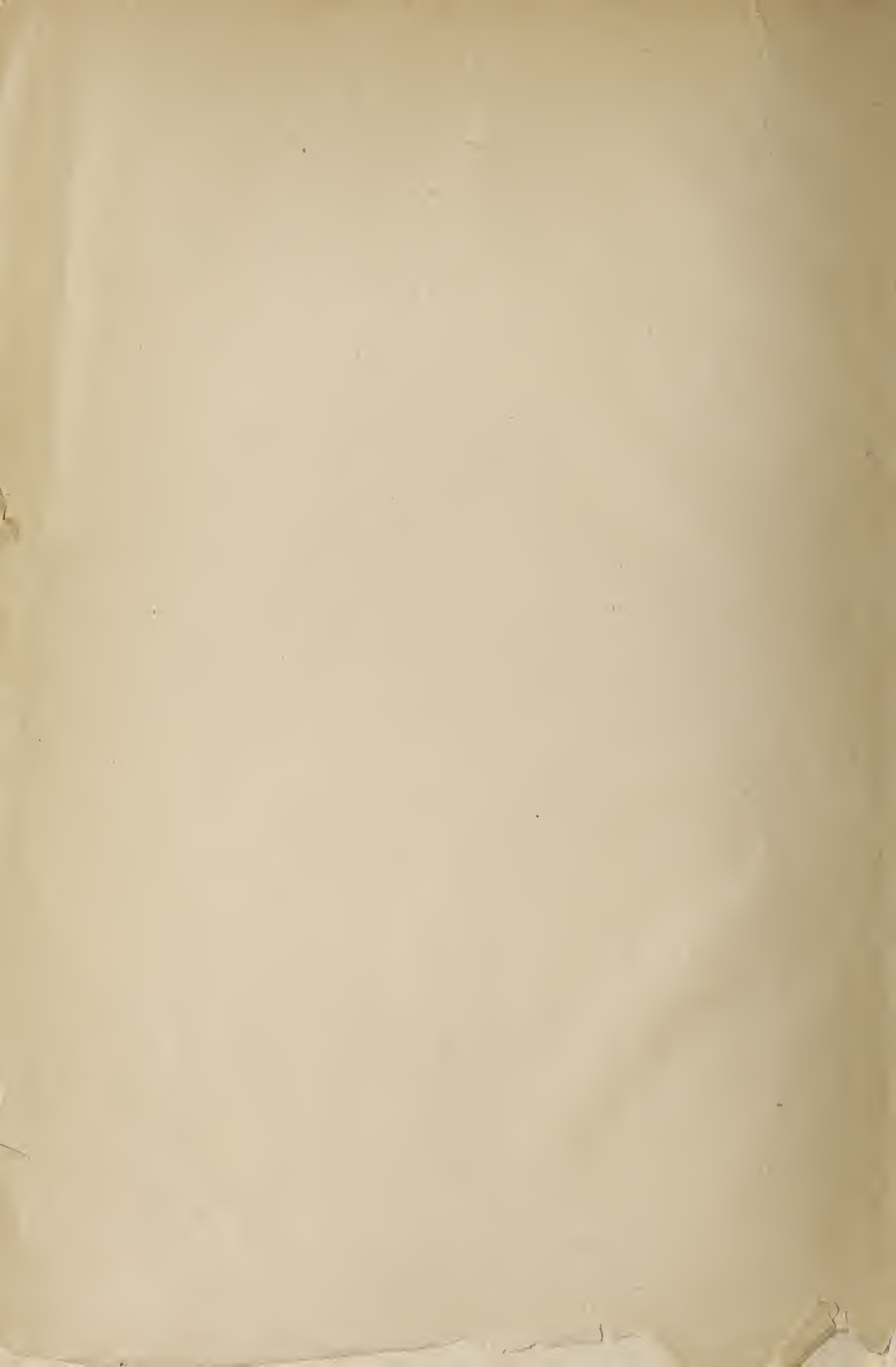
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*"What man would live confined with brick and stone,  
Imprisoned from the influences of air,  
And cramped with selfish landmarks everywhere,  
When all before him stretches, furrowless and lone,  
The unmapped prairie none can fence or own?*

*"What man would read and read the self-same faces,  
And, like the marbles which the windmill grinds,  
Rub smooth forever with the same smooth minds,  
This year retracing last year's, every year's dull traces,  
When there are woods and un-man-stifled places?"*

*—Lowell.*









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SYNODICAL  
MAP  
OF  
**IOWA**  
ARRANGED BY  
REV. T. S. BAILEY  
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.  
*Revised Dec. 1<sup>st</sup>, 1890.*





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BY  
WILLIAM JUSTIN HARSHA.

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

<i>Chapter.</i>	<i>Page.</i>
I.—Taking a State for Christ.....	9
II.—“The Beautiful Land.”.....	21
III.—“Corn is King.”.....	35
IV.—The Great Immigration of 1853 and 1854...	46
V.—First Presbyterian Work.....	59
VI.—Father Bell.....	71
VII.—Rev. Gamaliel C. Beaman.....	76
VIII.—Hindrances to the Work.....	88
IX.—Early Experiences and Incidents.....	98
X.—Experiences and Incidents—Continued...	105
XI.—The Story of a Noble Life.....	112
XII.—A Typical Worker.....	122
XIII.—A Group of Workers....	132
XIV.—Work Among Foreign Populations—The Germans.....	144
XV.—Work Among Foreign Populations—The Welsh and Bohemians.....	160
XVI.—The Synodical Missionaries of Iowa.....	174
XVII.—Woman’s Work.....	187
XVIII.—Woman’s Mission Work in Iowa.....	204
XIX.—Educational Work.....	212
XX.—City Work: Dubuque.....	227
XXI.— “ “ Davenport.....	239
XXII.— “ “ Burlington.....	252
XXIII.— “ “ Keokuk.....	262
XXIV.— “ “ Des Moines.....	276
XXV.— “ “ Cedar Rapids.....	285
XXVI.— “ “ Sioux City.....	299
XXVII.— “ “ Council Bluffs and other Cities.	311
XXVIII.—The Prohibition Movement.....	325
XXIX.—The Outlook.....	335



## CHAPTER I

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### TAKING A STATE FOR CHRIST.

It is doubtful if Victor Hugo realized the full import of his celebrated saying when he wrote : "True History, henceforth charged with the education of the People, will study the successive movements of humanity." In the fervor of his new-born republicanism he simply desired to say that History would not, in the future, deal so largely with the personal exploits and courtly scandals of kings as it had done in the past. Humanity would be its study rather than that divinity which doth hedge in a king. What the great mass of men thought and suffered and achieved would furnish a subject for its pen. And this has been true enough. But the world has applied Victor Hugo's unconscious prophesy to a far wider and more interesting domain than his literal statement contained. "The successive movements of humanity" have indeed become the intensest study of the scholar and the theme of the writer in a way that no one could have imagined whose eyes had not seen modern emigration.

• At the beginning of the present century the West was as dark a region as Africa is now. When the year 1800 dawned the common boast was : "America now attains her majority." But though of age in point of years, America was a mere infant in the matter of growth and strength. The colonies were few in number, and were all clustered in New England or strung along the Atlantic seaboard. The people knew nothing of the great stretch of country west of the Mississippi. If you had asked a veteran of the Revolutionary War where



the West was, he would have replied: "Its center is at Pittsburg and its vanishing point somewhere on the dark and bloody soil of Kentucky." There were stories of a region beyond, but they were such as we now read and rehearse in regard to the explorations of Baker, and Livingstone and Stanley in the Dark Continent.

For example, there was the story of a certain Mr. Fidler, who was said to have reached the headwaters of a great river called by the Indians Missouri. No one knew much of this river save that it emptied into the Father of Waters a few miles above a little French village of 1,200 people called St. Louis. As to its source nobody had an idea. Had anyone written that far to the northwest was a lofty mountain chain, and that around its feet were coiled the first silver streams of two noble rivers, the first carrying the snows of the Rockies to the Pacific and the second broadening out at length into the Missouri, the intelligence would have been as novel as some that the world has recently received as to the sources of the Congo and the Nile. Mr. Fidler does not seem to have been careful about the notes of his voyage. He was an employé of the Northwest Fur Company, and had set out from Fort Buckingham on an exploring expedition which had carried him to the source of the mighty river. It was a mere myth, a dim tradition to be talked over and dreamed of. No one ever supposed Mr. Fidler's journey would result in anything practical to civilization.

And then there was the story of De Soto's burial in the Mississippi. It took the same place in the imagination of our forefathers that the accounts of the death of Livingstone in Africa does in ours. When De Soto came to die he called to him the king's officers, captains and principal persons composing his little company, and selected Luys de Moscoso to succeed him as captain-general. The next day the valiant explorer died. Luys de Moscoso determined to conceal the fact of his death from the Indians because De Soto had made them believe



that Christians are immortal. Moreover, the Indians regarded him as hardy, wise and valorous, and if they should know that he was dead they would "be bold to attack the Christians," as the "Portugal of their company" puts it. "As soon as he was dead," goes on this writer, "Luys de Moscoso commanded to put him secretly into a house where he remained three days; and removing him from thence commanded him to be buried in the night at one of the gates of the town within the wall. And as the Indians had seen him sick, and missed him, so did they suspect what might be. And passing by the place where he was buried, seeing the earth moved, they looked and spake one to another. Luys de Moscoso, understanding of it, commanded him to be taken by night, and to cast a great deal of sand into the mantles, wherein he was winded up, wherein he was carried in a canoe and thrown into the midst of the river." A pathetic and significant scene was that wherein the great Frenchman was dropped into the murmuring current he had discovered, the torches of the old Portugals shining in his worn face and upon the crucifix held up before his lifeless and leaden eyes. Our fathers as little thought that that spot on the bosom of the great Mississippi would be agitated by their grand-children's paddle wheels and rumbled over by their railway trains as we imagine that our descendents will become familiar with the kraal in which Livingstone died.

And then there was the story of Marquette's wonderful missions up the great rivers and around the great lakes. Intelligent colonial fathers associated these recitals with the vast unknown West about as we associate the travels of Stanley up the Congo with the Continent of Darkness with which we are venturing to compare the heart of our Nation at the beginning of the century. How little was it dreamed that an Iowa, a Minnesota, a Missouri, a Kansas, a Nebraska, a Colorado, would be mapped out in that howling wilderness and become the home of men! This is not the place to give

the particulars of how these States were formed. It should, however, be borne in mind that it was through the attempted trickery of France that a way was opened up between the East and West. Doubtless our modern railroads would have pushed into the *terra incognita*, France or no France; but in the providence of God it was the unwise zeal of the Infidel nation that turned the vast territory of the Mississippi into the hands of Spain, the Roman Catholic nation, that eventuated in opening up the grandest field of Protestant operations in the world! Every one knows how France and England had been fighting for the primacy of our continent, and how England gained the victory. Then, as France was forced to give up the idea of holding territory in the new world, she secretly ceded to Spain the remnants of her possessions here in order to put them beyond the reach of her rival, England. She acted as many a distressed merchant acts in putting the remnants of his property out of reach of his most pressing creditor. Spain took the territory; but her bigotry and pride awoke the United States to the necessity of claiming and holding all the land in her strip of the continent, and so resulted in the union of our Nation as we see it to-day.

With these matters we will deal more particularly in the next chapter, so far as they affect the State of Iowa. It is important for us, here at the outset, to get an idea of what it is to capture a Western State for Christ and his church. There surely is no nobler thing to contemplate, and as we are to go into a more particular consideration of it further on we should get our general bearings now. The mere thought is inspiring to the imagination—a new and growing commonwealth of many thousand square miles taken for Christ and the truth! Taking Iowa as an example, here is a parallelogram of fruitful soil more than two hundred miles wide by upwards of three hundred miles long. It is surveyed, platted and made into a Territory. People begin to flock to it. Towns and villages are staked out. Every man is a stranger to his

neighbors. Families of all the different nationalities are jumbled together in the nascent commonwealth. Leaders begin to spring up—in politics, in the arts, in the legal profession, in the editorial sphere, in religion. Services are begun on the hill sides, meetings are held in the school houses, churches are built, denominational academies and colleges begin to appear—all as so many means to bend the swelling stream of State life into right channels. What that State will be in the future councils of the Nation depends largely upon the first Home Missionaries who are sent into her borders. Who could engage in a nobler calling than to impress such a strip of virgin soil with the image and superscription of the great King.

This capturing of whole States for the truth is something new in the history of nations. You will read nothing like it in the annals of Greece or Rome. The colonies sent out by both these old nations were very different from the budding of small kingdoms on the bosom of an unoccupied territory. In the time of the emperors Rome made great ado of spreading her borders. She sent colonies to the farthest shores; but these colonies were all planned and constructed before they left the gates of the Eternal City. A number of families consented together to go. They elected their officers, adopted their constitutions, made their laws and perfected all their institutions before starting. What the colony was when it marched out of the Capena Gate with banners flying, that it would continue to be a hundred years thereafter, whether its destination were Gaul or Britain. Each of the new cities thus formed was a small copy of Rome itself. Its borders were laid out with the plow in obedience to the immemorial custom. Its language was Latin of the purest type. Its coin was stamped with the image of the reigning emperor. In all things the colony was a complete, stereotyped thing, easily recognized and unchangeable. But when one of our Western territories is opened for settlement how different is the process! Peo-

ple of all nationalities and tastes flock to it, without previous plan of government, without sympathy or assimilation. For twenty years there is a struggle of races. Law and order must be precipitated from the boiling crucible of heterogeneous elements. The population is made up hap-hazard and the law of the survival of the fittest finds practical illustration in civilization. Germans come with their *penchant* for a Continental Sabbath, with all its noisy and intemperate accessories. Russians come with their nihilistic notions. Swedes come with their stolid shrewdness. Bohemians come with their pictures of John Huss hanging on one side of the crucifix and the image of the Virgin Mary on the other. The Irish come to push their way into small offices, the English to form a conservative base to society, the Scotch to get what picking is left by the others and grow fat on it, and the Americans to open stores, edit papers, build cities and boom the country generally.

Among the Americans in a new territory all the eastern and southern types are represented. It is true that emigration goes on thermal lines and you will find people, generally speaking, seeking out a climate as similar as possible to that they have left. New York and Pennsylvania people go to Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming and Colorado. New England and Canadian emigrants select Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana and the extreme Northwestern territories. Southern people prefer Missouri, Kansas, New Mexico and Texas. This is the general rule, but there are many exceptions to it. In every new State one will meet the sharp Yankee, the affable Missourian, the frugal Knickerbocker, the gentlemanly Kentuckian, and the religious Pennsylvanian. These, with many other types, will have their views to express, their habits to perpetuate and their future to make. One of the first results of this contact of various elements is the development of charity and good fellowship. The Easterner is always surprised to see the amicable relations between Jews and Gentiles, foreigners and citizens



at the table of a Western hotel or around the stove of a Western store. The irrepressible conflict of races is going on, but in most cases it is hidden from sight. The severing of old ties and the plunge into new circumstances, where everything is to be gained by standing together, develop geniality and good fellowship at the start. Jealousies and family feuds have not as yet had time to grow.

What more interesting thing could the moralist and humanitarian turn his attention to than the evolution of a society out of such mixed masses? It is a pleasant sight to see farms laid out in a new land. Great stretches of wild grass which once were the hunting field of the Indians are broken with the plow. What was useless becomes useful, what fed only the few becomes the sustenance of the many. It is pleasant to see the sod-houses and dug-outs give place to comfortable frame cabins, and these in their turn to substantial homes as the wealth of the community increases. It is instructive to observe the westward spread of fertility over the once arid plains, as the rainfall is increased by the growing evaporation from plowed fields and the waving corn. All the evidences of an advancing civilization and an enlarged material wealth in a community are interesting to behold—the orderly farms, the fruitful orchards, the golden fields, the lowing pastures and the well-kept roads and bridges. But it is far pleasanter to study the religious conquest of a State from barbarism and confusion, to note the spread of Sabbath-school instruction, to observe the establishment of churches and the support of the means of grace. The lesson of our civilization has been poorly learned if it has not taught the observer that a landscape, however beautiful, is incomplete without its school house by the roadside and its Christian church on the hill.

One of the particular considerations showing the importance of the work in the West is that each of these new States will have its type of character in the future.

As easily as you can now detect a man who has lived in New Jersey or Pennsylvania or New England all his life will one be able to recognize a native of Iowa, Minnesota or Nebraska a hundred years hence. Climatic influences are certain to assert themselves in the newer section as they have in the older sections of the country. The Missourian and the Californian are already recognized types among the characters of the Nation. The laws of class-evolution are bound to continue their operation in the other States. It may have seemed a chance that Pennsylvania was settled by the Scotch-Irish, that New Jersey was peopled by the Presbyterian stock, and that New England was made the home of shrewd and thrifty seamen and inventors. And it may seem a chance that one nationality preponderates over another in one of these Western commonwealths ; but the same God who ordained the composition of our original colonies is at work in the peopling of our newer sections, and the ultimate result will be for his manifold glory and for the best interests of mankind. There is to be developed an American race quite as distinct and characteristic as the present German or Chinese race, and into its multi-form composition the traits of the pushing, vigorous West will enter as thoroughly as those of the calm, conservative East.

It is worth considering, also, that the races among which Western work is being done are on the up-grade. Whether or not the scholars are right in saying that the English speaking people are to capture the world, it is certain that for a hundred years the great West will be the home of progress and improvement, and that it will become the residence of the balance of power in the Nation. It must have been a grand thing to be a young man in Rome when the empire was forming, or in Egypt when the pyramids were a-building ; but it is a far grander thing to be a young man or woman in one of our Western States, where types of character are being developed and the whole trend of society is

upward. Business is hopefully upward. Realty values are hopefully upward. Schools are rapidly increasing in patronage and churches in membership. All that is most thrilling and inspiring in the way of social and intellectual progress meets one here, and the Christian worker is constantly strengthened by the thought that he is toiling at the point where the largest outcome is prophesied.

There certainly is a real heroism in the work among the decaying nations of the world. There is nothing but praise to be offered to the Moravian Missionaries, for example, though they chose to toil among the clusters of heathen which could have no weight in the future of the world. Men will always love to think of that grey summer dawn when three men moved silently out of Herrnhut. They were very humble folk—one was David Nitschmann, the carpenter, another was Leonhard Dober, the potter, and the third was Nicholas Zinzendorf, Count and once Knight of the Order of Seed Corn. Zinzendorf was simply conducting them a little way on their journey to give them sympathy and advice, but these two consecrated laborers had in view the conversion of the whole Icelandic and Indian world to Christ. They had their staves in hand and little else as they set their faces northward. Their Moravian brethren allowed them nine shillings apiece and Zinzendorf gave them each a ducat at the little village where he parted from them. They were told to be guided in everything by the spirit of Jesus Christ, and then left to make out that long road of six hundred miles to Copenhagen. There Lord Chamberlain Von Pless asked, "How will you manage in St. Thomas?" "We will be slaves and work with the negroes." "That is impossible; as white men you will not be allowed." "Then," said Nitschmann, "I am a carpenter, and will live by my trade." "Fairly and good; but what will the potter do?" "He can help me, and I will help to support him." "If that is your spirit you can go anywhere in the world."

This is splendid heroism, and of a piece with it was the reply of one of their brethren to whom Zinzendorf sent the message: "Will you go to Greenland to-morrow as a missionary?" "If the shoemaker can finish the boots that I have ordered of him by to-morrow, I will go." And this spirit was not the less praiseworthy because they sought out the nations which were by others unnoticed, the peoples lying worn out and decaying beside the roadways of the world. They went to the lepers, whom no one else would tend, and they penetrated to the tribes that were so fierce or so remote that no one else would approach them. They preached to settlements in India and Arabia, whose inhabitants were fast dying of neglect and subtle disease at the foot of the dusty monuments their fathers had built. There were many at that time to say with Mr. Trollope, "The game is not worth the candle, for the race is doomed." But the Moravians looked at the individual as a soul needing the Gospel of Christ and not at the future of the race of which he was a part. They felt that there was no time to lose if these heathen were to be reached at all, and though they would have little influence in the future movements of the world they could not pass them by. And every Christian in admiration of their zeal must exclaim with Chalmers: "Who would not long to be in possession of the charm by which they wrought? Who would not willingly exchange for it all the parade of human eloquence, and all the confidence of human argument?"

At the same time it must be acknowledged that when you can combine with this love of souls in the concrete, a passion for the highest interests of the race in the abstract, you are adding a new motive to the work. The self-devotion of such men as Father Damien will always strike the fancy of Christians, and claim, and rightly too, their generous commendation; but why should not the toilers among the growing, healthy, progressive races receive the same or even higher praise? In the West we work with the long end of the lever that moves the



world. We strike the giant Nation over its heart. What we do now will tell at home and abroad for a thousand years to come. The image we mould upon the plastic wax of Western society will be viewed by angels and men until the dawning of the Millenium. No wonder that the evangelization of America fired the imagination of two of the grandest Englishmen the world has seen—Whately, the philosophical bishop, and Wesley, the wise organizer. If they were willing to leave their homes, to toil and suffer that we might be Christianized, what ought we to do for ourselves?

It is a notable thing, then, to capture a Western State for Christ and his church. We need for this work the very brightest men our theological seminaries can furnish. Copernicus was practically a home missionary, and men even of his breadth of mind may find profitable employment on any of our Western fields. We need men of tact, adaptability, patience and consecration. We need men who know how to reach young men and turn their grit and energy into Christian channels. We need men who know money values and yet are not carried away by money-love; men who can enter into the town-pride, which is one of the peculiar features of Western life, and yet who are able quietly to point the thought of all to the "City which hath foundations." Let such come to us, and though they be learned as all the librarians of Alexandria or men of one book; though they be sensational to the verge of eccentricity, or plain and unpoetical as the old-fashioned country parson, if only they have a fresh and enthusiastic love of Christ in their hearts, they will find a niche and a work.

Across some of our Western wheat and oat fields and meadows runs a peculiar gulley. It is deep and long and straight. No shower can wash it out, no crop can hide it. It is an old Indian trail. The braves once went along it to the council. The young men and maidens strolled this way in their love-making. It is a trace of old things, and a touch of a past civilization that will never be wiped

out. In the same way there are footprints of humble missionaries in these Western States which no future revivals or great harvests of souls can obliterate. Eloquence and popularity and high station will not cover them from sight. They belong to the Nation, to the church; and they should be retraced in thought by those who love to know what the zeal of faith has done.

## CHAPTER II.

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"THE BEAUTIFUL LAND."

The commonly accepted meaning of the word Iowa is: "The Beautiful Land." An old Indian legend is the basis of this interpretation, and whether correct or not, it is certain that no name is more appropriate to the State. In fertility, variety of scenery, and sweeping picturesqueness of outline, it is a beautiful land, indeed. Iowa is a great, rolling plain, with an average elevation above the sea of about eight hundred feet. The lowest point is at Keokuk, at the southeastern corner of the State, the elevation there being four hundred and forty-four feet. The highest point is at Spirit Lake, a beautiful sheet of water in the northwestern part of the State, the elevation there being one thousand, six hundred and ninety-three feet above the sea level. Well-watered, richly stored, productive and picturesque, bounded on the east by a river which has received the name of "The Father of Waters," and on the west by a river which better deserves the title, merging into Minnesota on the north and melting gracefully into fertile Missouri on the south, Iowa deserves, both by position and by possessions, the euphonious description of "The Beautiful Land."

The name was taken also by a band of Indians which once roamed over these wide plains. It seems to have been the poetic custom of the Red Men to call themselves by some natural feature of the country in which they had their hunting grounds and their homes. The earliest form of the word, so far as is known, is

given in the French—"Ai-ou-ez," evidently being an accommodation of the French to the Indian sounds, as far as that was possible. After a time the English spelling came in—"I-o-way"—as it is found in the old books and maps. But happily a more classical spelling has resulted. It may be worth noting that on the authority of Antoine Le Claire, an interpreter, of French and Indian extraction, himself born among the Indians, the word Iowa has been interpreted, by Rev. S. S. Howe and others, as meaning: "This is the place!" or "Here is the spot!" It is said that the Indians, driven across the Mississippi before their enemies, beheld the wide plains of the new land and cried, "Iowa! Here we may live unmolested! Here is the spot where, amid peace and plenty, we may plant our tepees and rear our families!" And it may also be remembered that Mr. Augustus C. Dodge, when United States Senator, made an address in Congress in which he gave an interpretation, as held by himself and others, as follows: "None such."

But the meaning which has attracted to itself the popular support, as being accurately descriptive of the State, as well as suggestive and complete, is that given above: "The Beautiful Land." This loses nothing in poetry though it gains in definiteness upon the others, for we have the authority of Washington Irving for the fact that one day a tall Indian stood on the high bluffs of Illinois and "over-looking the majestic Mississippi, exclaimed at the sight of the green prairies beyond and of the wild scenery of nature: 'Iowa! Iowa! Iowa. Beautiful! Beautiful! BEAUTIFUL!'" A similar incident is preserved in history. An Indian chief led his band of followers across a great river and planting his staff in the earth, cried: "Alabama!" In his language this word meant: "Here we may rest." This circumstance gave the name to the State of Alabama.

The story of the gradual emerging of the definite bit of soil now known as Iowa out of the great, nebulous mass of territory once known as Louisiana, is interest-

ing indeed. When Napoleon came to the head of the French nation, in 1800, Spain held the vast strip of our country west of the Mississippi river, and extending from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and out to the foot of the mountains. By the French discoverers this belt was called Louisiana, and it had for some years been a changeable quantity in European politics. Napoleon desired it, and offered to exchange Tuscany for it. These terms were accepted by Spain, and the treaties of cession were signed. It was, however, agreed between them that for the present the whole transaction should be kept secret. Napoleon thought that he would soon be involved in war with England, and his desire was to make his title good to Louisiana on the spot with the bayonets of his soldiers before England knew of the exchange. The wily Corsican knew the force of the old saying: "You can do anything with a bayonet but sit on it." He was determined, with its aid, to make a New France right in the center of the great American Continent. But secrecy was necessary, or his great rival, England, would interfere with his plans. Hence, for the present, Louisiana was left under the sway of Spain, being held in trust for France.

Unfortunately for Napoleon's project this was just at the time of the birth of the American Idea. The cry, "America for Americans," began to be heard on all sides. Hegel's prophetic saying was being quoted with approval—"America is therefore the land of the future." Our statesmen began to awake from their strange apathy as to the fate of this vast western territory of the continent which was naturally our own. The plans of foreigners to retain or secure it attracted attention and aroused the instinct of self-defense, and very soon an occasion presented itself for carrying into effect our opposition to all this foreign interference. An agreement had been entered into before this time, giving the United States the right to store goods at New Orleans



for shipment. Up to the beginning of the century this important privilege had never been interfered with by any of the powers claiming jurisdiction over the territory known as Louisiana. But suddenly, without previous notice, the Spanish intendant at New Orleans revoked this right of deposit. This act fell like a thunderbolt upon the commerce of our southern and southwestern States. The produce of Ohio, Kentucky and Illinois had only this one avenue to the sea. The people of these States were so enraged by the summary action of the Spanish official that they implored the general government to drive the Spanish out of the mouth of the Mississippi for good and all.

This popular outcry led to an investigation of the true state of affairs, and it was found that the Spanish intendant had overstepped his jurisdiction in closing New Orleans against us. Napoleon, it was discovered, was the real ruler of the territory, and to him the complaints must be directed. And there never has been a better man at the head of a nation, for the conducting of such affairs than Thomas Jefferson. He adopted a very sagacious plan. Having quieted the people of the aggrieved States by promises of help, and also by pointing out the delay and annoyance and expense a war would entail, he directed Mr. Robert R. Livingston, our minister, to bring before Napoleon the fact that his schemes were discovered, and that the United States would no longer submit to be trifled with. After long and very curious negotiations, in which Thomas Jefferson and Robert R. Livingston showed themselves the truest friends the West ever had, Napoleon agreed to sell the whole territory known as Louisiana to the United States. The price agreed upon was twenty millions of dollars, five millions of which were, however, to be retained by us as indemnity for damage done to our commerce under the orders of the French Directory. At the meeting at which the treaties of sale were signed Napoleon said: "I will not keep a possession which would

embroil our people with the Americans, or produce a coldness between us. I will make use of it, on the contrary, to attach them to me, and embroil them with the English, and raise up against the latter enemies who will some day avenge us." Was he speaking with the prophetic fire of 1812, already upon him? At all events, his remark gives us a curious glimpse into his mind. On another occasion he showed his clear insight by remarking of his sale of Louisiana to us: "I have given England a rival that will humble her pride."

On our part it was soon felt that a very important transaction had been consummated, and one that intimately concerned our future strength and stability. Few, indeed, in the country realized how valuable the West would become; but all felt that it was necessary to possess and hold it as a safeguard against attack and disruption. Robert R. Livingston seems to have gone farther than this, for when the treaty of sale had been signed, he arose and shook the commissioners warmly by the hand, saying, "We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our lives." The boundless possibilities of the great West seem to have dawned upon this man's mind. Thus for fifteen millions of dollars the United States obtained more territory than had been comprised in the original thirteen colonies. This vast tract, that had so long been a football in European politics, was now firmly anchored to us, to become the very heart and the main strength of the Nation.

Now that this great nebulous region beyond the Mississippi was ours, it became necessary to call it by names that would locate in mind its several parts. An undivided portion to the northward began to be known as the Northwestern Territory. Of this Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska and the Dakotas were a part. All this vast region was, until the year 1830, in the undisputed possession of the Indians. There were many tribes, but they mostly belonged to the general family of the Dakotas. Having by purchase cancelled the rights of

Spain and France to this region, it now became necessary for the United States to acquire certain sections of it from the Indians. This was done nominally on a purchase basis, though unfortunately a series of wrongs and outrages were perpetrated upon the ignorant and trusting Red Men that will always make the American blush for the dishonor of his forefathers. The trickery and falsehood of the white negotiators naturally produced hostility and treachery on the part of the Indians, who for generations had hunted over these vast prairies, knowing no law and committing no crime. It is only right for us to pause a moment in the rush of prosperity we now enjoy to pray God to forgive our share of the wrong and robbery too often done by our Nation to the original owners of the soil we now possess.

The portion of the Northwestern Territory now known as Iowa was secured from the Indians by four treaties. The first was made in 1832, and is commonly called the "Black Hawk Purchase." The second was consummated in 1836, the third in 1837, and the fourth in 1842. The oldest settlement in the State is Dubuque, which, as a trading post with the Indians, took the name of the Frenchman in charge. This name the growing city still perpetuates. This was about the year 1832. At that time Galena, in Illinois, was a mere village. The only other stations in Iowa were the military posts at Fort Madison and Bellevue. Early in the spring of 1833 several companies of white settlers crossed from Illinois to Iowa in the vicinity of Burlington, and thus the agricultural life of the new State had its birth. From this period settlements multiplied rapidly. The State was soon blossoming all over with incipient civilization in the form of comfortable log cabins, busy trading posts, cross roads with their store and post office and blacksmith shop, school houses perched upon the hills, and growing hamlets nestling in the valleys. The Red Men were fast giving place to settlers, the slaughter of the rifle to the peaceful provi-



dence of the plow. Whittier's couplet was becoming the appropriate one for Iowa—

"I hear the tread of pioneers,  
Of nations yet to be."

In 1834 Congress attached this region of country to the Territory of Michigan for temporary jurisdiction, and two large counties—Dubuque and Des Moines,—were organized. This amalgamation continued two years. In 1836 Wisconsin was organized as a separate Territory, and what was called the "District of Iowa" was put under her jurisdiction. At this time the population of the two great counties of Dubuque and Des Moines, embracing all the settled region of Iowa, was 1,053 souls. For just two years the rule of Wisconsin continued and then, on the 4th of July, 1838, the Territory of Iowa was organized. Robert Lucas, a former governor of Ohio, was made Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the new Territory. During that year it was divided into sixteen counties, and was found to contain a population of 22,860 souls.

For eight years Iowa remained a Territory, and was then admitted as a State. She has the honorable distinction of being the first free State to be organized out of the Louisiana Purchase—the great tract of country purchased from Napoleon as above described. In the year 1845 Iowa had been invited by Congress to enter the sisterhood of States, at the same time that Florida was admitted, but her people, being dissatisfied with the boundaries Congress had prescribed, refused to ratify the act. Thus her admission was delayed until December of the following year, 1846. From the beginning of her career she has been distinguished by free thought, wide enterprise and rapid growth. Her 56,000 square miles of territory contain but few acres that cannot be turned by the plow and utilized for either pastures or harvests. Her people have always expressed a firm belief in Providence, and nowhere is this more clearly

set forth than in the preamble to her constitution, adopted as has been described above. It is as follows :

“Preamble.—We, the people of the Territory of Iowa, grateful to the Supreme Being for the blessings hitherto enjoyed, and feeling our dependence on Him for a continuation of those blessings, do ordain and establish a free and independent government, by the name of the State of Iowa.”

This certainly breathes a devout spirit, and from the first the leaders in the commonwealth have been actuated, almost without exception, by a real feeling of dependence upon the Great Ruler of the Universe. Much of Iowa's present religious enlightenment, and particularly her attitude on the liquor question, are undoubtedly the result of the prayers and zeal of her early settlers and the founders of her constitution. This has always been recognized by her leaders. For example, Governor Hempstead, in his message to the Legislature in 1852, remarked:

“In concluding this communication to the General Assembly of the State of Iowa, I may be permitted to refer to the policy of government, under which we have increased in population and wealth, unsurpassed in the history and settlement of Western States; and, it must be conceded that, for the high position we now occupy as a sovereign State of the American Republic, we are principally indebted to the constitution and laws for that prosperity.

“Of the constitution of this State, it may with justice be said that it is republican in its character, and designed to protect the people against abuses and evils which have crept into the government of other and elder States. It prohibits any association or corporation from exercising the privilege of creating paper to circulate as money. It declares that corporations shall not be established by special laws, except for political or municipal purposes; and for all others, that general laws shall be passed for their organization, reserving to every one the privilege of forming companies for the transaction of all lawful business, and limiting State indebtedness in such a manner as to prevent great loss or repudiation. These

restrictions, it is believed, have done much to build up this State, and to assure citizens that they are not to be oppressed by monopolies, bankruptcy, or extraordinary taxation."

The stand Iowa took, even at the beginning, on the subject of slavery, may be inferred from the following extracts from Gov. Grimes's Inaugural Address in 1853:

"The removal of that great land mark of freedom, the Missouri Compromise line, when it had been sacredly observed until slavery had acquired every inch of soil south of it, has presented the aggressive character of that system broadly before the country. It has shown that all compromises with slavery, that were designed to favor freedom, are mere ropes of sand, to be broken by the first wave of passion or interest that may roll from the South.

"It has forced upon the country an issue between free labor, political equality, and manhood on the one hand; and, on the other, slave labor, political degradation, and wrong. It becomes the people of the free States to meet that issue resolutely, calmly, and with a sense of the momentous consequences that will flow from its decision. To every elector, in view of that issue, might appropriately be applied the injunction anciently addressed to the Jewish king: 'Be strong, and show thyself a man.'

"It becomes the State of Iowa,—the only free child of the Missouri Compromise,—to let the world know that she values the blessings that compromise has secured to her, and that she will never consent to become a party to the nationalization of slavery."

Respecting the scenery of Iowa, Owen, in his geological report to Congress, (pp. 64, 65 and 66), says:

"The scenery on the Rhine, with its castellated heights, has furnished many of the most favorite subjects for the artist's pencil, and been the admiration of European travelers for centuries. Yet it is doubtful whether, in actual beauty of landscape, it is not equalled by that of some of the streams that water this region of the Far West. It is certain that, though the rock formations essentially differ, nature has here fashioned, on an extensive scale, and in advance of all civilization,

remarkable and curious counterparts of the European continent.

“The features of the scenery are not, indeed, of the loftiest and most impressive character—such as one might expect to witness on approaching the source of one of the two largest rivers on the globe. There are no elevated peaks, rising in majestic grandeur; no mountain torrents, shrouded in foam, and chafing in their rocky channels; no deep and narrow valleys, hemmed in on every side, and forming, as it were, a little world of their own; no narrow and precipitous passes, winding through circuitous defiles; no cavernous gorges, giving exit to pent up waters; no contorted and twisted strata, affording evidence of gigantic and violent throes. But the features of the scene, though less grave and bold than those of mountainous regions, are yet impressive and strongly marked. We find the luxuriant sward, clothing the hill-slope even down to the water's edge. We have the steep cliff, shooting up through its mural escarpments. We have the stream, clear as crystal, now quiet, and smooth, and glassy, then ruffled by a temporary rapid; or, when a terrace of rock abruptly crosses it, broken up into a small, romantic cascade. We have clumps of trees, disposed with an effect that might baffle the landscape gardener; now crowning the grassy heights, now dotting the green slope with partial and isolated shade. From the hill-tops, the intervening valleys wear the aspect of cultivated meadows and rich pasture-grounds, irrigated by frequent rivulets, that wend their way through fields of wild hay fringed with flourishing willows. Here and there, occupying its nook on the bank of the stream, at some favorable spot, occurs the solitary wigwam, with its scanty appurtenances. On the summit-level spreads the wide prairie, decked with flowers of the gayest hue; its long, undulating waves, stretching away till sky and meadow mingle in the distant horizon.

“The whole combination suggests the idea, not of an aboriginal wilderness (so recently), inhabited by savage tribes, but of a country lately under a high state of cultivation, and suddenly deserted by its inhabitants—their dwellings, indeed, gone, but the castle-homes of their chieftains only partially destroyed, and showing, in ruins, on the rocky summits around. This latter feature, especially, aids the delusion; for the peculiar aspect of



the exposed limestone, and its manner of weathering, causes it to assume a semblance somewhat fantastic, indeed, but yet wonderfully close and faithful to the dilapidated wall, with its crowning parapet, and its projecting buttresses, and its flanking towers, and even the lesser details that mark the fortress of the olden time.

"The rural beauty of Iowa can hardly be surpassed. Undulating prairies, interspersed with open groves of timber, and watered with pebbly or rocky-bedded streams, pure and transparent; hills of moderate height and gentle slope; small lakes, as clear as the rivers, some skirted with timber, some with banks formed by the green-sward of the open prairie. These are the ordinary features of the pastoral landscape. In a few instances the hills or bluffs along the Mississippi rise boldly from the water's edge or push out their steep promontories, so as to change the direction of the river; but more generally on either bank of the river, we see a series of graceful slopes, swelling and sinking as far as the eye can reach. The prairie, for the most part extending to the water's edge, renders the scenery truly beautiful. Imagine a stream a mile in width, whose waters are as transparent as the mountain spring, flowing over beds of rock and gravel; fancy the prairie commencing at the water's edge—a natural meadow of deep-green grass and beautiful and fragrant flowers, rising with a gentle slope for miles, so that, in the vast panorama, thousands of acres are exposed to the eye. The prospect is bounded by a range of low hills, which sometimes approach the river and again recede, and whose summits are seen gently waving along the horizon. Sometimes the woodland extends along this river for miles continuously; again, it stretches in a wide belt far off into the country, marking the course of some tributary stream; and sometimes, in vast groves several miles in extent, standing alone like islands in this wilderness of grass and flowers."

No one gives such a vivid description as an eyewitness, and it may be interesting to read what was written years ago by an actual observer, of the views and opinions expressed by the first settlers in "The Beautiful Land." As a description of the interior of the State, the following taken from "Sketches of Iowa,"

contributed by Mrs. Frances D. Gage to the New York Tribune, in the summer of 1854, may be all the more valuable because the style is decidedly easy and breezy:

“TRIP FROM BURLINGTON TO OSKALOOSA—IMPRESSIONS  
UPON, AND EXPRESSIONS BY, EXPLORERS OF IOWA.

“I have just risen from the perusal of a long and interesting letter from ‘Our Own Reporter,’ to The Tribune, dated St. Paul, June 8th, 1854, and have responded ‘True,’ to all the glowing descriptions of the beauty, fertility and magnitude of the country bordering upon the Upper Mississippi; and feeling that the beauty, fertility and excellence of the interior are fully equal, if not superior, to the borders, I am impelled to give you a few jottings by the way of a journey just ended, from Burlington to Oskaloosa, and thence back to Keokuk. We had no great party to give eclat to our goings or comings; no music or dancing, no celebrations, no festivals or feasting, to gild with rainbow hues the surrounding landscape; but of speech-making we had plenty, and an endless variety; as good and sensible, too, perhaps, as if spoken by lips quivering with the excitement of pride, ambition, or sparkling Catawba, and falling upon ears as capable of appreciation as those dulled by hurry, sensuality, bustle and fatigue. My business was to lecture on Temperance and ‘Woman’s Rights’ to the people, and of course I had time, in my few days of leisure at the towns by the way, to learn somewhat of the country; and changing my traveling companions every few miles of my journey, brought me in contact with all classes and kinds of people, from the immovable Dutchman to the cute Yankee speculator; and from stage-coach speeches we will draw our ideas of the impression made upon the explorers by this interesting country: ‘Well, this is e’en-a-jest the garden of Eden, anyhow!’ broke out an old man from Maine, who had been studying the landscape for some hours in silence. He was ‘hunting homes for his boys.’

“‘Bless my stars, mother, look at that!’ exclaimed a loquacious New Yorker to his better-half, who seemed looking back, like Lot’s wife, to the worn-out lands of Oswego. ‘Don’t that make your mouth water? These cornfields look as if fifty years old; not a stump or a



stone. Look at that fellow plowing. His horse walks as if he had nothing behind him. What a furrow he rolls up! soft as a garden-plat, rich as a stable-yard.'

"'I'll give it up,' says a stately Canadian. 'I have been looking all the way from Paris, in Canada, through Ohio, Illinois, and Wisconsin, for something better, and it has grown better all the way; but better than this is no use; I'll give it up! Come, wife, let's get out and go back. You want clear streams, and here they are. I want timber, stone, and prairie, and I have found them all. Let's go back, gather up the chicks, and come to Iowa.'

"'They tell'd us this wus little the puttyst place this side o' sundown, but I thought it half gas; but by shucks, they didn't tell half on't. Uncle Nate told us we'd never want to go back to Monroe!' 'I reckon we won't, neither!' says a stout young man to his cherry-cheeked wife, putting his hand, at the same time, near a side pocket, where, probably, the treasure was secreted that was to purchase a new home.

"'Magnificent—grand—beautiful!' ejaculated the gentleman in gloves, with the linen coat over his broad-cloth; 'these lands will be worth ten dollars an acre in five years, every rod of them. Ten years will make this country equal to the most favored sections of New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio. Look, is not that splendid? rolling prairie, just enough to drain it; vale, hill, woodland, park, lawn, grove, meadow, field, shrubbery, and garden, and all in luxuriant bloom and beauty from Nature's own hand; brooks running over pebbly beds, gushing springs, or wells easily made, of clear and sparkling water. Is it not beautiful?'

"'Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!' echo the ladies.

"'Beau-ti-ful!' answers the quail from the top-most rail of that stake-and-rider fence around that magnificent field of rye. 'Beautiful, beautiful!' whistles the whip-poor-will at mid-day, in the dark groves of elms and oaks by the way-side. He had only changed his dolorous note to suit the sunshine.

"'Iowa for me!' says the young wife.

"'Bright and beautiful as a fairy dream!' says the merry maiden.

"'Now, ladies and gentlemen,' says an old stranger—old—he had been ten years in Iowa—if you are so taken with this, just hold on. Don't cry out till you

get up about Oskaloosa, and round about there; up into Mehaska, Marion, Warren, Lucas, Monroe, Madison, and so on, clear out to Council Bluffs; such land for farming is not anywhere else on this continent—not even in California—I have seen it all.’

“‘Can’t beat Clark, Union, Adams, Montgomery and Mills,’ replies another voice.

“‘Well, gentlemen, it is all good, and it is pretty hard to tell which is best.’

“Such is the tone of conversation among the explorers of this new country, on the steamers, which at this season navigate the Des Moines river, and in the coaches. On roads where, three years ago, a coach twice a week was ample, now two lines a week are required, and six or seven coaches, frequently, to carry the passengers.”

## CHAPTER III.

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"CORN IS KING."

There was a time when the saying, "Cotton is King," was accepted at home and abroad as a conclusive statement of the royal authority of our chief product. But of late years the phrase has been changed to "Corn is King." And no State has presented more facts to bring about this reversal of judgment than Iowa. Indeed, it seems to have been an Iowan who first coined the caption of this chapter for us. It occurs in a pamphlet, published before the year 1875, entitled: "The Manufacturing, Agricultural and Industrial Resources of Iowa." A citizen of Nebraska carried the phrase down to the New Orleans Exposition, and nailed it up above an exhibit of rich, golden ears, as a challenge to King Cotton, who had so long ruled the South and the Nation; but to the "Hawkeye" writer, above referred to, must be given the honor of having first uttered it to the world.

From the earliest times corn has been associated with the fruitful valleys of Iowa. Bancroft, in the second volume of his *History of America*, relates the circumstances under which the first white men stepped upon the soil of the State, and one of these explorers, the celebrated missionary, Marquette, was never tired writing of the Indian corn he saw cultivated by the primeval natives of the Mississippi valley. Bancroft tells us that on the 10th of June, 1673, Marquette, Joliet, five other Frenchmen and two Indian guides, crossed from the Fox

river to the Wisconsin, carrying their two canoes. "From the Wisconsin the two Indians returned to their tribe, and the seven Frenchmen went forward. In seven days they reached the Mississippi, and the two birch-bark canoes, raising their happy sails under new skies and to unknown breezes, floated down the calm magnificence of the ocean-stream; over broad, clear sand-bars, the resort of innumerable water-fowl, winding through islets that swelled with tufts of massive thickets from the bosom of the channel, and between the natural parks and prairies of Illinois and Iowa. About sixty leagues below the mouth of the Wisconsin the western bank of the Mississippi bore on its sands the trail of men; a little footpath was discovered, leading into a beautiful prairie, and, leaving the canoes, Joliet and Marquette resolved alone to brave a meeting with the savages. After walking six miles they beheld a village on the banks of a river, and two others on a slope at a distance of a mile and a-half from the first. The river was the Mou-in-gou-e-na, or Moingona, of which we have corrupted the name into Des Moines." Thus Marquette and Joliet were the first white men on Iowa soil. As they walked up that narrow trail between the patches of Indian corn they very well exemplified the approach of civilization to native wildness, the coming of missionary enterprises into the home of plenty and prosperity. They were pictures of what may be seen in every Western State at present.

The resources of Iowa are boundless and varied. She has immense coal fields locked away in her capacious bosom. Her valleys are well-watered and her hills well-timbered. The supply of stone is abundant and its quality excellent. There are inexhaustible sources of wealth, entirely aside from agriculture, in her minerals, her timber and her strata. But the State is peculiarly and preëminently an agricultural one. In every county wheat may be successfully raised, the yield ranging as high as thirty-five and even forty bushels to the acre.

That corn is king in this commonwealth, is not so much because the soil is less adapted to the growth of other cereals, as because corn is a remarkably sure crop and better suited to stock-feeding. A yield of seventy-five to one hundred bushels of corn is assured under ordinary circumstances and with reasonable care, while by special culture, such as is given in many cases East, one hundred and thirty bushels have been raised.

It is not the province of this volume to enter minutely into questions of soil and climate and produce ; still less is it my purpose to write a typical immigration book, devoted to blind praise of the particular State with which it happens to be engaged. Still, in order that an intelligent idea may be given of the developing race in Iowa upon which missionary operations have been expended, it is absolutely essential that something be said of the physical conditions under which this race has reached its present status. Soil and climate and the daily occupations of men exert so mighty an influence upon character that they must be touched upon if a clear conclusion is to be reached as to what our church has accomplished in moulding the society thus formed. And it may be said just here that the work of opening and conducting farms in such a State as Iowa develops an independence and readiness and resolution of character which will compare very favorably with that produced on the rocky hillsides of New England and Pennsylvania, or in the dense forests of Ohio or Indiana. There, men had to contend with stony soil, or were forced to make a clearing in the woods with much toil and patience ; and here, the work is attended with its own peculiar hardships as well. The general impression is that Western farming is so easy that it tends to create in the whole Missouri valley the lassitude of movement and enervation of character found among the half-bred Spaniards of California or the yellow-cheeked Mexicans of Arizona. This is a great mistake, and it is strictly within our intention to show why it is so.



The soil of eastern Iowa is of the well-known prairie character, too familiar to need description. Of it Owen says in his geological report:

“The prairie country, based on rocks belonging to the Devonian and carboniferous systems, extending up the valley of the Red Cedar, Iowa, and Des Moines, as high as latitude  $42^{\circ} 31'$ , presents a body of arable land, which, taken as a whole, for richness and organic elements, for amount of saline matter, and due admixture of earthy silicates, affords a combination that belongs only to the most fertile upland plains. Throughout this district the general levelness of the surface, interrupted only by gentle swells and moderate undulations, offers facilities for the introduction of all those aids which machinery is daily adding to diminish the labor of cultivation, and render easy and expeditious the collection of an abundant harvest.”

Again, in speaking of the physical and agricultural character of the State, bordering on the Mississippi, near the foot of the lower rapids, Owen says:

“The carboniferous rocks of Iowa occupy a region of country which, taken as a whole, is one of the most fertile in the United States. No country can present to the farmer greater facilities for subduing, in a short time, wild land. Its native prairies are fields, almost ready made to his hands. Its rich, black soil, scarcely less productive than that of the Cedar valley, returns him reward for his labor a hundredfold.”

In the western and northwestern sections of the State we come upon the strange loess formation, which needs some explanation. This is a nearly circular area, embracing the parts of Iowa already mentioned, northern and northeastern Kansas, nearly all of Nebraska, southern and southwestern Dakota, and reaching into Colorado. The physical features of this mighty wheel of soil are very peculiar. Prof. C. D. Wilber has described them as follows:

“The soil has a prevailing yellow color, with a neutral tint or shade. Its specific gravity is nearly the same as water. It is composed mechanically of exceed-



ingly fine particles, mostly crystals of silica, potassa, magnesia, soda and lime. This minute crystalline structure disposes the loess formation in mass to assume a basaltic or columnar form, which is readily recognized wherever the loess is exposed along rivers, ravines and railway cuts.

“This prismatic or columnar structure enables it to stand or maintain itself in solid walls, unimpaired for years. Cellars, cisterns and wells cut directly in or through this formation, have the same face or escarpment, and will not change or disintegrate if protected from storms of rain and sleet. One may more readily understand this peculiarity by supposing that the crystals of soda, potassa, magnesia and silica, of which this soil is mainly composed, have arranged themselves by some polarity in the line of their longer axes, and not in a promiscuous manner; so that the cleavage lines by which the columns or smooth wall-surfaces seem to be outlined or predetermined, readily extend along the continuous surfaces of these minute crystals. Says Professor Pumpelly, of Cambridge: ‘This remarkable formation covers several hundred thousand square miles in northern China, and larger areas in the east of Asia. Its thickness varies in China from ten to two thousand feet; and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in Europe and America.’ Loess is a calcareous loam. It is easily crushed in the hand to an almost impalpable powder; yet it will support itself in vertical cliffs two hundred feet high. When undermined it breaks off in immense vertical plates, leaving a perpendicular wall. This remarkable combination of softness, with great strength is of inestimable value in a woodless country. In Asia thousands of villages are excavated in the most systematic manner at the base of cliffs of loess. Doors and windows pierced through the natural front wall give light and air to suits of rooms within. These are the comfortable dwellings of many millions of Chinese farmers, and correspond to the ruder dug-outs of the Western frontier.”

Every traveler through this portion of the West must have been struck with the peculiar perpendicular walls and shapes everywhere visible where the natural surface of the ground has been disturbed, and the above explanation of the phenomenon will be of value. It is

sufficient to mention that two main theories have been advanced to account for this formation. One is known as Richtofen's sub-aerial theory, which assigns the work to the winds; and the other is the aqueous theory, which prefers the agency of water. The latter seems more reasonable, though Eastern people generally agree that Western winds can do almost anything. To the aqueous theory Prof. Aughey and Prof. Wilber give their assent; holding that the strange loess was deposited in its thick beds at a time when the Missouri river was a mighty lake extending over the circular stretch of country already described. What concerns us at present is this testimony of Prof. Aughey: "The value of the loess soil for agricultural purposes is not exceeded by any other." He goes on to point out that it easily attracts to itself and assimilates with the darker loam, lying on the surface produced by the decay of plants and trees. It quickly absorbs the heaviest rains and there being no hard-pan or rock in it, it harbors the moisture until it is needed at the surface and then gives it up under the sucking power of the sun. For this reason the loess regions are less liable to be distressed by either great rainfall or great drought than any other. Thus it is wonderfully adapted to the raising of corn.

He must be a dull man, indeed, who can long toil on Iowa soil without having his mind drawn to the forces Providence has put into operation and still keeps working for his benefit. A graceful writer exclaims: "Who are the farmer's servants? Who, but geology, chemistry, the quarry of the air, the water of the cloud, the plough of the frost? Before he was born into the field the sun of ages soaked it with light and heat, mellowed his land, decomposed the rocks, covered it with vegetable film, then with forests and accumulated cubic acres of sphagnum whose decay makes the peat of his meadow. The rocks crack like glass by inequality of contraction in heat and cold, and snowflakes fall constantly into the soil. The tree can draw on the whole air; the whole earth on all

the rolling main. The plant, the tree, is all suction-pipe, imbibing from the ground by its roots, from the air by its twigs with all its might. Take up a spade-full of loam; who can guess what it holds? But a gardener knows it is full of peaches, full of oranges, and he drops in a few seeds, by way of keys, to unlock and combine its virtues; lets it lie in the sun and rain, and by and by it has lifted into the air its full weight in golden fruit. What agencies of electricity, gravity, light, affinity, combine to make every plant what it is, and in a manner so quiet that the presence of these tremendous powers is not ordinarily suspected. The ripe fruit is dropped without violence, but the lightning fell and the storm raged, and the strata were despoiled and upturned and beat back, and chaos moved from beneath to create and flavor the fruit on your table." Some such thoughts as these must come into the brain of the slowest-pulsed toiler on the western land where the heat and frost, the lightning and the storm have been the principal agents in the preparation of a loess soil or an inky loam for the keen share of his plow.

In addition, he must toil several years before his farm will be properly opened for crop service. It is a mistake to suppose that prairie land can be prepared with little labor for the wheat-drill or the corn-planter. The life-long patience of an Ohio pioneer, truly, is not needed, for there are no dense forest-growths to be slowly rotted back into carbonic matter for the soil. But nature has her mortgage upon the prairies of Iowa as well as upon the woods of Michigan, and it can only be released by conformity to the great law of labor laid down at the first: "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread."

First of all, there is the hard prairie turf to be broken up. Over this countless herds of buffalo, and deer and wapiti have been roaming for centuries. Into its texture have been woven the tough fibers of millions of hardy plants and grasses. Rain has beaten it down, hot sunshine has hardened it, the cold winds of winter, and the

“chinooks,” or hot winds of summer, have baked it almost to the solidity of pottery. The sod-covering it produces is as tough as silk, and gives a ripping sound under the sharp edge of the plow’s cutting wheel. This turf-covered crust must be turned over and left to resolve itself back to soil by slow decay, a process which usually consumes two years.

In the second place, the farmer must resort to deep-plowing. The loess or loam must be turned up and spread upon the surface, to be exposed to the rains. And the more ploughed surface is exposed the more rain falls. It is a law thoroughly established now in the West that the increase in rainfall follows the plow, because evaporation is augmented by the breaking up of the sod. The rain that falls upon the prairies in their wild state speedily runs off down the cañons and into the creeks and rivers. But the rain that falls upon ploughed ground is absorbed, used to moisten the seed it may contain and then given back to the clouds through easy evaporation. The planting of trees undoubtedly assists in increasing rainfall, and the wide green leaves of the corn-plant, made green by wise nature for this purpose, yield up their moisture to the skies more readily than plants of any other color would. But the great agency for the broadening of the rain belt and making the Great American Desert a mere remembrance is the plow. A systematic turning over of the sod of Great Sahara or the wildernesses of Palestine would make them bloom and blossom again as the rose.

Thus it takes from five to seven years to prepare a Western farm for renumerative crop service. From the first year, truly, a fair crop may be raised ; but the farm is not really subdued until the great law of labor and patience has been observed. Naturally the first seed usually sown, and that, too, right upon the reverse side of the sod, is that of the *Zea mais*, or corn-plant. This is really one of the cultivated grasses. The Indians discovered its ability to give food to man and to his friends,



the beasts of burden and of the field ; and to them is due the credit of beginning its development. What it was at first we do not know ; but now it has more the appearance of a tree than a grass, possessing many points of resemblance that locate it half way between the blue joint and the magnificent palm. The corn-plant not only furnishes food for millions of men, and millions of our best servants, such as sheep, swine, cattle and horses ; but it also provides material for making printing paper, boxes, boards, car-wheels, roofs and whole buildings.

Corn has nearly four times the yield of wheat in the United States. In 1830 there were thirty bushels of it raised to each inhabitant of the country. The corn product in 1850 was 592,071,104 bushels; in 1860, 838,792,742 bushels; in 1870, 760,944,549 bushels; in 1880, 1,501,151,570 bushels. And as this ratio of increase has certainly continued, if it has not advanced, it is estimated that the corn yield of the United States in 1890 will be the enormous amount of 3,000,000,000 of bushels. Of this amount Iowa pours into the garner more than her full share. In 1888 Iowa produced 321,629,962 bushels of corn. Its value at the average price was nearly \$75,000,000. It exceeded the total net earnings of all the national banks in the country by \$8,000,000. It was six tons of corn for every man, woman and child in Iowa. It is nothing more than right and appropriate, then, that one of her cities, Sioux City, builds every year a mighty Corn Palace, a building of gigantic proportions, all covered with yellow ears and exhibiting within its ample walls every appliance the farmer needs for facilitating the planting and gathering of his crop, as well as specimens of every product—save whiskey!—which the ingenuity of man has made from this most useful, this kingly growth.

It is extremely interesting, then, to note the influences exerted upon the farmer, and to a degree upon the merchant and professional man, locating in such a new State as this. He comes from the East or from one of

the crowded countries across the sea. Here he has space to breathe, to expand into his full manhood. Not one element of enervation is present, but there are many elements of hope. The pioneer in a wooded State may develop into a hardy and successful settler, or he may become so discouraged as to wilt down into a mere stump-grubber or hunter or fisherman. Here there are conditions hard enough to awaken grit and cultivate patience; there are also returns enough to engender a wholesome pride and persistence. A tree is one of the most beautiful objects in nature, and a man cannot cut it down and grub up its tangled roots, without thinking of the long years it has been growing. But a prairie is a more beautiful object, as it sweeps away in a thousand hilly folds, all covered with whistling grass and wild flowers. The God of geology, of chemistry, of the sunlight and the winds, is very near to the man who breaks up virgin sod. It cannot be said that the forces at work in developing a type of character in such a state of society as that of Iowa have as yet had time to work out their full issue, but shrewd observers can already detect whither they are tending.

A leading scientific man was once asked : "What is the most important discovery you have made in the West?" He replied : "A similar question was once put to Sir Humphrey Davy. Said he : 'The greatest discovery of my life was Faraday, when he was a little beggar boy in the streets of London.' The most important of my discoveries in the West is a quarter section of land. It is a museum of wonder and value. Its surface was covered with fields of grain, whose market proceeds would more than pay for the land ; and near the center was a spring and a grove which encircled a happy home filled with many tokens of prosperity and the merry music of children. Half-concealed from view were barns, pens, coops, granary, shed for wagons, plows and machinery, all in good order ; while farther away and central in a grass plat, shaded by two friendly elms,



was a white school house. In the distance it looked like a pearl in an emerald setting. 'Will you take \$30 per acre for your farm?' said I. 'Why should I sell it?' he replied. 'It is my home; we are healthy, prosperous and happy.' There was that sense of strength and security around this new home which gives that equipoise to mind and body so essential to spiritual and mental culture."

The "strength and security" here spoken of may be helpful or it may be detrimental to spiritual growth. When once the truth has been lodged in the heart outward prosperity will only intensify its power. But the picture given above presents a very fair idea of the barriers to the gospel which the home missionary finds around those who are so pleasantly situated in the world that they have little thought for eternity. Very little niggardliness is encountered, but a great deal of worldliness. Though perhaps the curious sentence with which a book on Iowa, written forty years ago, concludes, may be measurably true still: "One species of coin is not current in this State; we allude to the cent and half-cent, while even the three-cent piece is barely tolerated, and is seldom seen except in church plates and at the postoffice." A singular statement with which to close a volume, yet after all it presents quite a condensed picture of frontier society.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE GREAT IMMIGRATION OF 1853 AND 1854

One of the most remarkable movements of population which even the United States have witnessed, occurred in the years 1853 and 1854. Iowa had then just been opened to civilization, and the faces of thousands of people were suddenly turned toward it. The California excitement of '49 and '50 had largely subsided, and the rush for Pike's Peak and the Colorado mines had not as yet begun. Men were again settling into a realization of the fact that agriculture is the basis of our civilization and that to subdue a farm is a better and surer means of wealth than to open a mine. Consequently the unrest of the people, which has ever been a potent cause of national change and destiny, led thousands of emigrants to Iowa. The flight of the Tartar tribe, so graphically described by De Quincey, had its modern parallel in the rush of families to the newly-opened Territory. The slow methods of migration, by the "prairie schooner" and river steamboat, were then in vogue. People came in caravans and companies, not by families or as individuals, as they are now whirled into a State by the railways. Perhaps this made their coming all the more noticeable.

To give an idea of what that immigration was, the graphic words of a few eye witnesses will be quoted. A writer in the year 1855 gives the remarkable statistics as follows:

"The population of the Territory in 1836, was 10,531;

in 1840 it was 43,017; in 1850, 192,214. The census, as returned by the Secretary of State, taken in the spring of 1854, is as follows: Males, 170,302; females, 154,900; total population, 325,202. Voters, 59,984; militia, 50,284; aliens, 10,373; colored males, 258; colored females, 222; blind, 27; deaf and dumb, 28; insane, 47; idiots, 7. There is one vote to every five and a half and a fraction of the population. According to this last census the number of males exceeds that of the females some 16,000. Let the Yankee girls take the hint when they see these figures. The number of inhabitants in the State in January, 1855, has been estimated at upwards of 500,000. Those who have seen and can realize that Iowa is the mouth of the great Stream of Humanity, whose tributaries extend far and wide, into every State and many nations—that stream which is daily and hourly pouring into this great, and fertile, and beautiful State its hundreds and thousands, cannot but predict that in 1860 Iowa will be peopled by more than a million of hardy, energetic, and intelligent inhabitants. By some this may be deemed a wild speculation; but we think we have good and sufficient reasons for placing our estimate thus.”

The newspapers of a time give a better idea, perhaps, of what is going on in their locality than any other witnesses. Of the immense immigration of 1854, the Iowa City Reporter, in an issue published the fall of that year, says:

“Mr. Watts, of this city, has recently returned from a trip East. He represents the immigration bound for Iowa as astonishing and unprecedented. For miles and miles, day after day, the prairies of Illinois are lined with cattle and wagons, pushing on towards our prosperous State. At a point beyond Peoria, Mr. Watts remained over night, where he was informed that, during a single month seventeen hundred and forty-three wagons had passed, and all for Iowa. Allowing five persons to a wagon, which is a fair average, we have 8,715 souls to add to our population. This being but the immigration of the month, and upon one route only out of many, it would not be an unreasonable assertion to say that 50,000 men, women and children will have come into this State by the first of December, reckoning from the first of September. Remembering that those spoken of by Mr.

Watts all came by wagons, please add this item, from the Chicago Press: 'Most of the passenger trains came in last week with two locomotives; and the reason of this great increase of power will be understood when it is known that twelve thousand passengers arrived from the East, by the Michigan Southern road, during the last week—a city in the short space of six days!' To the above, add the crowds who ascend the Mississippi and Missouri upon every boat, of whom as many as 600 have passed St. Louis in one day!"

The Oskaloosa Times, of the same year, says:

"From early morning till night-fall, the covered wagons are passing through this place. We learn from old citizens that the tide of immigration is this year greater than they have ever known before. We should think at least a thousand persons pass through Oskaloosa every week, about these times, on their way westward. Not an hour in the day but we see teams 'hauling up' on the Square."

The Davenport Commercial adds:

"That's our case precisely. Our ferry is busy all hours in passing over the large canvas-backed wagons, densely populated with becoming Iowans. An army of mechanics have added 300 buildings to this city during the past season, yet every nook and corner of them are engaged before they are finished; but our hospitable citizens will not allow any one to suffer for want of shelter. In several instances the citizens have, like true aborigines, withdrawn to close quarters, and given their parlors to those who have come to make their homes among us, and were unable to find dwellings. There is not a vacant dwelling or business room in this city."

The Burlington Telegraph, of the same year, says:

"Twenty thousand immigrants have passed through the city within the last thirty days, and they are still crossing at the rate of 600 and 700 a day. We have these facts from the ferry folks, who keep a sort of running register. About one team in a hundred is labeled, 'Nebraska;' all the rest are marked, 'Iowa.'"

The Dubuque Tribune, of the same year, says:

"Daily—yes, hourly—immigrants are arriving in this and neighboring counties from Ohio, Kentucky, In-



diana and Illinois. All are in raptures at the lovely sights which here greet their gaze; and they, with one accord, yield the palm to Western Iowa for lovely prairies, beautiful groves of timber, and meandering streams of water. Never before, in the history of this north-western region of the United States, has there been a more gratifying spectacle than that now presented to those who take an interest in its progress and welfare. Viewing the almost countless throng of immigrants that crowd our streets, and learning that a similar scene is visible at every other point along the Mississippi border of Iowa, the spectator is naturally led to infer that a general exodus is taking place in the Eastern States of the Union, as well as in those that, but a few years ago, were denominated the West. Day by day the endless procession moves on—a mighty army of invasion, which, were its objects other than peace, and a holy, fraternal, cordial league with its predecessors, their joint aim to conquer this fair and alluring domain from the wild dominion of nature would strike terror into the boldest hearts. They come by hundreds and thousands from the hills and valleys of New England, bringing with them that same untiring, indomitable energy and perseverance that have made their native States the admiration of the world, and whose influence is felt wherever enterprise has a votary or commerce spreads a sail, with intellects sharpened to the keenest edge, and brawny arms to execute the firm resolves of their iron will, and gathering fresh accessions, as they sweep across the intermediate country, from the no less thrifty and hardy population of New York, Ohio and Indiana. Tarrying no longer amongst us than is necessary for them to select their future home, away they hie to the capacious and inviting plains, that spread themselves interminably, ready to yield, almost without preparation, their rich latent treasures.

“Soon will be seen innumerable the farmers’ comfortable abodes, and the frequent thriving village, with its ‘people’s college,’ as its highest worldly pride, and close at hand the house of God, with spire pointing to heaven, as if to remind the worshippers of the source to which they are indebted for all the store of blessings they enjoy. And soon, too, in the wake of such a mighty rush and all its soul-swelling consequences, will follow the laying out and construction of those great works that will link us to the wide spread members of our confeder-

acy, over which the iron horse, more terrible in the fierceness of his strength than the war-steed of Job, will snort his triumphant ha! ha! as he bounds along in his tireless race. Science, in turn, will rear her loftiest fanes, and plant deep in the hearts of her disciples the seeds of a deathless devotion to the institutions of our common country.

“And to what, let us ask, is the high tide setting into Iowa fairly to be ascribed?”

“We take it on ourselves to answer that the unanimous consent of those who have investigated her claims, accords her a climate of unequalled salubrity, a soil of the most generous fertility, and a geographical position unsurpassed by that of any other Western State; in a word, that naturally she contains within her limits all the elements which, properly availed of by man, will secure his highest temporal prosperity and happiness. During the past year she has been peculiarly favored. Whilst the contiguous States, and many of those more remote, have yielded harvests diminished by drought in the ratio of from a fourth to a half, hers has been at least equal to an average one. She is thus able to supply not only her producers, but likewise all who have since come, and are yet to arrive this year. This has been an incalculable advantage to her. Inasmuch as every immigrant comes provided with the means for entering land and defraying expenses till he can make a crop, money has been in freer circulation here than in any other part of the country. A fact equally gratifying is, that the immigration hither numbers in its ranks many men of wealth, who, consequently, bring us an accession of capital that must of course produce results which are usually unseen in new States for years after their settlement.

“We conclude our remarks on the prospects of Iowa by tendering our congratulations to her citizens on the proud and enviable position she occupies—a position obtained without effort, and which is but a foretaste of that she will attain as her strength is increased and her concentrated ‘energies directed to the securing of a yet loftier elevation.’”

The editor of the Keokuk Whig thus speaks, under the announcement of “Still They Come!”

“By railways and steamers, the flood of immigration continues pouring into the great West. The lake



shore roads are crowded to their utmost capacity ; single trains of fourteen or fifteen cars, all full of men, women, and a large sprinkling of children, are almost daily arriving at Chicago. The Ohio river steamers are crowded in the same way. On Friday last, two steamers brought into St. Louis some 600 passengers, most of whom, being destined for the northwest, have already passed through this place. And 'still they come,' from Pennsylvania, from Indiana, and other States, until, by the side of this exodus, that of the Israelites becomes an insignificant item, and the greater migrations of latter times scarcely to be mentioned. Whether the older States are suffering by this rapid depletion, or how long they can endure it, is their own lookout. Certain it is that Iowa in particular, and the other Western and Northwestern States generally are rapidly filling up with a hardy, industrious and wealth-producing population. Let them come! Here is room, and to spare! Here is a theater for human operations on the grandest scale! Here is the place for the young man, just starting out in life, for the old man, seeking to provide for his children, for 'all sorts of men,' in search of fortune, fame, or wealth ; for any one, also, who has an eye and a soul for Nature in her grandest forms of lavish profusion and splendid magnificence.

"There is something in the 'growing, glowing West,' with her limitless prairies, her mighty rivers, her mountains of iron, the lavish richness of her all-bountiful soil, that expands the soul of man, and elevates him above the narrow, cramped, and confined ideas of those who are accustomed only to the well-worn channels and small conventionalities of older hum-drum communities. There the 'new man' is apt to find himself an unwelcome jostler, his intrusion viewed askance, his elbow-room begrudged him, and his presence tolerated only upon condition of his accepting the procrustean standard of hoary and respectable 'use and wont;' unless, indeed, a position can be asserted and maintained by force of very superior talent, or unusual accidental advantages. But here all is new, and plastic, and vigorous. Men are wanted here, and are welcomed. And here at once is found a boundless and untrammelled field of enterprise, adequate to the elastic energies of ingenious youth or mature manhood. It is curious to watch the development of a new-comer from the old-fogy settlements; to see his mind expand, his eye light up with the fire of a renewed energy, and his whole nature grow to the

liberal standard of Nature's doings in the West. Therefore, we repeat again, let them come — old and young, men and women, boys and girls, with or without 'plunder.' Let them flee from their tax-ridden and miserably governed Egypts in Ohio and Pennsylvania, to the Land of Promise, flowing with something better than milk and honey, and possessing capabilities such as they have hardly dreamed of. Here they find welcome homes; and, while they speedily help themselves to attain better fortunes, they shall also have a hand in the proud labor of building up the mighty Empire of the Mississippi valley."

The editor of the Keokuk Dispatch, after returning from a two weeks' furlough, says:

"No one can travel up and down the Mississippi without being astonished at the immigration constantly pouring into Iowa from all parts of the country; but especially from Indiana and Ohio.

"Two gentlemen from Richmond county, Ohio, told us that from that county alone one thousand persons were coming to Iowa this fall; at every ferry on the river crowds are waiting to cross; and the land offices all over the State are unable to meet the demands upon them by those who are eager to enter lands.

"Our journey led us into Jackson and Jones counties, where we met, in all directions, indications of rapid settlement, thrift and energy. We spent some days in Jones county, on the prairie watered by Mineral Creek, and learned that but a year ago there were forty thousand acres of unentered land, while there is not now as much as amounts to a section to be had. Although the prairie is but a few miles in extent, there are already forty habitations upon it."

It is hard for us at the present time to imagine what were the discomforts and perplexities of the settlers who left their pretty little homes in Pennsylvania and New York to find a new abode on the wide stretches of western prairie. They would steam down the Allegheny to Pittsburg, and so come around by the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to Burlington or Dubuque, or they would come around the lakes to the insignificant village of Chicago, and then push on by stage or "prairie schooner" to the newer regions beyond.

There were discomforts from swollen streams. In an uncultivated prairie country the suddenness of the rise of the creeks and rivers is often the source of great danger to travelers and settlers. A little caravan camps on the bank of a quiet brook at night, and the surroundings are so peaceful that they do not dream of peril—the water of the stream murmurs gently between its banks, the evening wind whispers in the leaves of the cottonwoods under whose shade the camp is pitched, or whistles monotonously among the sharp stems of the long prairie grass. And the exhausted pioneers go to sleep under the impression that they will have a long and peaceful night of it. But suddenly, at midnight, they are aroused by an ominous roar far up the stream. There has been a heavy fall of rain somewhere. Their animals begin to whinney and bellow and paw the ground. Then it is a mercy, and all they can expect if they are able to gain the high ground with the more valuable of their effects before the angry torrent of waters reaches them.

Then there were discomforts resulting from the severe winters and the lack of the appliances of civilization. Fortunately, game was plentiful; deer and prairie chickens could be had by the score and hundreds, so that there was no danger of starvation. But the cabins were breezy, the roads unbroken and the streams unbridged. The Hon. S. H. M. Byers, for some years our consul to Italy, pleasantly relates to the Interior the following incidents of early life in Iowa in these respects:

“It was an odd life we were all living—a frontier life; but not the frontier life of to-day. Railroads did not carry all the comforts of life and many of its luxuries right up to our door, as they now do for the frontier man of Colorado or Arizona. The words ‘out west’ had a different meaning those days. There was not a mile of railroad in the State of Iowa, rarely a wagon road. A telegraph would have been a miracle. Even an occasional stage line was the wonder of the more thickly settled and more eastern counties. Flour mills were

fifty to eighty miles away, and it usually required a week's traveling and waiting for even a small grist. But our necessities and hardships possibly made us more self-reliant, possibly more courageous. Our roads were often but tracks over the prairies, sometimes only old buffalo trails hedged in by myriads of wild flowers, that, stirred by the summer's wind, colored the endless waves of tall grass lifting and falling as far as the eye could reach. There were no bridges across the sloughs and the streams; but, as if by instinct, man and horse knew the shallowest places and the safest fords. And the boys were as self-reliant as the men and almost as capable of exertion.

"Once the mother at our home was taken ill. Doctors were distant, and the father was adding to his slender means by working in a town forty miles away. 'Bring father quick,' was the cry; and there was nothing to do but for the oldest lad to unhitch a horse from the corn plow and gallop over the prairies. Night found him at the banks of the Iowa River, then a swollen, rapid stream. The ferryman refused to leave his bed before daylight. 'But mother is dying out on the prairie.' No matter; the ferryman would not stir. In a moment horse and boy plunged into the river and in the darkness swam to the other side. The father was found. Before daylight the two had again crossed the stream, and noon of that day saw them at the sick one's bedside, the boy none the worse for his jaunt of eighty miles and his midnight bath.

"There were no Indians, except tame ones, near us. The reservation was a little farther west, but many were the incidents our neighbors met with who went up to the new lands, when the Indians were to be taken off and the free land thrown open to settlement. The 'New Purchase' the government had made from the Indians had its east line some little distance below what is now the beautiful town of Oskaloosa. It was occupied by the Sac and Fox Indians. It was a lovely land, too, with rich prairie covered with millions of flowers, beautiful woods skirting its narrow streams, and an abundance of wild honey and good game. The Indians had driven the buffaloes away, but droves of deer remained, and wild turkeys, prairie-chickens, quails and rabbits were there in millions. The noble elk was also seen frequently, and sometimes the brown bear made the woods dangerous enough to smack of adventure. There



was no end to the prairie-wolves, and wild cats as big as dogs haunted the woods along the streams. Bees, the pioneers of civilization, were there in astounding numbers, and the vast quantities of honey secured by the settlers later are almost beyond belief. It was collected by tubsful and barrelsful. One of the settlers brought in three barrelsful in a single day, and it served all the purposes of sugar. This was the goodly land the people were to go up to, and possess.

"The Indians were quiet, and were to move off peacefully at midnight of May 1, 1843. A company of United States dragoons watched the frontier, to keep the whites off until the hour when they might enter and stake off the land the law allowed them to claim for purchase. All sorts of ruses were adopted by the whites, to be first onto the land and to get the choicest locations. Their adventures have afforded tales for the firesides of the older States to the present hour—how, by the light of the moon, that May night, men sprang from their hiding places near to the line, and hurriedly drove stakes about the farms that were to be; how two friends would start measuring off a field, running in opposite directions, and firing a gun at each corner; how, before that May night, men had hidden about the frontier for weeks, avoiding the watchful dragoons, and yet spying out the land; how they perched in thick tree-tops and longingly looked over the border; how, on a time, some of them in their high perches quarreled as to the spot of land either could take, climbed down to the ground, fought out their fight with their fists, and were in the trees again silent as owls when the dragoons appeared. Some of those settlers, in this year of grace, 1889, still live on the land claims thus made, and, sitting by their firesides, hear the roar of the railway trains passing their door yards, and the church bells, and the hum of a busy town over the very spot where in the forties they staked their claims off among the prairie flowers and the waving grass.

"Once on the 'Purchase,' and the new strange life was repeated. My father, soon tiring of the tameness and the few comforts of our first prairie home, 'moved on.' We, too, were shortly upon the Purchase, and built our cabin on the very spot where but so recently had stood the Indian's wigwam. There was not much trouble about making a farm in those early days. We had the virgin soil—and what a prolific soil it was, and what a sensation it was to turn the great thick sod, cov-



ered with its rich grass and myriads of flowers, under for the first time! On this new mother earth we planted 'sod corn,' the best that ever grew; and the melons, squashes and pumpkins grown on that first land eclipsed all later rivals of hot house or county fair. Breaking prairie was a labor, once performed, never to be forgotten. The great strong plow, with its big sharp coulter; the sturdy oxen, six and seven yokes of them in a string, and sometimes a yoke of cows, hitched to the seven-foot plow beam, made a team that it was a pride to handle. And the great long ox whip, who of that day will ever forget it? The youth who could swing that mighty whip, making ten great cracks in quick succession, or cut the gad fly from the off leader, was a provisional king of the prairie. Woe to the lad who handled that thirty-foot whip for the first time. The laugh was sure to be on him, for, with the first swing, the stalk would bend, the buckskin cracker fly in a knot and the lash encircle his neck like an anaconda!

"The farmer's fields, when inclosed at all, were universally surrounded by rail fences, and these were in perpetual danger of being burned by the raging prairie fires that came every autumn. What gorgeous spectacles these autumn prairie fires were! Often, in the dusk of the October evenings, the farmer and his family would notice red lights in the far-off horizon. 'Look out for prairie fires to-night,' the farmer would exclaim, with the same uneasiness with which he would give warning of a coming storm. No storm, indeed, was dreaded so much, for many and many a farmer on the prairies lost all he had when the red fire scourge was galloping over the billowy expanse, a mighty and sudden destruction to crops and stacks, and barns and homes. How often has the writer been called out of bed at midnight, to join his neighbors, men, women and children, to fight the prairie fires surely making in our direction. Hurriedly we would make firebrands and burn narrow strips of prairie off between ourselves and the coming fiend. Armed with brooms made of hazel-brush, we could control these little counter fires of our own starting, and frequently turn the direction of the coming wave. Again, we were too late or too weak, and the sea of fire leaped over our burned-out strips, jumped the narrow neck of plowed furrows that universally were made in front of every prairie farm as a protection, and, spite of every endeavor, burned up fences and crops.

“Despite the danger, what a spectacle it was! Around us the midnight darkness, at our side our homes and worldly gear, in front of us a fearful line of fire, miles in length—a sea of flame, crackling and roaring as it rapidly neared us, its hot breath threatening destruction to all we had. I know nothing like it, unless it could be a high sea surf, its breast on fire, rushing and roaring landwards and suddenly stopping at the beach. The prairie chickens and quails, frightened from their grassy nests, fly from the coming flames in droves. Sometimes the counter-fires set by the farmers would change the direction of the coming storm, and it would roar past us like a railroad train. Sometimes these same counter-fires caused the flaming grass to burn in immense circles, capturing in their fiery arms herds of deer that had huddled closer and closer as the circle lessened, finally burning them to death. What a splendid zest to life these excitements gave us, in spite of the dangers! Nowhere in life have I had such romance, excitement, fierce joy and adventure as in fighting the midnight prairie fires from my father’s farm. Even to-day I would travel a hundred miles to witness a prairie fire, to see a sea on flame and experience the wild excitement of those times long gone.

“It was a unique life we led in the frontier days. Our houses were built of logs, rarely of plank, and, though small, they were big enough for a hospitality worthy of palaces. It was no uncommon experience to see a dozen strangers stretched out for the night on the floor of my father’s cabin. If too many happened along to get in, they slept in their wagons and took their meals at the table free of charge. Many of the cabins along the roadside become inns, whether from choice or by the force of circumstances. The charges, when charges were made, were very small. Twelve cents for a dinner, and what a dinner! The best of corn-bread, with milk and butter, wild honey, wheat coffee, crab-apple butter, wild turkey, quails, venison, and, with it all, a dessert of right good cheer. The big fire-places in the cabins were built of sod, and by their ample hearths I have heard, from wandering pilgrims, tales truer than the ‘Tales of a Wayside Inn.’ It was at such firesides in the early day that the itinerant lawyer, the great Lincoln, lovingly lingered, catching from his own stories the inspiration that rendered him immortal.

“Of school-houses we had almost none. One, how-

ever, I recall, because it was the first almost in the 'New Purchase.' It was a log edifice, with a great sod chimney and open fire-place; a puncheon floor and puncheon seats for the boys and girls. The windows were made by leaving a log out, the full length of the house, and covering the space with oiled paper instead of window-glass. Our teacher, the daughter of a farmer, 'boarded round,' and received about a dollar a term for each pupil. No two of our school-books, except our Testaments, were alike, and what we boys failed to learn in the old log school-house we tried to make up nights as we lay stretched on the floor in front of the old fire-place at the house. It was uphill business, though, for my father's hospitality to passing strangers left little room on our cabin floor. Often these passing guests were persuaded to take a farm near our own, and so, new neighbors came around, new dots sprang up on the prairie, and, in ten years, the cross-roads had become a village with a church-spire and a mill.

"There had not been much going to church in the early day. Here and there the neighbors would gather at some farm-house, read the Bible and pray, or at times an itinerant preacher would stop over, hold a service, and baptize the children. Oxen were often used for the Sunday excursions to the improvised church, and even at funerals, when some neighbor was laid away in the lonesome grove that served as the burial place in lieu of cemetery. A cavalcade of men on horseback and wagons drawn by oxen was no uncommon sight. Horses were rapidly bred, and the farmers' girls were as daring riders as the boys. It was, in fact, a reproach to be a poor horseman, or a bad shot with the rifle. At the many "turkey-shootings," the "quiltings," the "house-raising," and the "wood-choppings," the hero of the hour was sure to be the most daring rider. Other opportunities for coming together were the country weddings and the infairs, where fun and good eating made merry the young folk's lives.

"The times have changed, and the face of the big prairie has changed. Hundreds of artificial groves relieve the landscape, and the many towns, with spire and steeple, electric lights and puffing engines, little remind one of what the West looked like in the 'forties.'"

## CHAPTER V.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN WORK.

On a lovely day in June, viz: the 24th, in the year 1837, two ministers assembled a little congregation at a place called West Point, in Lee county, Iowa. The state of society was that described in the last chapter. The people came together eagerly, because it had been announced that a Presbyterian church would be organized at that place. On horseback, in ox-carts and farm wagons, on foot they came, scores of them who had braved the wilds of the unformed Territory, and who now rejoiced that organized church life was to have a beginning. For this was the first Presbyterian church on the soil of the State we call Iowa.

The ministers were Samuel Wilson, and Launcelot G. Bell. Of the former no biographical traces remain, but the good work that he did in inaugurating Presbyterianism in Iowa will continue as a monument to his memory. The Rev. L. G. Bell, familiarly called "Father Bell," remained for many years in the State, taking part in its early religious history, and everywhere doing valiant and efficient service as a pioneer missionary. An account of his life and services is given in the next chapter. At this distance of time we can see that it was a movement of no little importance that Father Bell and his associate started, when they organized the West Point church. The names of the people comprising that first organization are: Alexander H. Walker, Isabella Walker, Ambrose Stone, William Patterson, Eleanor Patterson, David Walker, Nancy Walker, Cyrus Poage, Mary Poage, and Melinda Taylor. These are good Pres-



byterian names, all of them, and they show that rich Scotch-Irish blood flowed in their veins. Alexander H. Walker, Cyrus Poage and William Patterson were chosen ruling elders; and it is a significant fact, showing how little time has been necessary to produce the glorious tree of Iowa Presbyterianism, that the latter—Mr. William Patterson—lived until October, 1889, to enjoy the memories of more than fifty years of service to the church. The little West Point church proceeded at once to organize for aggressive work by calling Rev. James Ewing to be their pastor.

The beginning of our work in Iowa was made in most interesting times. Of this Rev. David S. Tappan, D. D., speaks as follows:

“Organized Presbyterianism and civil government in Iowa are nearly coeval. They had their origin at about the same time, and, like two streams starting from contiguous sources, they have flowed down the valley of time in parallel channels. The Iowa Presbyterian Church was born before this Territory was old enough to christen, more than a year before the name Iowa was given to it. Only four years had elapsed since any of this land had been opened to white settlers, less than three years since civil government had been established even in name. Six months had not passed since the rising of the first Territorial Legislature in which this district was represented, and nearly the same length of time must intervene before its deliberations would be held upon Iowa soil. There are probably more people now living in the single city of Keokuk than the entire white population at that time upon all the lands now within the limits of our State. The enumeration of 1836 showed a population 10,531 in the counties of Dubuque and Des Moines. That of 1838, the next taken, 22,859 for the same area. So that fourteen or fifteen thousand would be a liberal estimate of our population at the time of the planting of Presbyterianism in Iowa. It was surely the time of the beginning of things in the State as well as in the church.

“It was also an epoch of historic interest in the annals of our church at large, one of the great pivotal points upon which turns the history of the Presbyterian



church in the United States of America; the time when those volcanic forces, which for seven years preceding had shaken the church, rent it in twain, leaving between the sundered parts a yawning chasm which required thirty-two years to close. The shock of that convulsion had scarcely been felt in the remote parts of our land, the tardiest of the commissioners constituting the ever-memorable General Assembly of 1837 had not yet reached their homes when our church took possession of this fair State in the name of Christ."

It is pleasant to know that home missionary enterprise was not entirely stopped by the unhappy dissensions in the church at that time, though they seriously interfered with the work. The unfortunate spectacle was frequently seen of the two branches of the one church struggling with more of opposition than apostolic brotherhood and zeal for the possession of a field. A rivalry, which could not be in all cases wholesome, tended to multiply organizations; and in a few years we find the Old School branch reporting churches at Round Prairie (now Kossuth), Burlington, Ft. Madison, Davenport, Iowa City, Spring Creek, and Rockingham, while the New School branch was not far behind. The first New School church was organized in Ft. Madison, in 1838, by Rev. James A. Clark, who was in the employ of the American Home Missionary Society. On the 25th of November, 1838, a church was organized by the same minister in Burlington. Then followed the New School church at Yellow Springs, organized September 12th, 1840, by Rev. J. A. Carnahan, of Dayton, Ohio. After this came the churches at Keosauqua, Troy, and Bloomington (now Muscatine).

A Congregational writer, in a little book called "The Iowa Band," gives an example of the unfortunate rivalry between the two schools of our church. It was in the capital of the State, when that much advertised city had but four hundred inhabitants. One Presbyterian church would certainly have sufficed, but in the zeal of the Schools there were two. There being no church build-

ings in the town, the meetings were held in the State House—one in the Hall of Representatives, and the other in that of the Senate. These two halls were opposite each other, and the ministers as they sat in their respective desks could see each other. The writer above referred to tells that as he sat in the pulpit with the New School pastor they could look across and see the Old School minister in his desk at the other end of the building; and the pastor whispered to him: "Now—now, the watchmen see eye to eye"—a pun more truthful than honorable to the church at whose expense it was made.

But with this single exception of rivalry between the Schools, the work of Presbyterianism in Iowa has, from the first been prosecuted with great wisdom and power. It is not the purpose of this volume to trace the formation and division of the several Presbyteries and Synods, resulting in what we now see—one large and prosperous Synod, composed of the Presbyteries of Cedar Rapids, Council Bluffs, Des Moines, Dubuque, Ft. Dodge, Iowa, Iowa City and Waterloo. The new Synod is a delegated body, the ratio of representation being one minister and one elder for every four ministers enrolled, and for any residual fraction equal to two. A writer in "The Home Missionary" of August, 1842, puts down the number of professing Christians as 2,133. At present our own church has 288 ministers, 12 licentiates, 50 candidates, and 28,545 members. What wonderful progress do these figures indicate!

Without going into the history of all this advancement, a few of the more salient items of Presbyterianial action may be given. The first Presbytery organized west of the Mississippi river, and north of Missouri, was the Presbytery of Iowa. It was set off from the Presbytery of Schuyler, Synod of Illinois, at the meeting of that Synod held in Rushville, Illinois, October, 1840. The first meeting of the Presbytery was held at Bloomington, now Muscatine, on the 6th of November, 1840. By appointment of Synod, Rev. L. G. Bell preached the

opening sermon from 2 Cor., 4, 5: "For we preach not ourselves, but Jesus Christ the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." Mr. Bell presided until the election of Rev. Michael Hummer, as Moderator. Mr. Bell was chosen the first stated clerk. The original members of this Presbytery, as set off by Synod, were Launcelot Graham Bell, Michael Hummer, John Mark Fulton, and Enoch Mead. There were nine churches—the First Burlington (which afterwards became extinct), West Point, Ft. Madison, Round Prairie (now Kossuth), the First Davenport, First Mt. Pleasant, First Iowa City, Spring Creek, and First Rockingham.

At the first meeting of the Presbytery, Rev. John Stocker, from the Presbytery of Logansport, and Rev. Salmon Cowles, from the Presbytery of St. Clairsville, were received.

On strictly Home Mission ground, it was natural that the subject of Home Missions should engage the immediate and earnest attention of Presbytery. We accordingly find that one of the first appointments made was for a sermon on "Domestic Missions," to be preached by Rev. Salmon Cowles, at the stated meeting in the following spring.

Mr. Cowles continued a member of this Presbytery until his death (winter of 1868-69). He was one of the most faithful, active and useful ministers of the Presbytery, and is, perhaps, second only to Father Bell in the number of churches gathered and organized.

The Presbytery at that period included in its bounds all the territory west of the Mississippi river and north of the Missouri State line—a magnificent field.

One of the churches in this wide field, organized by Father Cowles, was that at "Fort Des Moines," in the year 1848. A brief extract from the minutes of the spring meeting of 1851, is of decided interest in the light of subsequent events. It is as follows:

"Resolved, That the Committee on Missions apply to the Board of Domestic Missions for aid to the amount of

\$250.00 for Mr. George Swan, a licentiate, as missionary at Ft. Des Moines and vicinity, for the following reasons: Mr. G. M. Swan, having visited Ft. Des Moines and preached to the acceptance of the congregation, they raised a subscription, and requested that he be commended to the Board as a missionary. Ft. Des Moines is an important place, surrounded by thriving settlements for fifty miles around; expected by many to be the future seat of State government. The church there is sixty-five miles distant from any other of our denomination, consists of sixteen members and can raise \$100. Mr. Swan will preach there one-half his time, the other half in points where churches are likely to be organized, in three or four adjacent counties. Mr. Swan has no funds, needs a horse and books, and cannot labor in that region unless the Board can aid him to the amount of \$250. Boarding there is very dear, and from their circumstances, and the smallness of their houses, none of the members of the church are prepared to board him."

That would hardly answer as a picture of the great city of Des Moines, with its large and prosperous churches, and splendid and hospitable Presbyterian homes of to-day; although the prophecy in regard to the future of this point has been exactly fulfilled. As to early results the following statement is taken from a volume published in 1854, but we have no means of verifying the accuracy of the figures given:

"The Synod of Iowa is divided into three Presbyteries. According to the statistical reports for 1854, this Synod consists of the following: -

	No. Members.	No. Churches.
1. Presbytery of Iowa, - -	247	24
2. Presbytery of Cedar, - -	799	47
3. Presbytery of Des Moines, -	787	100
<hr/>		<hr/>
In Synod of Iowa, - -	1,833	171

#### LOCATION OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES.

First Presbytery.—Keokuk, West Point, Middletown, Morning Sun, Mount Pleasant, Charleston, Burlington, Lowell, Spring Creek, Fort Madison, and Kossuth.

Second Presbytery.—Muscatine, West Liberty, Farmer's Creek, Lipton, Scotch Grove, Cascade, Grandview,



Marion, Lime Grove, Dubuque, Davenport, Iowa City, Le Claire, Solon, Blue Grass, Maquoketa, Postville, Franckville, Colesburg, Lybrand, Pleasant Grove, Vinton, Independence, Hopenkinton, Lisbon, Princeton.

Third Presbytery.—Fairfield, Libertyville, Sigourney, Birmingham, Winchester, Oskaloosa, Washington, Brighton, Albia, Crawfordsville, Troy, Keosauqua, Bentonsport, Kirkville, Indianola, Ottumwa, Knoxville, and Ft. Des Moines.”

From the earliest times the Presbyteries of Iowa have been noted for their devotion to the law and usage of our church. Dr. W. O. Ruston, in his history of the Dubuque Presbytery, gives an example or two of this well worth reproduction here. In describing the very beginning of that Presbytery he says:

“The first meeting was typical of the subsequent character and work. Occasion was immediately given to exhibit loyalty to the church in adherence to law. The General Assembly of 1837 had directed the Presbyteries to examine all applicants for membership on experimental theology and church government. Here Presbytery was at once put to trial. Rev. Thomas G. Carver had been chosen pastor of the Independence church, and the call was presented to Presbytery; Mr. Carver’s letter of dismission from the Presbytery of North River was also presented, but he himself was unavoidably detained away. Notwithstanding the great desire to supply churches and settle pastors, the determination to walk orderly prevailed over every contrary motive, and, because the applicant could not be examined, the call was laid on the table. This regard for law has marked the Presbytery from that day.

“Conscientiousness in the performance of duty was illustrated by another incident of the first meeting. Mr. D. W. Lyon had been licensed by the Presbytery of Cedar, but his license had been recalled. He applied to have it restored, which petition the majority granted. Thereupon a protest was entered on record, and a notice of complaint to Synod was given. These are not pleasant things for a Synbyter to do, and they show the earnestness of the men. The Synod sustained this complaint, so far as to disapprove of the act of Presbytery, but not to invalidate the licensure.

“There was an immediate equipment for aggressive



work. A Standing Committee on Domestic Missions and Church Extension was appointed, consisting of Rev. Joshua Phelps, D. D., Rev. S. T. Wells, and Elder Lincoln Clark. Mr. Wells had been appointed, by the Board of Domestic Missions, as Missionary Agent and Evangelist for the Synod, and Presbytery authorized him 'to organize churches anywhere within the bounds of this Presbytery, where the Providence of God shall open the door and make the way clear for such organization, requiring from him a full report of all such official acts at each stated meeting of Presbytery.' Undoubtedly this commission gave greater authority than can ordinarily be safely lodged with one man, and the Presbytery has learned that it is better not to surrender its power to organize churches. But in this case it worked well, and, as a result of this canvass, many churches were organized, and the thorough cultivation of the field begun. In the Spring of 1859, the more conservative and Presbyterial spirit ruled, and it was resolved 'that no more churches be organized within the bounds of this Presbytery without the permission or direction of the Presbytery itself, or of the Committee of Domestic Missions of this Presbytery.'

"This first meeting gave attention to the matter of benevolence. The churches were 'affectionately urged and enjoined to adopt some plan, by which all the members shall have the opportunity of contributing annually to each of the Boards of the Church and the Committee of Church Extension.' It was, also, made a standing rule, to call upon the churches, at the stated meeting of the Spring, for a report of the amount given. Possibly no better solution of the vexed question of systematic beneficence has since been offered. Each church was to use the means best adapted to secure from every member a contribution to every branch of church work. Here are freedom and order—the two elements of *Christian giving*."

A like spirit we find in the first meetings of the Iowa City Presbytery, as detailed for us by the Rev. Geo. B. Smith:

"Nor was there any uncertain sound in those early days on the great moral issues of temperance, Sabbath observance and ungodliness. The church was true to the home, and was no insignificant factor in securing the re-

sults unto which we have attained. A committee was at one time appointed to frame a Sabbath law for presentation to our State Assembly. The churches have not always been blessed with a membership overflowing with peace and love. The partially sanctified natures called for the sword of discipline, that the judgment may be informed, the conscience quickened, abuses corrected, and the church purified. Ministers and churches were dealt with, that a church might exist which would be strong, because pure. Protests, and dissents, and appeals, and complaints were respectfully considered, and attempts made to secure intelligent and impartial decisions. Synods and assemblies were invoked to give their consensus of opinion.

"It is gratifying to be reminded of the large hearted responses to the recommendations of the General Assembly in behalf of our Boards, while the field was so new, and poverty was present in so many of the homes. Notwithstanding that churches were obliged to ask for aid in the building of churches, and in the supply of the pulpit, the Presbyteries impressed upon the struggling churches, that their life and growth depended not so much on what they received, as on what they gave and did. They urged liberal, systematic giving.

"Sometimes there is a tendency in those who have the distribution of benevolent funds, to disparage or reflect upon the recipients thereof. When our pioneer ministers were striving, by the aid of these grants, to keep the wolf from the door, some reflection was cast upon them for asking more than was right. These imputations were met with christian manliness and righteous indignation.

"Nor have the brethren been slow in rebuking the officers of the Board if they acted upon some private letter, rather than the judgment of Presbytery. Protestant Presbyterianism was not extinct in Iowa thirty years ago, as the following will show, with reference to the Board of Home Missions. 'We must here, moreover, express our surprise that the Committee (Western Extension Committee), from their own letters, have sought outside statements, and have based their action upon them, rather than the deliberate action of Presbytery at a full and stated meeting. Such a course of procedure must tend to subvert the very foundations of our Presbyterian government.' 'We are pained thus to speak, but

feel that the rights of Presbytery, as of individuals involved 'demand it.'"

A very pleasant and characteristic picture is given by the Rev. Harvey Hostetler, of the first meeting of the Fort Dodge Presbytery. In it we obtain glimpses of many things we wish to know as to the manner of laying foundations in those early days:

"The Presbytery of Sioux City was established by the Synod of Iowa, in session at Burlington, October 13, 1856. It comprised 'all that part of the Presbytery of Dubuque lying west of the east line of Hardin county, thence directly north to the State line.' No western limit was set to this Presbytery. This was nineteen years after the organization of the first Presbyterian church in Iowa, sixteen years after the first Presbytery, and four years after the first Synod. The way had been prepared by the labors of Rev. Samuel T. Wells, Synodical Missionary, who had traveled over the field during the summer of 1856, and was probably the first missionary of any kind in all northwestern Iowa. He had organized churches at Fort Dodge and Algona, and at its fall meeting these were received by the Presbytery of Dubuque. At the meeting of the Synod of Iowa, Dr. Hill, of the Board of Domestic Missions, was present with three young men who were willing to labor in northwestern Iowa. These were Rev. T. M. Chestnut, assigned to the work at Sioux City; Rev. David S. McComb, assigned to Algona, and Rev. Edward L. Dodder, who took up the work at Fort Dodge. After the adjournment of the Synod, these young men with the Synodical Missionary betook themselves to their fields of labor. The new Presbytery convened by appointment of Synod, at Fort Dodge, November 6, 1856. Rev. Samuel T. Wells presided, preached the opening sermon from John 15:1-11, and was elected Moderator. There were present also, Revs. David S. McComb, Edward L. Dodder, and Elder Samuel Rees of the Fort Dodge church. Rev. T. M. Chestnut was absent. E. L. Dodder was elected Stated Clerk, and Samuel Rees, Temporary Clerk. The Presbytery was thus composed of four ministers and two churches. The first committee appointed was that on missions and credentials. The first resolution adopted was to 'endeavor from the commencement to induce the members of the various churches under our

care to contribute to all the missionary operations of the church, regularly and systematically.' Rev. T. M. Chestnut and Samuel Rees were elected commissioners to the General Assembly. The churches were requested to raise six dollars each, for Presbyterian purposes and commissioners' fund, and to this request there was a prompt response. This was the first Presbyterian meeting.

"From this meeting, David S. McComb went to his field of labor, Algona, forty miles north. This was a small village containing a few families who loved the old paths. 'Brother McComb,' writes one of his colleagues, 'was always very prompt in meeting his appointments. In storm, in wind as well as in sunshine, he was seeking out the destitute and bringing to them the tidings of the gospel. So fearless was he in his work, that riding in a heavy gale to meet an appointment, he lost the sight of one of his eyes.' He labored in this field and adjoining places as long as he had strength for service, and here in honored retirement he spent the last of his days. June 12, 1888, his life came to a close. His was the first, and so far, the only life-long service given to Presbyterianism in northwestern Iowa. It is a matter of regret that Brother McComb passed away before any detailed account of his work of nearly a third of a century could be written."

One interesting fact as to Mr. McComb's self-sacrificing efforts has been preserved to us. The writer quoted above gives it, in a description of a sad period in the history of Iowa Presbyterianism. Referring to a particular meeting of Presbytery, from which much was expected, he says:

"That meeting was never held. When the time for it came, the clouds of civil war were darkening the land. The feeble churches were still further weakened by the removal of members. They were able to do little or nothing for the support of the gospel, nor was the Board of Domestic Missions able to aid them. The outlook was so discouraging that Mr. Dodder left Fort Dodge, and removed to Mt. Vernon in the eastern part of the State. For five years the Presbytery had no meeting, and practically no existence. At the meeting of Synod in 1861, Rev. E. L. Dodder was transferred to the Presbytery of Cedar, and Rev. T. M. Chestnut was given a letter of dismission to the Presbytery of Cincinnati. Mr.



Martin had given up preaching, for the time being at least, and was in charge of the United States land office at Dakota City, Nebraska. Mr. McComb was thus left the only Presbyterian minister in northwestern Iowa. He made a long journey to the meeting of Synod in 1864 and secured an endorsement to the Board of Missions of the application of the churches he served for aid to the amount of \$250 to make up a total yearly salary of \$400. On this meagre salary, from which he must pay war prices for the necessities of a large family, he kept at work through those dark and trying years. He learned to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. While many of God's people were fighting their country's battles in the civil war, and earned the grateful esteem of their countrymen, his service is no less deserving of honor, as in all that vast region he alone and in obscurity stood at the post of duty. 'As his part is that goeth down to the battle so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike.'

This heroic and sturdy faithfulness of Mr. McComb is only one example out of many that might be given, showing the sort of men with which early Presbyterianism in Iowa was blessed. From the annals of all the Presbyteries extracts fully as interesting might be taken; but these must suffice. Too strong words of commendation can scarcely be used of those men who were brought to their fields, not in palace cars, nor by railroad at all, but by stage or on horseback, or at best on a slow steamboat up one of the great rivers; and when they arrived at their destination they found, not substantial towns of brick and frame buildings, but straggling settlements and struggling villages in which hardship was the rule and comfort the exception. A prosperous church may well look back at their labors with veneration and respect.



## CHAPTER VI.

## FATHER BELL.

By the valuable assistance of the Rev. J. C. McClin-  
tock, D. D., of Burlington, Iowa, the following account  
of this prince of home missionaries is made possible:

The honor of being the pioneer of home mission  
work in the Iowa Presbyterian Church, falls to the Rev.  
Launcelot Graham Bell, or as he was familiarly known,  
“Father” Bell. Iowa was first opened for settlement in  
1833. In the fall of 1836, a little more than three years  
after the first land sales at Burlington, Father Bell  
crossed the Mississippi, and located at Burlington, to be-  
gin his great life work of planting Presbyterian churches  
on Iowa soil. Owing to the fact that he could find not  
even quarters in a cabin for the winter, he recrossed the  
river and went back to Monmouth, where he preached  
and gathered the materials for a church, which was or-  
ganized in the spring of 1837. This, he writes, was his  
first missionary work in the West. In April, 1837, he re-  
turned to Iowa, and purchased a tract of land about two  
miles west of the site of Burlington, thus securing a  
home for his family, and a base of operations for his sub-  
sequent home mission work. From this piece of land he  
drew his support while engaged in his laborious journeys  
in the service of the church. To understand the self-  
sacrifice of this pioneer work I quote from a letter of  
Father Bell to Rev. J. H. Jones, D. D., of Philadelphia:

“From 1836 to 1840 nine churches had been organized,  
all of which I had planted over an area of about fifty  
miles square, having its base on the Mississippi river—  
the southeastern corner of the State. I continued this

mission work in the same field until 1842. During this period of six years I received less than one hundred dollars, all told, from the people among whom I labored. Why was this? I answer, the settlers generally were poor, struggling for homes; a crisis was upon the country; the times were disastrous, and their perplexities great. In such a region, and under such circumstances, the ministry of the word must either be gratuitous, or not at all. \* \* \* In my numerous and extended rides, in all seasons, and in all weathers, the settlers gave me a kind reception and whatever of comforts their cabins could impart. Nothing more was asked. The first year, beginning with 1836, I had no compensation from any source. The second year I had a commission from the Board, but desired, for special reasons, that it be without any allowance. The third year, with an allowance of \$100, at the Board's own motion. For the three succeeding years, at an allowance somewhat increased."

From Burlington, Father Bell removed to Fairfield, "in order," as he puts it, "to be nearer the field needing to be explored and put in order." From this center he continued his missionary tours, being absent from his family almost all the time; and on horseback exploring the new settlements rapidly springing up to the West, hunting up the Presbyterian material and organizing it into churches. But, although now reaching that advanced age when men are unable to endure hardship and exposure, Father Bell abated no jot of his interest and zeal. Another extract from his letter to Dr. Jones will exhibit the self-sacrificing, apostolic spirit of the man:

"The settlements had now (1853) spread over the State to the western boundary, 250 miles west of Fairfield, and somewhat into Nebraska Territory. The brethren of the Presbytery will remember how earnestly and repeatedly I pled for these destitute and extended settlements, and how necessary it was that this field within our extended bounds westward should be speedily explored. In the fall of 1853 I intimated to the Presbytery that, if in six months no other could be found, I would undertake it, though largely over sixty years of age. In the spring of 1854 the promise was claimed,

and I entered upon the, then, distant mission. Leaving my family for a time at Fairfield, I selected Sydney, Fremont county, in the southwest corner of the State, as a central point. I was now more than 200 miles west of our nearest church (Albia). Here was to be repeated what had been done to some extent in the eastern part of the State. I had to act upon my own judgment. I threw several counties together, and commenced a regular system of exploration, and as I found materials sufficient for church organization, I organized them into particular churches, and reported them to the Presbytery from year to year, to be taken under its care. These labors were continued for six years. \* \* \* These labors, carried on through so many years, and over so wide an extent of country, were without observation. \* \* \* And now, my dear brother, I feel humbled under a conscious sense of faults and imperfections, errors of judgment, mixed with improper motives often, and much that might have been done usefully that was left undone; and if results have been reached comparatively important, it should be remembered that I had great opportunities of usefulness, and the results have not been in proportion to the opportunities with which I have been favored. I may truly pray: 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord.'"

Father Bell pays a tribute to his wife, in which he but expresses the truth in regard to the great and noble company of women, who as wives of Home Missionaries, have shared in full measure all the privations and hardships of the pioneer work, and have contributed their full quota to the success of their husbands in this work. He says:

"In our domestic matters the utmost economy has always been observed, and it is due my beloved wife, now (1868) no more, to say that no one could manage domestic affairs with more judicious skill. She had many unavoidable discomforts connected with our position, and many privations, but they were always meekly and firmly met."

The letter from which these extracts have been made was written in the last year of Father Bell's life, when he was nearly four-score years old. The ruling passion

was strong with him even to the end. Instead of seeking the quiet and comfort to which his age and his services entitled him, in this last year of his life, he mounted his horse and rode more than a thousand miles in western Iowa, hunting up the scattered sheep, and bringing them into the fold. He died in the harness, May 30, 1868, in the eightieth year of his age. Father Bell reported the organization, in all, of twenty-eight churches in Iowa; among which are many of the most important and strong congregations now on the roll of the Synod. He had also done pioneer work in Indiana and Illinois, and the total number of churches gathered by him is reported at thirty-three.

Another, though perfectly consistent, view of his character is given in the following account of his life and services, written for this volume by one of his contemporaries and brethren:

#### FATHER BELL.

"Among the earliest and most successful missionaries in Southern Iowa was Rev. L. G. Bell. He was a teacher and a ruling elder, before he became a minister, at the age of 36 in Tennessee. The first twenty years of his ministry were spent in his native State, and in Indiana; coming, at length, broken down in health, to what is now Monmouth, Ill. As health began to improve his eye turned Westward, and in 1836 he crossed the Mississippi and began religious services in the town of Burlington. Thenceforward for more than thirty years he was the explorer and leader in Presbyterian Missionary work in Southern Iowa.

"He labored under many disadvantages. He bore no commission from Presbytery or Synod, but from the Master alone. At a later time he was commissioned by the O. S. Board of Home Missions, but with only such small salary as their limited resources allowed. For many years there were no public conveyances, and his long journeys were performed on horseback.

"He was peculiarly fitted for the work. He loved the Master, and the Master's cause, and the Master's people.

"In his intercourse with friends and with strangers



he was sensible and considerate, and everywhere was recognized as a Christian gentleman.

"He was a man of unusually sound judgment. In looking over this new country and considering what points were important to be occupied he made few mistakes. The traveler who glides through Southern Iowa on the C., B. & Q. from Burlington to Council Bluffs will not fail to note the populous and enterprising towns that he passes through. If you look in the Minutes of the General Assembly you will notice what an array of prosperous Presbyterian churches are strung along this line. Then note the fact that before any railroad was located in Iowa, Father Bell had made a survey and driven his ecclesiastical stakes right over this route. Every county-seat from Burlington to Creston, also Clarinda, Sidney and Council Bluffs were occupied by him and pre-empted for the Master.

"His latest years were spent at Monmouth, Ill. When far beyond his three-score and ten he would still find pleasure in long horseback trips pursuing his missionary work. Life's close found him in the harness. He had traveled in the saddle from Monmouth towards the Missouri river, reviving the churches of his planting. At Afton, at the house of one of the elders of the church, he was taken ill in the night. In the morning he said to his host, 'Brother Sipe, I have come to your house to die.' The end came two or three days later. His remains are interred at Monmouth, Ill."

This gives us a very clear glimpse of the typical home missionary of fifty years ago, and happily the species has not disappeared from the earth.



## CHAPTER VII.

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REV. GAMALIEL C. BEAMAN.

One of the most efficient of the early workers in Iowa was the man whose name stands at the head of this chapter. It is with sincere pleasure that we find ourselves able to give a tolerably full account of his life and work. Father Bell was an Old School man, and Mr. Beaman belonged to the other branch of the church, and together they will constitute very fair samples of the workers in our beloved church as a whole during those early and trying times.

Gamaliel Carter Beaman sprang from English ancestors who came to this country at an early period in our colonial history. His grandfather, Gamaliel Beaman, after whom he was named, was a carpenter, and was killed in the Revolutionary war, while fighting on the right side. His father, Capt. David Beaman, was born in Leominster, Mass., August 21st, 1776, and was married April 10th, 1798, to Polly Carter, who was born in Ringe, N. H., March 14th, 1777. The stock was of the sturdy New England order out of which Puritans were originally, and home missionaries more recently, made.

Gamaliel Carter Beaman, the subject of this sketch, was born in Winchendon, Mass., March 20th, 1799, and was the oldest of a family of five boys and five girls. His father was a farmer. His parents were both religiously educated but did not profess religion in early life. His mother was a Christian long years before she united with the Congregational church. They were both moral, strict in their government, taught their children good morals, to respect the Sabbath, and not to swear,

and instructed them in religious truths and duties. He was, when quite young, thoughtful and often serious; asked his mother many questions about death, heaven and hell, and often puzzled her with questions about God.

The possibilities of home mission, or any other useful work, in young Beaman, came very near an untimely settlement in his youth. "When I was fifteen years old," he writes, "I got drowned in a pond in my native town, on the 4th of July, 1814, but by being rolled on a barrel, etc., I was brought to life." He attended the first Sabbath school organized in Winchendon, when quite a boy, probably fifteen or sixteen. He had, at this time, only a common school education, and when just past twenty went to Milton, Mass. During this period of his life he was often in Boston to market and became wild and wicked and determined to be rich. In 1821 his wild and wicked career was arrested by seeing a man—a near neighbor—on Sunday, who had hung himself on a tree, and a Sabbath or two after a wicked young man with whom he walked to church was drowned. "These events," he writes, "to me significant providences, made a deep impression on my mind, recalled past sad events in my own life: I saw God's hand in them; that death might be near; that I was wicked and unprepared to die; that God had mercifully spared me; that it was a wonder that I was out of hell. After some six months or more of deep and pungent convictions—sometimes gone for a time—I experienced, as I trust, a change of heart, and accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, my whole and only Saviour. This was June 16, 1822.

"I was in doubt for months about the form of baptism. This question settled, I felt a deep impression that it was my duty to preach the gospel to dying sinners, and had some desire to do so, but resisted on the ground of ignorance, unworthiness and age. But these divine calls and impressions, as I regarded them, were strong and irresistible; I at length yielded, knowing if God

willed He could fit me for the work; then I had peace and joy—was satisfied.”

In April 1823, he made a public confession of religion by assenting to a covenant, being baptized and uniting with the Congregational church, of Milton, Mass., Dr. Samuel Gile, pastor.

“This changed my whole plan of life” he writes. “I was then twenty-four years old. By degrees I became settled in good habits. I determined, purposed, by the grace of God to serve my new Master, do all the good I could, watch the leadings of Divine Providence in doing so; adopted as rules of life, industry and economy, a place for everything and everything in its place; as a motto, do one thing at a time and keep doing all the time. These soon became fixed habits, and have guided and aided me through life.”

The spirit which characterized this godly man during his whole missionary course was only the natural outgrowth of these maxims. In May, 1823, becoming clear as to his call to preach the gospel, he gave up a lucrative employment and went to Amherst (Mass.) Academy to fit for college.

“While there,” he writes, “I became fully convinced that the use of tobacco in any form was not only a filthy and offensive habit, but an expensive, injurious and wicked practice, and I therefore quit it at once and forever, Sept. 1, 1823. So help me God.”

“In September, 1825,” he continues, “I entered the Sophomore class in Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and while there taught in several of the Sabbath schools of the city; held with other students, many religious meetings in college and city. We had one revival in the college, in which some twenty were converted, and John McDowell (afterwards connected with the moral reform in New York City—now in Heaven) and I distributed religious tracts in all the wards in the city. We found one old ignorant woman who was surprised to hear that Jesus Christ, her Saviour (as she said) was dead, and cried like a child.

“During the last year, 1828, under the direction of Dr. Yates, (Professor of Dutch) I held religious meetings on the Sabbath in the Mohawk bottom, mostly among the

Dutch, talking to the people in the school houses on Bible subjects, and thus learning to extemporize.

"In the spring vacation of 1828, McDowell and I took a trip to Niagara Falls, around lake Ontario, through the Canadas to Montreal and back to college by Lake Champlain. We traveled 1,500 miles (500 on foot); distributed 25,000 pages of tracts in boats, schools, villages, to Indians, scattered families and the poor, and held religious meetings as opportunity offered. I studied Hebrew during the last term in college, as that was required at the seminary.

"On November 5, 1828, I entered the Theological Seminary, at Andover, Massachusetts. I first got acquainted with Brother Park (professor) there. We had many talks on Taylorism, he for, I against. Sometimes we agreed, often not; but our intercourse was very pleasant, as during the year we walked every morning from three o'clock until sunrise together, both being dyspeptics.

"While at Andover, I taught or superintended in Sabbath schools in the town and vicinity, Brother Henry Little (in the class before me) backing me up, and Professor Moses Stuart heading the list. I obtained over one hundred names of professors and students to an anti-tobacco pledge requiring abstinence in all its forms.

"In November, 1830, my class was licensed by the Faculty to preach the Gospel. On April 26, 1831, I, with many others of my class, was licensed in Boston by a Congregational association to preach the Gospel. I preached occasionally in the neighboring churches, also at Milton, Lowell, Princeton, Acton and Winchendon, my native town. On September 28, 1831, I graduated, aged 31. On October 3, of the same year I married Elizabeth G. Jacobs, of Milton, and the next day we started for the great West. On October 5, at New York, I united with the Third Presbytery of New York; on the 6th was examined for ordination, and on the 7th was ordained with fourteen others by the Presbytery. On October 10, 1831, we started for Ohio. On November 12, 1831, arrived at Piketon, Pike county, Ohio, where I assisted in a four days' meeting with Brother Brainard, of Portsmouth, Ohio.

"On the 15th a committee of Chillicothe Presbytery decided that I stay at Piketon, if willing. After consulting the people and much prayer I concluded it was my duty to locate there. Piketon and Pike county were



truly a mission field. Prior to the four days' meeting referred to there had never been, so far as I could learn, a Presbyterian sermon preached in the entire county. Wickedness of almost all kinds abounded. It was a hard field, but a very fruitful one.

"On January 18, 1832, I united with the Presbytery of Chillicothe. During the year I tried to preach the Gospel, and many people who were anxious, came to hear. I lectured on temperance, distributed tracts, and by the help of two other persons canvassed and supplied every family in the county with Bibles and Testaments. With the help of God I gathered up the lost sheep, reclaimed old backsliders, and sinners were converted.

"On November 9, 1832, I commenced a protracted meeting, and by the help of a committee of Presbytery, a church of twenty-two members, all on examination but eight, was (with one elder) organized November 12, 1832, one year after my arrival. We enjoyed a sweet communion season, praise the Lord."

From this time he labored very hard; preached, explored, continued to distribute Bibles and tracts, lectured on our catechisms and Confession of Faith. One of the great difficulties he had to meet and battle, was the prejudice against Calvinism, and the misrepresentation of the Confession of Faith. He says that among the lies circulated and believed were: "That the Presbyterian Confession of Faith said, and that Presbyterians believed, that 'God made men to damn them, and that hell was lined with the skulls of infants.'"

He also formed Bible classes and Sabbath schools everywhere he could, lectured on various portions of Scripture, temperance and slavery. He was careful to say nothing about old and new school, then unhappily rife in the Presbyterian church, but unknown in Pike county. God greatly blessed his work. For example, in July, 1833, eighteen were added to the church during a revival.

Early in September, 1834, his faithful wife and he were both taken sick; on the 22d of that month their second child was born, and on the 27th his beloved wife



died. The following pathetic entry occurs in his journal of this date:

“With the care of two small children (until the death of the youngest soon after), I lived and labored, sad and lonely, as well as I could.”

Continuing the notes upon his work, he writes:

“In June, 1836, I assisted Brothers Howe and Bascom to organize a Presbyterian church of twenty-four members at Jackson, Jackson county, Ohio. In September attended with these brothers and J. Cable, a Presbyterian camp meeting in Jackson county, Ohio. There were three thousand present; the meeting was very orderly and twenty hopeful conversions were reported, with sixty anxious ones.”

On September 27, 1836, he was married to Miss Emelia Crichton, of Wheelersburg, Ohio. She was born and educated in Perthshire, Scotland, and came to America in 1833. She is a descendent of the same family as Admiral Crichton.

While he was at Piketon, after seven years of arduous toil, a great moral change was, by God's grace, effected in town and county; a Presbyterian church was organized and seventy-four added, nineteen by letter and fifty-five by profession. A house of worship was begun before he left. On December 8, 1837, he preached his farewell sermon, having been invited to Burlington, Ohio, where he located January 1, 1838. Of his work in this place he says:

“At Burlington there was a good brick edifice and a church composed of slaveholders living in Virginia and Kentucky (just across the Ohio river) and non-slaveholders living in Ohio. The church was organized August 26, 1826, and when I went there had fifty-two names on its roll, but they had scattered so that but thirty-four were then known. These were Abolition times, and the session and myself desiring to have nothing to do with slaveholders, dismissed seventeen to unite with a pro-slavery church in Virginia. The remaining seventeen adopted an anti-slavery article excluding slaveholders from the church and pulpit. An important part of my

work here was education, myself and wife teaching the town school of eighty pupils.

"On December 29, 1838, I organized a Presbyterian church at Pine Grove Furnace, twenty miles away, with sixteen members and two elders. I also lectured as at Piketon, and supplied two churches. Beginning with November 21, 1841, I taught select high school a short time. On April 26, 1842, I opened an academy at Burlington, continued it and supplied two churches until July, 1844, when I was worn out, and went with my family to New England to rest and procure a teacher. We returned in September and resumed the principalship of the academy. In November following my assistants, Mr. Giles and wife, arrived. I then taught and preached until the spring of 1846. During the time I was at Burlington, I, as county school examiner, examined and licensed fifty-eight teachers, received into church privileges forty-five persons, many of my pupils joining the church then and since.

"On April 2, 1846, I committed the academy to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Giles and started for the far away State of Iowa. Passing through Keokuk, Iowa, I went to Solomon Beckley's, near Montrose, Iowa, who had formerly belonged to my church at Burlington, Ohio.

"Montrose is situated on the Mississippi river, twelve miles above Keokuk and directly opposite Nauvoo, Illinois, the latter being then the great city of the Mormons, whose crimes were agitating the surrounding country. Their movement to Salt Lake had just begun and many were leaving (other people coming in and buying them out), and stealing whatever they could lay hands on, among other things two horses from me. The prospect for usefulness was good, and being invited to stop, I bought some land and a house near the town of Montrose and settled down.

"There was no house of worship. I lived in a small log cabin, and preached in the Government barracks, that having been a military post; also in any vacant house that could be obtained. I also preached one-half the time in Nauvoo. During that year, 1846, occurred the Mormon war, resulting in their capitulation and agreeing to leave the country on the 17th of September, 1846. They had built a magnificent temple on an eminence in Nauvoo, inside of which was an immense baptismal font of stone supported on the backs of twelve stone oxen of life size, and many other costly and ele-

gant fixtures and paraphernalia pertaining to their so-called religious ceremonies. A large colony of French socialists, communists, as they were called, purchased a considerable portion of the city of Nauvoo and settled in it. Their leader, Monsieur Cabot, gave me their creed as follows: 'Fraternity, Equality, Mutuality.' They called themselves Icarians, and Cabot was the author of their system, which was a modification of Fourierism.

"During the summer I explored the country and gathered up the lost sheep and organized a Presbyterian church of thirteen members and one elder, and reported it to the old Des Moines Presbytery, of which I was then a member, October 10th, 1846, and it was taken under its care. On November 17th, 1851, I organized a Presbyterian church of twenty-one, with one elder and two deacons, at Croton, Lee county, Iowa, on the Des Moines river. In February, 1852, God poured down His Spirit and greatly revived the church, reclaiming backsliders and converting sinners. Some forty were converted, of whom fifteen united with the church. On March 7th, 1852, I organized a Presbyterian church at Dover, Lee county, Iowa, of seven members and an elder. While at Montrose I lectured and taught school at other places; also commenced a house of worship. I received seventy-one into the church, twenty-seven by letter, sixty-three on examination. April 20th, 1852, brother Holt visited the churches at Montrose and Croton. He desired to remain at Montrose and I decided to go to Croton. On the 25th I preached my farewell sermon at Montrose and removed to Croton. It was a hard field, many Pantheists, followers of Abner Kneeland of Boston, were settled there, Kneeland himself having resided a few miles above. Twelve copies of the Boston Investigator, a Pantheistic paper, were taken, and there was much drinking, Sabbath desecration, fighting, swearing, horse and foot racing, gambling, etc.

"This Abner Kneeland had been imprisoned in Boston for blasphemy, and on being released in 1838, had come to the valley of the Des Moines and settled, writing back to his Boston friends that he had found a country to suit him and them, where there was 'No Bible, no priest, no Sabbath, no heaven, no hell, no God, no devil.' He died August 27th, 1844, 70 years of age.

"Beginning in 1854, I preached at Croton, Warren, Dover, at a point on the river four miles below, and in a school house four miles out in the country, and also at

Athens, Mo., just opposite Croton on the river, also at Farmington and Lawrence a few miles above. In 1856 I also taught school again. January 22d, 1861, I organized a Presbyterian Church at Little Rock, a few miles away, with ten members. (During the war this church was erased, but was reorganized October 4th, 1868, with all but two members.")

The following brief statements conclude his autobiographical notes. They are given just as he left them because they are very heroic and pathetic in their simplicity, as showing the spirit of the old missionary.

"The war, the battle at Athens and Croton, August 5th, 1861, were great hindrances.

"January, 1864, a revival, thirty conversions, and several joined the various churches.

"October 2d, 1865, I was taken sick with a complication of diseases and nearly lost my life, being confined six months.

"May, 1866, I attended the General Assembly at St. Louis; since that time I have only been able to preach once each Sabbath.

"Now, August 3d, 1872; age, 73. If I live until March, 1873, I intend to resign and preach only when able.

"May 4th, 1873. Received an unanimous call from the church at Montrose, Iowa, my first church in the State, and have accepted it.

"July, 1875, still at Montrose."

The following supplementary notes are furnished by Mrs. Beaman who still remains to notice the glorious results of the work accomplished by her husband in Iowa:

"Montrose being at the head of the great rapids of the Mississippi had become the resort of thieves, gamblers and roughs of every description, and was justly reputed the wickedest place on the river. My husband opened a school, which was attended by many of the gamblers and roughs, partly from a desire to learn and partly to break up the school.

"Personal conflicts between them and the teachers were not infrequent, but by strategy and firmness, combined with muscle, they invariably resulted favorably to good order and discipline, and the rough element was



finally divided, part abandoning the school and others submitting to its government.

"In 1848 the Mormons had generally left the country, and Sept. 9th of that year their magnificent temple at Nauvoo was destroyed by fire, presumably done by themselves to prevent its use by the 'Gentiles' who had been reaping a rich harvest by exhibiting to visitors its inner splendors. Up to 1852 the morals of the town of Montrose and the region roundabout had greatly improved until it had become entirely respectable.

"In 1852, Mr. Beaman removed to Croton in the same county on the Des Moines, where he had previously organized a church. A few miles above, at Salubria was the house of Abner Kneeland, the leader of a sect known as Pantheists.

"They were infidels of the most pronounced character and their doctrines had infected a wide region. For the next twenty-one years Mr. Beaman organized churches and preached all around them, and the conflict of doctrines was fierce, but in the end the Pantheistic leaders died and the doctrines abandoned until but few people in the community now know what they were.

"In 1873 he removed back to Montrose, leaving the churches on the Des Moines river in charge of other ministers who had then become quite numerous.

"In 1876 his physical powers gave way and he removed to his son's at Keosauqua, in Van Buren county, where he remained until his death, October 26, 1876, and in his seventy-seventh year, having spent forty-four years in the ministry.

"His funeral discourse was preached at Keosauqua by his friend Rev. Dr. W. G. Craig, of Chicago, who said the deceased was indeed one of the soldiers of the cross, and had stood during his entire ministerial life on the 'high places of the field and in the forefront of the battle.'"

That our young preachers and others may understand the abounding labors, hardships, and dangers of home mission work in those early days, I give a summary of the labors of Father Beaman during the forty-four years of his life in Ohio and Iowa, from his own pen:

"I have tried, with the help of God, to preach the Gospel and build up the church of Jesus Christ my Master and Saviour, in four different fields, two in Ohio,



both county seats; and two in Iowa, of which one was cursed with Mormonism and the other with Pantheism.

"By the grace of God I have been able to preach between four and five thousand sermons; have assisted as Committee of Presbytery, in organizing three Presbyterian churches, and as frontier missionary have organized and reported to Presbytery five Presbyterian churches, eight in all. Admitted to church privileges 323—116 by letter, 207 on examination. Baptized 162 adults, 139 infants. Assent to temperance pledge required of all admitted to the church. Suspended only one, and him for intemperance.

"Have been favored with four revivals; hopeful conversions over 200. Have attended some 300 funerals, at most of which preached funeral sermons. Married 227 couples; fees \$434. Have taught district school in all the four fields, six quarters; in Burlington, Ohio, a select high school two terms of thirteen weeks each. As principal of an academy five years, with from 60 to 100 pupils, and at the same time supplied two churches.

"Have formed at different times and places 11 Bible classes, pupils 567; and 24 Sabbath schools, pupils, 1,478.

"Have lectured on the Shorter Catechism and the Confession of Faith; on 58 chapters of the Old and New Testaments, and on 25 psalms.

"Have lectured on slavery, temperance, (including tobacco), and the Maine law, 474 times; for which I have been mobbed sixteen times.

"Have lectured on education, astronomy, common schools, etc., 223 times; examined and given certificates to 75 teachers.

"Have helped to organize one State, three county, and several township anti-slavery societies; several old fashioned temperance societies, Washingtonians, Good Templars, Union Leagues, etc. Have obtained over 2,700 signatures to the anti-slavery and temperance pledges; beside over 100 to the anti-tobacco pledge, and have persuaded some 50 persons to quit its use.

"Have distributed, sold and given away 337 Bibles, 226 Testaments, over 70,000 pages of religious, temperance, and anti-slavery tracts, and many books; and Sabbath school and other religious papers to an unknown amount.

"Have helped build three houses of public worship; one at Piketon, Ohio, one at Montrose, Iowa, and one at Croton, Iowa.

“Have purchased two whisky saloons,—converted one at Montrose into a dwelling and lived in it, and turned my cabin into a Montrose chapel. The other was worked in part into a church at Croton, and the balance sold for a watch, so I could tell how long to preach.

“I have lectured in New England on Mormonism as it existed in Nauvoo in 1846;—on Pantheism, as taught by Abner Kneeland, of Salubria, Iowa. I have lectured in the East on the West, pleading for emigrants.”

Is it not touchingly significant that Father Beaman's last reference in his noble summary of work done should be the Western emigrants for whose sake he had toiled so hard and suffered so much?

The following poem was written by one who loved him well:

TO THE LATE REV. G. C. BEAMAN.

Gone o'er the silent wave,  
Free from Earth's hard campaign,  
Best soldier in the grave,  
Till Christ shall come again.

Shone out thy campfire's light,  
In Gospel field, how long,  
Valiant for truth and right,  
Thine is the conqueror's song.

A fadeless wreath we claim  
For thee, with just accord,  
We love thy honored name,  
Dear soldier of our Lord.

Highland, Kansas, Nov. 12, 1875.

—M. A. DEANE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## HINDRANCES TO THE WORK.

Among the obstacles to the progress of Christianity in the State, in an early date, were Mormonism, Infidelity and Frontierism. The first of these was a real peril at that time. The headquarters of Mormonism were at Nauvoo, Illinois, but settlements were soon made in various parts of Iowa. At Nauvoo there were from sixteen to eighteen thousand Saints of the Latter Day—a considerable city where had lately stood but one log-cabin. The males of this settlement were all under military drill, the men in one division and the boys in another; and the number of these war-like bands was given as three thousand. They were ready for anything that the head of the “church” might command, from theft to murder, and their insolence, depredations and violence were very hard indeed to take in a Christian spirit. Mormonism was hopeful and triumphant at that stage of its history. Its apostles pushed their way into all the new settlements, promising a most golden future to all who would accept their doctrines. Our missionaries were brought into conflict with them almost every day, and a martial spirit was developed in them and their wives that should by no means be forgotten in gathering up the fragments of the early work. Orson Hyde was the great organizer of Mormonism in Iowa, a man who afterwards became, as all the world knows, a formidable foe to pure Christianity and good morals.

There were also certain strongholds of Mormonism in Iowa. Mr. A. R. Fulton describes the growth of one of them as follows: “The first white settlers of Mills

county were about thirty disciples of Joseph Smith, who in August, 1846, pitched their tents on the Missouri river bottom on the east side of Keg river, about four miles north of the present south line of the county. With others of their faith, after the death of their prophet, they had set out on their journey to the 'promised land,' but the season being late, preparations for winter became necessary. The abundance of timber along the Missouri at this point afforded them material for log cabins, while food for their stock was readily obtained from the luxuriant growth of wild grass. Before winter came on they had erected at that place quite a number of cabins, presenting something of a village-like appearance. They gave it the name of Rushville. A number of the original settlers of this village remained as permanent citizens of the county, after the others left for Salt Lake." This place furnished a convenient rallying point for the Mormon missionaries and a safe retreat for their converts.

In Monona county was another of these Mormon towns. We are indebted to the same gentleman, Mr. A. R. Fulton, for the following description of the place and of the strange fanaticism known as "Baneemyism" which had its home there:

"Among the earlier settlers of Monona county was one Charles B. Thompson, a Mormon, leader who with a number of followers, located on Soldier river, about fifteen miles southeast of the present town of Onawa. They commenced their settlement in 1854. Thompson called the place 'Preparation' as he designed here to *prepcare* his disciples for the work which he expected to accomplish in the good time coming. He had been a disciple and follower of Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, but in 1852 he went to St. Louis and organized a society, or church of his own. In the summer of 1853 he commissioned several of his followers to come to Iowa and select a location for his people. After traveling somewhat extensively over the State, they finally made selection of the valley of Soldier river, in the south part of Monona county, all the land in that locality being then vacant and but few settlers in the county. In 1854 Thompson brought some fifty or more



families, and pre-empted several thousand acres of the best land to be found in that region. Some of these lands Thompson subsequently entered. When the county was organized in 1854, Thompson, by appointment, became the first county judge, while one of his followers, Hugh Lyte, was county clerk, and another, Guy C. Barnum, was treasurer. Thompson regulated and controlled all the affairs of the colony, both temporal and spiritual, pretending that he had authority to do so under the direction of a spirit which he called *Baneemy*. Among other assumptions he pretended that he was the veritable Ephraim of the scriptures, and taught his ignorant people to call him 'Father Ephraim.' A strict compliance with his teachings divested his followers of all worldly care, and prepared them for the further essential doctrine of his religion—that, in order to obtain the Kingdom, they must sacrifice all their worldly possessions. They accordingly conveyed to him all their lands and other property, including even their wearing apparel and the right to their personal services.

"However, in the fall of 1855, a rebellion against this autocratic authority occurred and from that time Baneemyism began to fail. One day, when the trouble was at its height, 'Father Ephraim' and Barnum were approaching Preparation from Onawa in a wagon. A faithful woman announced to them that the Saints had risen and were about to treat their whilom leaders to a half hour on the gallows. As she was speaking, a company of men rode up to the top of the next hill on horseback. Father Ephraim and the assistant, sprang from the wagon, unhitched the horses, leaped upon their bare backs and made a modern Hegira to Onawa, across prairies and through creeks and rivers, arriving at the town about a half-mile ahead of their *followers!* This was the end of *Baneemyism*, but while it lasted it was a rankling thorn in the side of the Christian workers of the neighborhood.

"Infidelity was also very pronounced and sanguine. A certain Abner Kneeland, who has already been referred to, had formed a colony upon the banks of the Des Moines river. At one time he had been a Universalist minister in Vermont, afterwards he was an Atheist of some prominence in Boston. With a band of followers male and female, he emigrated to the West to found in Iowa a thoroughly Atheistic community. His aim was nothing less than to mould the faith of the new settlers by



'substituting Paine's Age of Reason for the family Bible, the dance for the prayer meeting, and the holiday for the Sabbath.' Intellectual battles with Kneeland or Kneelandism were a part of every missionary's daily routine. The town founded by this strange company was very inappropriately called Salubria. Kneeland himself is described as having been of noble form, venerable in appearance and with the manners of a gentleman toward his visitors. To a minister who called upon him and frankly confessed that he had come out of curiosity to see a man who had done so much harm, he replied pleasantly, 'Yes, I suppose I am about as much of a show as an elephant.'"

It seems to have been a general law in Salubria that Christianity should be constantly ridiculed in private conversation. This probably was to stifle any lingering love for it in the hearts of the deluded perverts. In derision of the marriage tie Kneeland used to say, grossly: "Tie the tails of two dogs together, and they will fight. Allow them to go free, and they will be good friends." By means of pamphlets, lectures, letters and personal conversations the followers of this bad man were rather successful in the early times in spreading their views and doctrines. One of his most trusted champions, we are sorry to say, was a perverted Presbyterian from Pennsylvania, who is described by an eye-witness of one of his debates as having been a very tall, sinewy, old Scotchman, literally stooping upon his staff from age.

The Rev. Harvey Adams gives in the little book, "The Iowa Band," already referred to, the following account of an afternoon spent at the house of these infidels:

"Early one afternoon in the month of August, 1847, a colporteur of the American Tract Society called at our house, and told me there was to be a great celebration in the Kneeland neighborhood, and, as he desired to see what they would say and do, he said he should attend, and wished me to accompany him. As the distance was short—it being only a mile to the place—with staff in hand we were soon there. The gathering was in a charming grove on the east bank of the beautiful Des

Moines. The object of the gathering was to celebrate the anniversary of Mr. Kneeland's liberation from prison in Boston, to which place he had been sentenced for blasphemy. There were present, of both sexes and of all ages, about one hundred and fifty. Probably not more than half of these were very skeptical in their views. They came simply as spectators. A platform was erected for the speakers, and seats were provided for the ladies. The men stood round about in a circle. When we arrived, the speaking had commenced. On our joining the company, the snap of the eye, the sly glances, and the jogging of one another seemed to say: 'There's a priest among us; we'll have a good time!'

"The speeches were spiced with such condiments as these:

" 'We are not indebted to Christianity for the first practical good. What has it done? Look at Spain! Look at Mexico! In early days Mexico was a paradise. Her people were among the most virtuous and happy. But ever since Columbus, the Christian missionary, came over and converted them to Christianity, they have been miserably degraded and wretched. We glory in infidelity. We wear it as the cloak for our virtues, just as Christians wear Christianity as the cloak for their vices.'

"Cries of 'Yes, yes, that's so!' came from the crowd; and one, who evidently spoke for my special benefit, said: 'There was St. Gregory, who was covered with sin six feet deep.'

These arguments were neither deep nor cogent, truly, yet in a formative society such as is to be found in every new State, they would be passed from mouth to mouth with wonderful celerity, and from heart to heart with sad acceptance. Sly flings, and not scientific treatises, have always done the most harm in the world. The senseless shout, in the Ephesian theater, "Great is Diana!" did Paul more mischief than did the reasoning of the Stoics and Epicureans upon and under Mar's Hill.

But by far the most stubborn enemy to the faith was what may be called Frontierism. By this we may characterize that pervading influence of a new country which always bothers and impedes the Christian worker. It is

not mere roughness, or uncouthness or unfriendliness. Very often it takes on an appearance of excessive friendliness and sympathy. In a new town everybody wants a church. "It will be a good thing for the town," the phrase is, and this phrase is passed from mouth to mouth without dissent. Business men contribute to the erection of the walls and the support of the minister, as a real estate speculation. The first ice-cream festivals and oyster suppers are liberally patronized out of a spirit of local town pride and general Western sociability. The minister may find the building crowded on the Lord's Day, because there is nothing else going on in town. But when he comes to cement the organization, and ordain officers and prepare for aggressive, spiritual work, he finds that he is dealing with a veritable Cave of Adulam. His utmost tact and address are necessary to steer between the necessity of doing the Lord's work and the need of so manipulating the town's-people as to secure a support for himself and family. If a minister is a social force in the East, he is much more so in the West, and the society in which his sociability and moulding power are to be exercised is far more heterogeneous and distracting.

Examples of this frontierism might be multiplied to any extent from the early history of Iowa, and perhaps a few might be given to show what the state of society was in which the home missionaries were called upon to work. Elihu B. Washburne, in a sketch of Edward Coles, the second governor of Illinois, gives a bit of Iowa experience, which, though not universal in the early days, was at least common. Mr. Washburne was fresh from staid and sober New England, and in the spring of 1840 was in attendance at a term of court held at the town of Maquoketa. That community, like many frontier settlements, was afflicted with a gang of outlaws and counterfeitters, which the newly organized courts found it difficult to deal with effectively, and so the people had risen *en masse* and driven out the law breakers in a fierce fight in which

seven men were killed. There was great excitement and every man was armed. Mr. Washburne says: "I stopped at the tavern which had been kept by W. W. Brown, who was the leader of the gang, and who had been killed. My room-mate was Judge James Grant, of Davenport, who has been for nearly half a century one of the most distinguished citizens and lawyers of Iowa. When we were about to retire what was my amazement to see my room-mate, whom I had never met before, draw out from the back of his coat an immense bowie-knife and place it under his pillow. When abroad I wrote a letter to a friend in regard to this incident, and described Judge Grant's bowie-knife as being three feet long. This letter got into the newspapers. The Judge wrote me a letter to Paris, denying my statement and asserting that the bowie-knife he had on that occasion was only two feet long."

These taverns were strange affairs, and many a curious experience must our early missionaries have had as they tarried in them for a night. It is said that at Muscatine, Iowa, a stranger stopped at the only hostelry then in existence, and in the morning asked the landlord where he should wash. Turning to his customer the gruff landlord inquired, "Have you a handkerchief?" "Yes, certainly." "Well, friend, there is the river. Wash there and wipe on your handkerchief." In the same town there was afterwards a certain Captain James Parmer, known as "Captain Jim," who kept a hotel, and issued the following clear announcement to the public through the means of a daily paper of 1841:

"A PROCLAMATION.

"Whereas, I, Captain Jim, long a dispenser of food to the hungry and a couch to the weary, as well as a 'horn' to the dry, having taken possession of that large and commodious house on Second street, formerly the residence of His Honor, J. Williams, do hereby declare and make known to the world that I am now prepared, at the sign of Captain Jim, to accommodate those who



may call upon me, in a satisfactory manner, they go scot free. That this statement may the more fully prove true, I hereby declare and make known that the following are my charges, for all of which the best the market can afford are furnished:

"Single meal .....	\$ .25
Board per day, with lodging .....	.75
Three days, per day.....	.62 $\frac{1}{2}$
Per week.....	3.00
One horse, feed.....	.12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Horse per night .....	.25
Horse per week... ..	1.62 $\frac{1}{2}$

All other bills in proportion. I, the said Captain Jim, do hereby further declare to those indebted to me for eating, sleeping, drinking, or upon contract of any kind, whatsoever, that unless they came forward immediately and make settlement, Michael Scott was never in Scotland if I don't send a constable after them to bring them to 'taw;' so look out for Conklin or Ward. Thankful for past favors, he hopes to receive a share of public patronage corresponding with his efforts to minister to the tastes and render comfortable those who may favor him with their patronage.

"CAPT. JIM PARMER."

"Bloomington, Dec. 3, 1841."

The postoffice service in those early days was not as rapid and reliable as it might have been, and doubtless our missionaries were often compelled to wait for weeks for the greatly desired letters from the home folks or the Board. Letters were addressed: "Iowa Postoffice, Black Hawk Purchase, Wisconsin Territory," On nearly all of them twenty-five cents postage would be charged against them. Mr. J. P. Walton gives a very interesting description of the typical Iowa postoffice building in the "Forties:"

"It was a round log cabin, about fourteen by sixteen feet in the clear, having the opening between the logs filled with pieces or chunks of wood and daubed with the black mud of the river bottom. The chimney was made of split sticks and daubed with the same kind of mud. The roof was covered with split clapboards, four feet long, resting on ribs or bearing poles. The clapboards butted against eave poles and were fastened



down with weight poles. The door was made of split clapboards pinned to wooden hinges and fastened with a pin. The floor was laid with puncheons, made by splitting logs and hewing one side. For a window, an opening was left between the logs near the door, which was stuffed with a coat or blanket during the night, or when the weather was cold. When this opening and the door were closed all the light that entered the room came down the chimney. Not more than half the buildings had glass in their windows; paper made transparent by oiling was often used as a substitute."

It was frequently difficult for families to get sufficient flour and meal for their daily wants. The mills were run by water-power, and in the seasons of the year when the creeks and rivers were low or dry, it was impossible to have a grist ground. While in the season of the year when the mill was in operation it was, of course, overflowed with grain waiting its turn. An amusing incident is preserved to us, showing at once the difficulties in which early missionaries were involved along with other people and the traits of character developed by the struggle with the conditions of society:

"Late in one of these falls, when there had been but little rain, a certain Mr. Samuel Gilbert and a young man in his employ, started for Nye's mill, on Pine Creek, with one ox team and a load of grain to be ground. They got to the mill just before dark. The mill was running, but was full of grists; in fact more than a week's steady grinding was in the mill. Mr. Patterson, the miller, did not object to their leaving their grist, but refused to grind it until their turn came. They put their grist into the mill, fed their team, took in their bedding and prepared to camp in the mill. When supper was ready the miller was invited to share. The miller concluded he would, and after having a good supper and washing it down out of a bottle that Mr. Gilbert had taken the precaution to take along, he felt in better humor. He began to be quite sleepy, as he had sat up most of the previous night. Mr. Gilbert persuaded him that he had better go to bed, Gilbert volunteering to run the mill during the night in his place, all of which he agreed to by turning in. Mr. Gilbert also turned in—his grain into the hopper! Mr.

Patterson had a good night's sleep and our friends got their grinding done ready to start home in the morning."

These glimpses into the customs of that era may seem trivial, but to the discerning reader they will give a better idea of the frontierism against which the Christian workers struggled than any amount of labored description could do. Out of such material, and surrounded by such hindrances our noble missionaries constructed the foundations of the grand Presbyterian church in Iowa. While popes contended angrily or dreamed slyly in the Vatican, and all Europe was agitated by a thousand questions of etiquette and *finesse*, the pioneers of the faith were at work planting a nation of truth and righteousness in the heart of the new Western land.

## CHAPTER IX.

## EARLY EXPERIENCES AND INCIDENTS.

The work of taking a new State or Territory for Christ is comparable to the fighting duty of a skirmish line. Only general instructions can be given the several participants. Each man is to load and fire as often as possible, and with that individual skill and directness with which he may be endowed. There are many hand to hand encounters. There are seasons of humdrum waiting and watching. The Carmel-days of fire-baptism are few. Great revivals are not the rule. Converts are usually made one by one, and must be held captive to the truth by much brotherly persistence and caution.

The best idea of this skirmish work can be got from a perusal of the experiences of the men who actually engaged in it. A number of incidents have been written down for this volume by the early workers in Iowa; and they will be given. They are humorous, pathetic, heroic. No attempt has been made to harmonize their literary styles. But surely the attentive reader will be able to draw from them such a wide and true view of the whole field as he could get in no other way.

REV. J. C. SHARON.

In 1842 a "prairie schooner," or canvas-covered wagon drawn by three horses, containing Rev. James C. Sharon and family and movables arrived in southern Iowa. They had driven from near Zanesville, Ohio. He was a graduate of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, and of Princeton Seminary. He had been preaching for several years in Ohio, and had also been an instructor for a

time in the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Columbus. For the next twenty-five years he was identified with mission and educational work in Iowa—at Birmingham, West Point, Troy, Bloomfield and elsewhere. During the war he was for a time chaplain in the army. He was an acceptable preacher, a faithful pastor, a fine scholar, well versed in Biblical theology, and in Presbytery noted as a wise and prudent counselor. For some years he supported his family chiefly by farming. The situation required it. His wife, a woman of culture and fine social qualities, nobly stood by him. For more than a quarter of a century they carried on the Master's work, contentedly, successfully, with energy and intelligence, and yet with toil and self-denial that ought not to be forgotten. Some workers are supported by the field; some by the Board at a distance; and with some it is self-support. Brother Sharon closed his work at Bloomfield in 1868.

REV. GEO. M. SWAN.

Among our early Iowa missionaries few did more itinerant work, or pursued it more earnestly than George M. Swan. Oskaloosa, Kirkville, Troy, Unionville and other localities shared his labors. He traveled usually on horseback but often and extensively on foot. In manner he was at times abrupt, but those who knew him intimately knew that he was a man of tender feelings. He was never married. Showing to me on one occasion a photograph of an elderly, pleasant-looking lady, he said, his eyes filling with tears, "My mother."

He was familiar with the Bible and loved it. The last time I saw him, some two years before his death, he told me the number of times that he had read the New Testament through. I think he said 87 times. As a preacher he was earnest and scriptural and specially noted for his wonderful voice. It was the delight of deaf people.

Spending a summer night at the house of a brother minister the good wife took the precaution to close all

the windows before family worship, but it made little difference. The neighbors all around in a wide circle were auditors. It was a tender and simple service. Some will never forget the hymn which he repeated from memory,

“The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear, etc.”

Brother Swan died at the house of an uncle in Pennsylvania a few years since. He had accumulated some property, which he bequeathed in large part to the churches in which he had labored.

REV. P. H. JACOB.

In 1855 Rev. Prosper H. Jacob entered upon work at Knoxville, in Marion county, a work that was to continue with slight interruptions for thirty years. In March, 1856, it was the writer's lot to moderate a Congregational meeting, in which a call was extended to him to become pastor of the recently organized church. The place and the people were new to me. Mr. Jacob apologized for not having me as his guest. He had all along at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and at Coshocton, Ohio, kept “minister's tavern,” but here he had not hung out his shingle, and therefore allowed Elder Young to have charge of me. He had managed to secure a small farm close to the town and was living—six of a family—in a log cabin of a single room, which he got with the land. At his installation, on New Year's Day, 1857, I found his hospitable home ready for guests. A second room had been put up of rough boards at the end of the cabin. Then a “lean to” the length of both rooms had been put at one side. Then the earth had been “banked up” around the house, almost half-way to the eaves, to keep out frost, and the entire roof overlaid with the warm prairie hay, and weighted down with poles to make it stay there. It was not a “dug out,” but it answered the same purpose. Mrs. Jacob had been accustomed to a very different style, but she was “at home” in that house



to all their many friends. The cheerfulness and cordiality and Christian fellowship of that family and in that house will never be forgotten.

#### HOUSEHOLD BAPTISM.

At the first communion after my ordination, among those received on examination were a husband and wife who had received baptism in infancy, and who now asked baptism for their seven children. The oldest was not quite eleven years of age. I hesitated in regard to the baptism of the older ones, yet, after due consideration, complied with the request.

Twenty years later, when in my second charge at a distance, I was again in attendance upon a communion at that church. At the close of the communion service I found these parents, now advanced in years, waiting to shake hands with me.

"Did you notice any of our children?" the mother asked, "at the communion?"

"Yes, I did."

"Did you notice how many?"

"No. In fact they have grown up out of my knowledge."

"You remember that you baptized seven of them at one time?"

"Yes."

"And you baptized another one later?"

"Yes."

"Well, they were *all there to-day*, eight of them, at the communion table."

A motherly tear was in her eye; and in my own heart was gratitude, and renewed confidence in the faithfulness of a covenant-keeping God.

#### MY FIRST WEDDING.

A request came for my services at a wedding, three miles in the country. The last wedding I had attended was my own, near Pittsburgh, Pa, where, of course,

such matters were attended to in proper order and style. For this, my first call, I took some pains to have myself in presentable shape. Dressed as well as I knew how, mounting my horse, pursuing the road that I had been directed, eastward to the creek, down the creek to the river, down the river on the ice, which was about 18 inches thick, to the first house on the river bank—there we arrived in due time. A dozen men and boys in rustic garb were on and around the woodpile. In the cabin the groom was fixing up for the occasion. He was a middle-aged widower, red faced, whisky on his breath, and profanity on his tongue. I was wishing myself out of the scrape, and thinking seriously of shaking the snow from my feet and striking for home, when the bride made her appearance. Through an opening about two feet square she emerged from an adjoining cabin. A middle-aged widow with jaundiced face, and dressed in a light pink lawn. They lived on adjoining claims and were presumably well acquainted with each other. I concluded that if they could mutually stand it probably I ought to. I said the ceremony for them, not finding it necessary to remove my buffalo artics, or even my overcoat. I returned home a sadder and a wiser man, and handed wife our first marriage fee—one dollar.

#### A DYSPEPTIC.

Ministers are mere men, of like passions with others; and some times we so act as to make that fact very manifest. A generation ago a course of liberal study might be pursued without knowing anything about physiology or the laws of health. Some thirty-two years since a traveling minister, on his way to the extreme frontier, was for some days my guest—preaching for us on Sabbath. A strong and interesting preacher, and, I doubt not, a good man. He was a college graduate, had kept bachelor's hall when a student, and had continued a bachelor so long afterward that the good women who took him in hand could not do much with him. His

health was his great trouble. He was a martyr to dyspepsia. At table most of the things set before him he had no use for, but an article that suited his taste he would indulge in to the extent of the supply in sight. A brother minister who knew him in one of the States further East related this incident. Meeting him at Presbytery, and noticing his ill look he inquired for his health. "Not well. Health miserable." "What seems to be the matter with you?" was the further inquiry. "I don't know," and then he went on to say: "Last winter I was holding a meeting at such a church, and stopped at the house of Elder S——. Sitting down to the table I felt as if I could not eat any thing. There was a dish near me, I don't know what it was, it looked like pan-cakes and apple butter (a jelly cake!) and I broke off a morsel and tasted, and it pleased my taste. So I said, 'Sister S—— I am not feeling well, and if you please I will just eat of this one dish, and I will not eat any thing else.' 'Certainly,' she said, 'certainly, help yourself.' So I ate up what was on the plate, *and I have never felt well since!*

#### HOW GOD MAY MAKE USE OF A WICKED MAN.

An aged man whose wife was a Christian, but himself an infidel and very profane, had occasion on a cold winter day, to go to the smith's shop. While there the ice in some way betrayed his feet and he caught a surprising fall. Regaining his feet he broke out in most violent profanity, cursing his Maker and everything about him, and himself for his awkwardness. Not long after at one of my remote preaching places, I alluded to such an incident, asking, how can you account for it that an old man, bending under the weight of years, meeting with a fall on the ice, will break out in profane language, cursing God, and cursing himself for his awkwardness, when really his head is blossoming for the grave—how account for such fact except that men are lost and need a Saviour?

Among my hearers was a wicked old man to whom

the message was appropriate. The iron entered his soul. At my next appointment, some weeks later, he came to me and asked me to go home with him. I found that himself and wife were both under conviction; and I had great pleasure in pointing them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. And I found out another thing that surprised me. That old man not only felt that I had described his own extreme wickedness, but supposed that I was informed in regard to it, and did it on purpose. He was not displeased with me. He just gave it up and sought mercy. He remarked to me that he did not suppose that I knew of him being a profane swearer. At our next communion he and his wife made profession of their faith in Christ, and, a year or two later, both crossed over to the Other Side. I hope to meet them in Heaven. But the occasion of awakening an interest was the extreme profanity of one whom they never knew: that old man in the blacksmith shop.

## CHAPTER X.

## EXPERIENCES AND INCIDENTS—CONTINUED.

In a new country it is inevitable that some workers should steal in "who are hirelings and care not for the sheep." Our Presbyterian system, perhaps, gives opportunity for such mishaps, but it also affords the best possible channel for dealing with such interlopers in the spirit of brotherly charity and meekness. We have no bishops to hold and interchange a "black list," but we have a chain of judicatories, each composed of watchful and consecrated brethren, to restore repentant wanderers with all due decorum, or to expel them, if they should be incorrigible, with all due speed.

The brethren in new States and Territories are so anxious for helpers that they are likely to overlook certain irregularities in the conduct or the papers of those who present themselves for admittance into Presbytery. It is outside the province of this volume to utter any cautions on this subject; but having set out to give a rounded picture of Iowa Presbyterian Missions, it is strictly proper to present certain sketches prepared for us, which may serve for warning and direction. Few new States have been without their hirelings. Iowa has had few, but she is not an exception to the rule. One of the early workers gives us the following examples:

## WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

"It is well for the purity of the ministry that there is not attached to the office a tempting pecuniary support. Otherwise unworthy men might crowd into it from mercenary motives.

"But even with hard service and meager support in



prospect, there are occasional instances of bad men getting into the ranks. On the frontier, in early days, such clerical adventurers were sometimes found.

"One of these sent for me to see him at the hotel where he was sick. Hailing from a remote part of an adjoining State, his name appeared in the Minutes of the General Assembly as stated supply of a small church. He was in poor health, needing rest, and looking around over the field. With him, as traveling companion, was Professor Blank, principal of a female seminary, a fine scholar, capable of teaching anything from the alphabet to the Talmud. The two seemed to be a mutual admiration society, but when they quarreled, a few weeks later, then each pronounced the other a grand rascal. Our preacher at length brought his family to our neighborhood. He would rest, do some farming, and preach as he had opportunity. He was a fluent and flowery speaker, and could say 'Brother' with peculiar unction. The Christian public, however, got the impression that he was not reliable. He was given to romancing. His untruths sometimes seemed to be without motive, and again with a purpose. How he got into the ministry and where he had preached was a subject on which he did not tell the same story twice. When at length these things were communicated to his own Presbytery, he made it convenient to disappear from our region, and Iowa knew him no more. He next figured as an army chaplain, and at the close of the war became the supply of a church in still another of our northwestern States. There, a year or two later, he was indicted for horse-stealing, but upon trial he was acquitted. Then he struck for the frontier, some hundreds of miles west, and there figured as a Home Missionary. Discipline at length overtook him, and his name disappeared from the ministerial roll, almost twenty years since.

"Another of these clerical non-descripts was discovered clerking in a store a few blocks from my Kansas home; a Presbyterian minister, his name appearing as a member of ——— Presbytery,—a man of perhaps thirty-five years of age. His wife, a lady-like and cultivated woman, several years younger, invited and urged me to call and see them. They needed sympathy and counsel. She was the daughter of Protestant Christian parents who had entrusted her education to the sisters in a Roman Catholic seminary. There she became, unknown to her parents, a member of the Catholic church. Subse-

quently she became the wife of this German Presbyterian minister. He had been married previously, but his wife proved to be a very bad woman, and they had separated, entering into a written agreement to that effect. This agreement he exhibited and called a divorce. Some time after this second marriage they found out that it was no divorce at all. The matter became known through the community with the result that they had to pack up and leave between days, and so they had landed in our town. The two or three months of their stay here was, as I found out later, a series of intrigues. To me he was a devout Protestant. To the Catholic priest he was a persistent heretic about ready to renounce his errors and make his submission. To the Germans of our town he was ready to become their minister and preach whatever kind of doctrine they wanted. The wife was undoubtedly a party to these intrigues, yet she was not pleased with herself or her position. She was merely practicing the art she had been taught—of dissembling. Her mother, whom I never saw, wrote me enclosing a letter to be placed in her daughter's own hand. She regarded the husband as a scoundrel of the deepest dye who had several wives living and who had probably been received into Presbytery on forged testimonials. Her one fear was that he might induce his wife to enter some Catholic sisterhood or order, so that she would never be heard of again.

“My last service to him was placing in his hand a citation from the Stated Clerk of his Presbytery asking him to appear and answer to the charge of bigamy. Discipline removed his name from the list of ministers. Presbyteries and churches ought to scrutinize closely the testimonials of ministers, and especially of those who cross denominational lines.”

#### HUMMER'S BELL.

One of the humorous incidents of the early work in Iowa is graphically described by the Rev. J. P. Schell, as follows:

“Among the earliest recollections of my childhood are the tones of the village bell, calling us on Sabbath mornings to the house of God. There it hung in the tower above our heads, voicing upon the Sabbath stillness its noble melodies of worship and repose. It was cast at

Troy nearly forty years ago, and bore upon its margin the name of the First Presbyterian Church of Iowa City. It was one of the first two bells ever brought into the Territory out of which the State of Iowa was carved. The other bell was given by the Eastern foundry where it was cast, to the Presbyterian church of Muscatine. When it arrived the congregation had no building of their own, but were worshipping in the Episcopal church. The bell was triumphantly mounted on the roof of the little side vestry room. When the Presbyterians built an edifice the bell was removed and placed in the tower. Indeed there can be but little doubt that it was the first bell that ever sounded the gospel call in any inland town of all that vast wonderland of modern achievement and missionary enterprise lying north of the fortieth parallel and west of the Father of Waters.

"A year or two after its introduction trouble arose in the church, and the eccentric pastor, instead of seeking the peace of his little Zion, appeared to be the chief fomentor of its discord. There was a serious disagreement in regard to his salary, which resulted in his claiming the bell. He disappeared from the town for a time, returning soon after for the purpose, it was privately learned, of securing his prize. He dined at my aunt's that day, in the immediate vicinity of the church, and from his conversation she shrewdly guessed his object. While, therefore, he was proceeding to the church, with a trusted assistant and a ladder, she hastened to notify the church officers and through them to alarm the town. The ladder was soon hoisted, the bishop ascended to the roof, and while engaged in removing the bell an excited crowd of citizens assembled below.

"The bell was lowered, loaded into the wagon, and rapidly driven away. The ladder was simultaneously removed—leaving the enraged parson wildly gesticulating from his pulpit in the tower. He was a man of lion-like mein; and his voice and manner—as if in sad contrast with the mellow music of the henceforth voiceless bell—fairly thundered and trembled with the imprecations of coming doom! From his lofty perch in the tower he impotently beheld his coveted prize swiftly receding in the distance, and also the bent form of good old 'Elder Shoup' retaining his position in the wagon as if glued to the bell. How indelibly this dissolving view was stamped upon his mind may be gathered from the following circumstance:

"Many years after the event the writer chanced to meet him in a feed-store in a Western town, and referring to the familiar subject, the old man instantly sprang to his palmy height, and with the voice and gesture of a maniac, exclaimed, 'That bell, that bell! I yet shall ring that bell through heaven, earth and hell!'

"Then pausing a moment, reflectively, he added, 'Ah, those villains, how they robbed me! And there was old Elder Shoup—Elder Shoup—who always used to pray, 'Lord, wake us out of this lethargetic sleep'—he meant 'lethargic,' you know.—Well, I thought when I saw him in that wagon, holding onto that bell, that if I were only in that wagon with him, I would have answered his prayer for him. I would have waked him out of his 'lethargetic sleep!'

This episode in the early history of the town is quaintly described in verse by the "poet laureate" of the place,—a few stanzas of which may be appropriately given here:

"HUMMER'S BELL."

"In the Presbyterian church, pretty high up in the steeple,  
Hung a loud-sounding bell, to call together all the people.  
That bell was held in high esteem by all who knew its sound;  
It rang so loud it could be heard for many miles around.

"The minister who labored there did not exactly suit,  
The people thought they'd let him slide, but he was rather cute.  
He did not get his salary, for which they had agreed;  
And he was bound to have it—and he knew he could succeed.

"For he had formed a plan which to Margrave he did tell;  
He would ascend the steeple, and let down that handsome bell.  
So he mounted a long ladder and climbed through the steeple door,  
And soon the bell came rushing down and landed on the floor.

"Then followed fast his trouble, for the ladder was taken away,  
And he was up in the steeple—and there he had to stay.  
And there he preached a sermon—far louder than before;  
Some said he threatened vengeance, and others said he swore!

"For Vanfleit had sent a wagon, and the bell was loaded in;  
And the driver never reckoned he'd committed any sin.  
He took the bell to a rapid stream and sank it very deep,  
And there for months the bell remained, while Hummer was left  
to weep!"

"The event was interesting for a further fact, not widely known, and which I may be indulged in referring to here, as illustrating how an 'ill wind' may sometimes prove to some one a very advantageous gale.



"A poor lad on the outskirts of the crowd, having quietly taken in the ludicrous features of the picture, reproduced the scene on an old piece of brown paper, which, attracting some notice, was afterwards exhibited in a shop window. A member of the legislature—then in session there—discerning marks of ability in the rude lines, sought out their author, and undertook his education—afterwards sending him to Italy to study art. There he achieved an enviable success—returning in after years to claim the hand of one of the fair daughters of his native town. His 'sketches' are still carefully preserved in the State historical rooms.

"But to return to the story of the bell; it was first taken by the citizens to the river which flows past the town, and deposited in the channel—from which some months later it was secretly removed, and its subsequent history was for a long time thereafter involved in profound mystery.

"After the lapse of more than twenty years, upon the completion of the Pacific railway, some parties crossing the continent stopped off at Salt Lake City. There they discovered an old bell surmounting the private school-house of the Mormon prophet, and upon its margin the familiar words: 'First Presbyterian Church of Iowa City—1846.' Notice of the fact was promptly communicated to the officers of the Iowa City church, and measures taken to have the lost bell restored to its former honorable position within the tower of the reconstructed edifice—no rival having been permitted to occupy its place. Correspondence was opened with the Mormon authorities; but so high was the value placed upon it as a spoil taken from the Gentiles, that, strangely enough, it was decided to let the old bell remain, a voiceless trophy, in the far-off land of its captivity.

"Some years later the writer, following the bell in its wanderings thither, chanced to fall in with a brother of the Mormon president who reported to him the main facts of its intervening history—he having himself been a principal actor in securing its removal to the valley of the 'Latter Day Saints.'

"From him I learned that one of the citizens, who was in the secret of the bell's concealment, had afterwards developed a sympathy with the Mormons, and a corresponding dislike for the Presbyterians. He imparted the precious information to another of like sympathies, and through them its removal was effected.



"It was conveyed secretly to the vicinity of Bloomington—now Muscatine—on the banks of the Mississippi river, and there deposited in a stream known as Devil's Creek.

"Thence it was carried to a point near Montrose, Ill., where it remained for some years buried in the sand. It was then exhumed and brought by the Mormons to Kanesville, in the neighborhood of Council Bluffs, from which point it was conveyed by them, in their exodus across the plains, to its present resting place.

"Thus after long years and many vicissitudes, the full story of which will never be written, the strange wanderings of this remarkable bell were brought to a close.

"It is affirmed that this venerable bell has long been cracked, and has also lost its tongue, as if unwilling to 'sing the Lord's songs in a strange land!' But could it speak to us to-day, how eloquently might it voice the history and progress of our noble church in all that western land. Grand old bell! Alas, that it should be suffered to remain in alien hands!

"Occupying as it did nearly forty years ago, the extreme outpost of our Protestant Zion, and doubtless among the very first to sound forth the gospel invitation beyond the Father of Waters on the Lord's day, it well deserves the more honorable retirement of a veteran, along with those that are privileged to proclaim a nation's new-found liberties.

"When that bell first rang in its unfinished tower, there was scarce another bell, if any, of church or school throughout the broad domain westward to the Pacific coast, where now ten thousand church spires pierce the sky and multitudinous bells of divers tones and creeds, blend at last their ceaseless circles in the resonant upper air.

"A grand old pioneer, it truly is, among the true liberty bells of the Western world—through all its wilderness wanderings bearing undimmed upon its girdle the silent prophecy of the Protestant hosts that were to follow in its track; and of the bells that should one day ring free and unrestrained above the ashes where its wandering captors lit their evening fires!

"Well might we learn from this story of a bell to retain undimmed, amid adverse and trying scenes, and in the onward march of years—even among alien hosts—the high character and name with which we began our career; and thus to the very end be approved as 'living epistles, known and read of all men.'"

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE STORY OF A NOBLE LIFE.

We are pleased to give in this chapter the life-story of a devoted home missionary who has given his best years to Iowa and still is "alive and remaining" to see the good progress the church is making. The brother's name is Rev. John D. Caldwell, and it will be observed in the Minutes of our General Assembly that he is still a pastor, though he has been in the work more than thirty years. He furnishes for us the following sketch of his experiences in the pioneer work:

"I was educated at Greenville Academy, Mercer Co., Pennsylvania, entered Jefferson College in the year 1850 as a sophomore and graduated with the class of 1853. The same year I entered the Western Theological Seminary and graduated there in 1856, having been licensed to preach the year before by the Presbytery of Erie. I came to Northeastern Iowa in April, 1856, located my future home, returned to the seminary to finish my graduating term, and came back to Iowa with my wife in May. The first Sabbath in June I rested and then began my ministerial career, with headquarters at Littleton, Buchanan county, which place I have never left to this day, though I have served many churches in connection therewith. I was ordained in 1856 at the Fall meeting of the Presbytery of Dubuque, and installed pastor of the Pleasant Grove (now Littleton) and Barclay (now Jesup) churches. At this time there were no churches of our order (Old School) west of Independence, Buchanan county, to Fort Dodge, and from the present line of the Illinois Central railroad to the Minnesota line, an area of more than 10,000 square miles. All this area was beautiful and fertile prairie covered in the summer with the richest imaginable carpet of grass and flowers of exquisite beauty and fragrance, covering hundreds of acres in one unbroken sheet of all possible

colors and tints, surpassed only by the rainbow or brilliants sparkling in a dewdrop. From early Spring till Winter's frost, beginning with the anemone, daisy and violet, and closing with the large rosin-weed or wild artichoke, every week and almost every day sensibly changed the appearance and gave a different picture. It was like an enormous kaleidoscope, every succeeding change being more bewitchingly beautiful than the former. Once in a ride over the prairie, in company with my wife, between the Cedar and Wapsipinnicon rivers we gathered twenty-eight different shades of the common phlox, and a flower of the slough, rosin-weed, as full and large as a rose. Skirting the prairies were streams of beautiful and clear water and groves of exquisite shade making a landscape of peculiar interest to every lover of nature in its plain simplicity. The deer, in moderate abundance, played in the groves, drank in the streams and fed in nature's grand meadows. Rabbits played in safety, and wolves howled in fearlessness. The birds in great variety raised their songs and made the air ring with their melody. The grass on the prairies would average two feet in height, and in the flats, or sloughs as they were called, in the timber, would often attain the height of more than twelve feet. The sportsmen had a paradise along the streams, with fish and little fur animals. 1855-'56 were the great immigration seasons in this portion of the great West. The prairies were almost without inhabitant, whilst numerous villages were springing up in the timber skirts. I traveled miles and miles without seeing a person or passing a dwelling.

"The winter of 1856-7 was a very severe one. It set in early, on October 3rd or 5th, with severe blizzards from the northwest. The snows fell to the depth of over three feet, and piled up indefinitely. In many places the drifts were twenty feet high, always as high as whatever object had obstructed the winds. Wherever there was a stable not perfectly protected, it was entirely covered up, with all the stock gathered together in it. In many places these drifts had to be tunneled so that the stock could be fed and watered. The great body of snow fell in the early part of the winter. It cleared up by the middle of January, but was intensely cold, the thermometer standing nearly constantly at 40 degrees below zero. The heavy winds and clear sun made a hard crust on the snow a foot thick. This carried up teams and made traveling easy and compara-

tively pleasant, and saved the people generally from starving and freezing for want of provisions and fuel. That year I preached at Waverly (a distance of thirty miles from home) every two weeks. I made me a sleigh just two and one half feet wide and long, put in thills, and drove a lithe sorrel mare. I made my sleigh small and light so that I could carry it out if I should get into a drift and have to loose my horse from it. I also prepared extra wraps, a pair of moccasins which came up to my knees, made of sheep skins with the wool on, and a fur cap that came down over my ears, and two heavy comforters to wrap around me, covering me perfectly from the wind and cold air. My sleigh was a 'Dandy,' as the boys said, and it looked likely to do all it was designed to do, but it was as full of pranks as a clown. The first time I rode in it I took my wife along and she enjoyed the ride hugely. Before we had gotten a mile away from home we ran into a drift and had to back out. When I made the attempt to back, the sleigh refused to slide and preferred to rear up in front and we found ourselves lying on our backs in the snow and our feet up in the air, and so wrapped that it was with difficulty we could extricate ourselves. When we got righted and again on our way, on descending a gentle hillside and having met some slight obstacle which required us to back up the hill, the sleigh reared up behind and threw us on the thills and horse's feet. In going horizontally on a hillside it turned sideways with the ease of a jumping-jack. But the exercise of getting righted kept me in a nice glow of warmth, and filled up the time so that the day was full short to finish my accustomed journey. In a single day it put me out forty times, while we wended our way across the prairie which separates the Cedar and Wapsie rivers. I arrived at my destination at Robert Shannon's, an estimable elder, in whose house the church was and where I preached over two years, at the close of one of my trips, about dark. There was no evidence of anything where his stable ought to be found. As I was looking around for the stable, as I knew well its whereabouts, I was peremptorily ejected from my sleigh, and my pony, as was his wont, stood perfectly quiet for me to get up again. I went a few steps forward and found a hole in the snow about four feet square. I looked in and there found stable, hay stack, horses and cows, calves and pigs, all snugly housed and comfortably bedded, hearty and happy. I had been up-



set on the very top of the stable. I loosed my pony from the sleigh and led her to the hole. She instantly disappeared like an otter in the water, and was as happy as any of them. Then I wended my way, some ten rods further, to the house, where I found the family well and happy.

"Another story or two, very interesting to me, I will narrate, with your permission. This was in the spring of 1858. 'Twas the breaking up of winter. The snows were melted away, the streams had been greatly swollen and the beautiful Wapsie had collected all the waters inside its channel and rolled them into the Mississippi. It was as bright a morning as I ever beheld in April. It had frozen keenly in the night of Friday. My appointments for the Sabbath were nearly thirty miles distant. The frost being out it was next to impossible to get to them with a horse, and there was only one possible way and that was on foot. I set out on the journey before sun-up. It rose beautifully grand. The ice bore me up wherever there was water to cross, in little pools of which the Wapsie bottoms were full, and my way the whole distance of twenty-five miles was along the Wapsie. I supposed being well acquainted with the country that I should get along finely. I started out with good heart and at my best speed. My course was without a road, for those days there were no roads. After awhile, about 8 o'clock, the sun got warm and the ice began to give way and refused to carry me. About this time I came to a lake with an island in the center of it. It is called goose pond. I looked either way and my journey was long and I did not want to make it any longer than necessary; the ice was strong and I kept straight through the middle of it, as that was my direct way. I was making good speed when suddenly I approached air-holes in the ice. I changed my course a little, to steer between them, and cautiously hastened along, when I found the ice was getting thinner. All at once I found myself middle deep in the water in a hole in the ice just the size of my body. The air was very warm but the water was a little cool. Well, I looked all round, and concluded as I was wet, anyhow, I should not turn back, so I pushed ahead, supposing that I could get upon the ice after while. But the water kept getting deeper and the ice thinner, so I turned aside towards the island. After awhile the ice was strong enough to bear me and I reached the island safely. I laid me down on my back



and put my feet up against a tree to drain my boots, which being done, I went out the way I got in, and went round the lake, losing about an hour of time, besides getting wet. There were several places to cross the river where I expected to cross and get provisions; but the boats had all been washed away in the flood and I could not cross. There were no houses on the side where I was. Night came and I had not passed a house all the day. I was dinnerless and supperless. It was ten o'clock at night before I reached my destination. My boot-legs lay around my ankles like rags, they were so soaked, and I was so wearied I was scarcely able to stand. And my hard day's work was all for nothing, for it began to rain about four o'clock on Sabbath morning and continued to pour down all day, so I had not the privilege of preaching the gospel for which I had gladly endured so much.

"About the time of the breaking out of the rebellion we had very troublous times. Politics ran riot. The slightest word would kindle a fire hard to quench. We commenced to build a church at the close of the fearful struggle. The Lord graciously preserved our little household of faith from disruption; but we were greatly crippled in spiritual interests. We had worshipped in groves and school houses for nearly ten years, and a school house on extra occasions would not hold one-fourth of the people that attended. A church was a necessity and yet there were not means sufficient to build such a house as we needed. We had been proposing and postponing until I was ashamed. At last I made up my mind that I would take up the task myself, and I would have a church if I had to build it alone. So I drew up a subscription paper and started out soliciting. I first went to a member who had means and appreciation of such good things, and told him my intentions. Out of a salary of \$200 I wrote down \$50, and I told him I wanted him to be liberal, for it would take all we could possibly do to complete the task. He put down \$30, with the promise of more if needed. I then went to the richest man in my church. When I told him my business he bristled up and gave me the grandest scolding I ever had. He said it was the most foolish business he ever knew any one to be guilty of. He wouldn't give a cent for it. It could not be done. I told him we were going to build a church whether he helped us or not. I had a good session who helped me, and we began work. We quarried the rock ourselves

and hauled it to the spot. I gave them three-fourths of a block of Chatham lots in the very center of the village. I superintended the whole thing myself, and worked every day at whatever I could do. We hauled logs to the mill and had them sawed. We cut logs for the sills and plates and rafters and hewed them out. We framed the building and raised it. We sided and roofed it, working just as fast as we could get the material together. By winter we had it enclosed ready for seating. Our means were exhausted, and all our work brought to a halt. There stood the building with nothing in it—no pulpit or seats. We could get no more subscriptions, and I was determined to contract no debts unless I knew how to meet them. Then I adopted another plan. I got an estimate of the cost of a seat, to buy lumber and have a mechanic to make them. Then I took another subscription paper and went to every family and got them to subscribe enough to pay for their seats. I got enough subscribed to buy the lumber. Then I bought the lumber and hauled it to the church and employed a mechanic to make the pews and put them in. It was winter before the work was half done. In the meantime I was taken with the ague in a very severe form. I chilled fearfully, then I burned with fever, and then the sweat would pour off me profusely; and I became so weak that I could hardly walk—my task nearly done but no one to take my place and finish it. The mechanic had engaged to teach a school. The time had come when he must begin the school and it was fifteen miles distant. There was a month's work yet to finish the seats. I told him the seats must be finished. I would go and teach his school till he could do it. That plan was satisfactory.

"The Sabbath before I was to start upon this new mission I took a severe chill in the pulpit at our morning service, but I held my place in the Bible with both hands and went on. As soon as the service was over I went home and to bed till time for the evening service—performed that, and then home again and to bed. On Monday morning I was up at four o'clock, my clothes as wet as if I had been in the river. I wrapped up well and drove ten miles before daylight to our county seat, where I went into a drug store and purchased an ounce of quinine. I took a teaspoonful at a dose four times a day. Under this treatment I completed my journey and taught the school until the pews were finished. Then I advertised the seats for sale and put a price on each. They

went like hot cakes, there were not enough to go around, and I had plenty of money to pay my bills. The Board of Church Erection made us a small donation and we dedicated without debt, the happiest congregation in the world.

"As a Home Missionary I believe fully one third of my time was spent on the road going to and from my appointments for twenty or more years. Once I walked to and from Presbytery one hundred miles distant. I had no horse at that time, and it was in the spring seed time, and every available horse was in the harness, and I could not afford the price charged for a livery. When I first came West my goods were stolen from me on the way, and myself and wife had only our traveling suits, our best things all being in our trunks which were stolen, and our first appearance was in just what we wore on our journey. My wife wore her sun bonnet. For six months we boarded among our parishioners from house to house. When winter came we had engaged a house, but winter set in so early and severely that the house could not be finished and it was impossible to live with the thermometer forty below zero in a house not plastered. So one of my parishioners told me if I would take his team and go to his woods and cut logs and have them sawed into boards and fix up his summer kitchen so that I could be comfortable I would be welcome to it. He was an invalid and not able to help me. I did so and had a very comfortable room till Spring. Now I must tell you this same summer kitchen was a log structure detached from the main building. It was ten by twelve feet inside. It was six feet high. I could walk straight in it with my hat off. The bed was in the northwest corner, the table in the northeast corner, the cupboard in the southeast corner. The window, four light, eight by ten, was in the middle of the south side, the library was in the southwest corner, the stove near the center of the room, and the chairs, three in number, around the stove, and the wood box under the window. We had it carpeted, and papered, and ceiled, and when the door, which was on the west side, was barricaded with two or three heavy comforts, the northwest blizzards were comparatively powerless of harm to us. There was one great advantage to me. I could kindle the fire mornings without getting out of bed and keep warm until the room was comfortable. We wintered here that severest of all winters I ever saw

(1856-'57) and came through as happy and secure as wood-chucks.

"I preached at a point in Bremer county, Iowa, called in early days Pin Hook, and surrounding country, now including Sumner, Dayton and Caldwell churches, the latter of which is now obsolete. This portion of the county I supplied from about 1856 till in the sixties. After an intermission, when a Mr. Lockwood supplied them, I preached for them several years more. It was during this second term that I determined to make a field which would support a minister all the time, so that I could retire permanently from the field. While undertaking this work of solidifying, the following catastrophe occurred. I succeeded, after very hard, ceaseless effort, in organizing two churches to add to Sumner. To do this required three services each Sabbath—Sumner in the morning; Dayton, seven and one-half miles south, in the afternoon, and at the Caldwell church, nine miles further to the southwest, for the evening. This work I did constantly for several years, until another man relieved me. On one occasion I met with a mishap. It was in the early autumn. It was as warm as summer, a very foggy day, and when night set in it was very dark, so that I could see nothing. I set out to my evening appointment at the usual hour, but the fog had made the day a full hour shorter than usual and darkness overtook me before my journey was half accomplished. My way was through the bottom of the Wapsie river, partly prairie and partly timber. Parallel with the road lay a long swail of water and grass. The grass was fully six feet high and concealed the water from view. At one point the track was divided into two rather indistinct roadways, one going north and the other south of the swail. My horse took the wrong track, going north instead of south. I perceived the mistake when we had gone forty or fifty rods out of the way. My horse also perceived it about the same time. I pulled him around to retrace our way back to the track we left, but the horse concluded to cut across, and I could not help myself, for it was utterly impossible to guide him, as there was nothing visible but water, and the water was concealed by the high grass, except around the edges where the cattle had eaten it off. The water was fully hub-deep and getting deeper. The horse was plodding and striking and splashing the water in every direction. He had taken me about eight rods in the swail when he fell



down. I waited a moment for him to rise, but he did not stir. I supposed he must be drowning and started to his relief. I jumped out of the buggy behind. The moment I was free from the buggy the horse jumped up and proceeded without me. I called to him but he did not stop. I ran to overtake him but fell down so often that he got almost out of hearing. Finding the water getting deeper all the time I concluded it would be wiser to go back and go round. This I did. The mud was ankle-deep and very tough, and it was quite an art to keep my boots on, and the only means I had of finding the right direction was the mud. When I was out of the mud I was going wrong. I got back at last to the track. I gave up finding the horse till I could have a light. There was not a human being within a mile and a half, and the road to my appointment was as near as any and my horse knew the way and when last heard from was steadily pursuing it, so I followed. I supposed also I might find him stopped by a tree caught in the buggy wheel. With this hope I went on. Often I stopped to listen, but no sound of the horse—the silence was as intense as the darkness. I pursued the dreary way, now sprawling in the mud over a bog of earth, now lurching against a tree or stump, and again in a water hole. Finally I reached the river. The ford was about waist-deep if I hit the right track, which was a semi-circle. I well knew the track, but it was dark and the landmarks were invisible. Without a moment's wavering I went in and soon reached safely the other side with most of the mud washed off my clothes. I plodded on and reached the house I set out for on my direct way to church. I found the lady of the house at home. The rest of the family had all gone to church. I found the house warm and cheery, and my horse waiting patiently at the gate for me to let him in. All was just as I left it in the buggy, not even my mittens were joggled off the seat. I was soon redressed and enjoyed a warm supper which the dear old lady prepared, and when the rest of the family returned, wondering why I had not put in an appearance (for I never disappointed them before), I was enjoying the rocker with the greatest comfort imaginable. Since that time I have been called to bury two of the members of that dear family, and sympathize with them in their deep affliction, but to this day Mrs. Hazlett and her family crack a smile over my adventure.

“While I am about water stories, one more incident

I often think of. It was in the autumn of 1860. I was on a missionary tour in the southwest part of Iowa, and was returning home. There had been heavy rains, the bridges were washed away, and the streams subsiding were still rapid and full. About a mile from Newton, at a mill, I had to cross. I had a guide to conduct me on this roundabout way, but I could not keep up with him. It was about dusk. My wagon was a half-spring and the stakes were short and the bed just barely above the stakes. But I never thought of all this. Just as I entered the stream, my guide being about forty rods ahead, an old man pointed me straight across the stream, saying that before the rain that was the shallowest place. The way was full of broken rocks. I took the direction indicated. My horse was swimming instantly. My trunk was in front of me. I sat in the middle of the seat with a foot on each side of the buggy box, and a line in each hand. Having gone about thirty feet, my horse struck bottom. Having gone about ten feet more, he plunged in again, he on one side and the buggy on the other of a ridge. We hung there a moment—it seemed an age. I gave him a sharp ‘get up,’ when he made a strong effort and pulled the vehicle over the sharp obstruction. Then we were swimming again, over and down the stream. Fortunately, after going about one hundred feet, we were again on terra firma, without hurt or loss.

“Nearly thirty-four years are gone since I commenced my humble ministry on the beautiful prairies of the lovely Wapsie. I can number over five hundred souls as having entered the fold through my ministration; four churches born and reared into a healthful and flourishing manhood, and a full score of churches aided in their extremities and strengthened in their work; and at the present time a dozen men have their hands full where I have toiled alone. And our beloved Zion has prospects of still more prosperity in the very near future. O that each in the day of His coming may say, ‘I have fought my way through; I have finished the work that Thou gavest me to do.’ O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word, ‘Well and faithfully done, enter into my rest and sit down on my throne.’”

## CHAPTER XII.

## A TYPICAL WORKER.

A brother, who wishes to remain incognito, contributes the following sketch of his work in Iowa; and it will be read with interest, as presenting what may be called a typical career in the home missionary field:

"You ask some account of my life and work as a home missionary. Such sketch in full would be, of course, very much the same as that of any other minister who had been pledged to spend a third of a century in ministerial work, sowing precious seed with weeping, patient waiting, trials, disappointments, and also the joy of harvest. You desire, I judge, some little sketch of my work in so far as it may have been peculiar, or a fair sample of pioneer missionary work in Iowa. I came to my field with a certificate of license, by the Presbytery, of character, in response to an unofficial invitation from some persons who had known me as a boy and as a student in Ohio, and with about forty dollars of borrowed money in my pocket.

"I found myself in a new situation. The town, of perhaps 900 of a population, had the name of being a peculiarly wicked place. The several church organizations were small and weak. Not one of them had a respectable-sized audience on Sabbath, and the only house of worship was small. Our Presbyterian organization included about two dozen names, but only four of them lived in town, the rest scattered over the country—most of them eight miles distant.

"In the town the people were slow to find out who I was or what I was doing. I was often called Doctor, was taken by some for the new man that was coming to open a livery establishment, and several years later had applications for employment from some who took me to be a railroad contractor. Drunkenness and profanity were very prevalent. Going into a tin-shop to make some

inquiries, I was astonished at the fearful profanity of the pleasant faced, good humored man who responded to my questions.

"Four years later I had the pleasure of receiving him, a greatly changed man, to the fellowship of the church. His fowling piece, the companion of his Sunday hunting and fishing, he gave to me as a present. He became a deacon in the church, superintendent of the Sabbath school, and at length a soldier, losing life at the battle of Belmont.

"At the hotel where I first stopped, a middle-aged, large, fine-looking man seemed to be at home. He was a fluent talker, but fearfully profane.

"I became well acquainted with him in later years. He was wealthy, owner of the hotel building, a self-made man and the making not well done, and a prominent politician.

"In 1857 he lacked but a few hundred votes of becoming lieutenant governor and ex officio chairman of the State Board of Education. About that time I heard him remark, 'All I want in regard to the schooling of my children is for 'em to have a good classical education. I don't want 'em to be studying none of your Latin or Greek or Hebrew. If I get able I'll send 'em to college. All I want at present is for 'em to have a *good classical education*.'

"Some fifteen years later he came within 40,000 votes of being governor.

#### AN OLD SCHOOL MAN.

"A few weeks later, having accepted a call, and having by this time 'an help-meet,' the day that we took possession of our newly-rented house, an elderly farmer drove up, having a quarter of beef for us. One of the elders had sent it. He said to me, 'I understand you are a Presbyterian preacher.' 'Yes, I aim to be.' 'Well,' he continued, 'I am a Presbyterian myself.' The smell of whisky was on his breath, and the rum blossom on his nose. 'But,' he went on to say, 'I suppose you are one of these New School Presbyterians.' I told him, 'No, I am connected with the Old School Church.' 'Better still, that's what I am.'

"In the town and among the settlers on the prairie there was a fair degree of enterprise and intelligence. In my small audiences, ranging from forty to sixty, there



were six or seven persons of liberal education. The settlers in the timber were, as a rule, of a different class. In one neighborhood where I often held service, the people were very illiterate. They had come originally from North Carolina, and not more than one in five of them could either read or write. Yet they were quite religious in their own way, and had more preachers to the population than I ever knew elsewhere. But the standard of qualification was not high; even the ability to read was not essential.

#### A PILLOW-CASE OF SALT.

"One of these preachers, a well-meaning man, and quite a friend of mine, talking with a neighbor about a fearful murder that had occurred in our town, gravely hinted that there might be danger of the fate of Sodom overtaking the wicked city. The neighbor hoped not. There were some good men living there, and he was pleased to refer to myself and some others to confirm his view. 'Ah,' was the reply of the preacher, 'even Brother M— had better look out, or he might get turned into a pillow-case of salt!'

#### THE CHURCH MILITANT.

"One of the things that surprised me was the sharp rivalry between different denominations. This was more apparent at K., where for two years I preached one-third of my time. I found that our people at K. had a poor opinion of Methodists and of Methodist preachers. And on the other hand, the Methodists had a very ill opinion of the Presbyterians. The minister who had preceded me was well-posted and quite at home in debate, and had got into a regular pitched battle with the Methodist minister. My first service there was in the Methodist house of worship, with large attendance; my theme, 'The Faithful Saying.' A good many were surprised and pleased to find that it was the gospel of peace, not of controversy that the young man preached. A little later the Methodist people, unasked, offered to us the free use of their house for our services; an offer which was appreciated and accepted. The belligerent relations of our little, feeble, competing churches, was a feature of those times.

"As I was going to the first meeting of Presbytery after my ordination, a ride in the saddle of seventy miles, another minister and an elder being with me, we came

at length, late in the afternoon, in sight of the town, new to all of us, where the meeting was to be held. Away six miles distant over the prairie, from the top of a tall stack, smoke was issuing vigorously. 'That must be a steam mill,' I spoke out. 'No,' said Elder B., 'that's the Methodist church getting up steam to counteract this meeting of Presbytery.'

#### A HARD-SHELL DOCTOR.

"The man from whom I rented our house was a Hard-Shell Baptist preacher, and at the same time a Botanic doctor. 'I can't write,' he said to me, 'but I can read writin' and I can sign my name.' He was fond of talking, and immensely well satisfied with his own views, both theological and medical. I said to him one day, 'Doctor, our people are trying to build a small house of worship; I wonder if you could not help them a little?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I'll help 'em; I'll help 'em.' Next time I saw him, he introduced the subject. 'I told you I would help your folks build the church. I have been thinking I might help in my own way. Now, they'll have a heap of doctorin' to do, and if they'll employ me to do it, I won't charge 'em a cent for it, and they can just pay that much more toward the church building.' He took my silence for consent, and closed by suggesting that I 'give it out in church next Sunday.'

#### CUSHIONED PEWS.

"One of our trials was the small interest taken in our work by some who were in name Presbyterians, showing also the great need of the church and its influences in new communities.

"Two or three persons who during the early years of our enterprise stood quite aloof, in later years remembered the fact that they had been members of the church in the East, and were in fact Presbyterians all along.

"A family of plain people living near me were reported as Presbyterian. Calling to see them I found that they claimed our church name, and seemed to value it, but the good woman had but little leisure to talk with me that day, for she was just getting ready to go 'to the circus.'

"A business man, a speculator, from Western New York had been residing here three months before he found out that we had a Presbyterian society in the

place; and some of us were quite as much surprised to find that he was a church member at all. But he never attended our services.

"From a distant city a gentleman came with his family to represent a wealthy company interested in certain public improvements and land sales. Calling upon them I learned that they had been members of the Presbyterian church. The daughter who entertained me had a good many inquiries to make. 'Where is your church?' 'We have no church. We are worshipping in an upper room on Main street.' 'Are the pews cushioned?' 'We have no pews. The cottonwood boards used for seats do not even have backs to them.' This country seemed to her new and incomprehensible. Her father's difficulties and trials traveling over the country were wonderful. One place at a hotel he had to submit to the indignity of having a room-mate! 'And, la me! one place, in the morning, pa had to wash in a tin pan in the wood-shed!' I did not tell her that an elder and myself, in our travels, had performed our morning ablutions from a nice clean foot-tub; that at the house of a Presbyterian elder, an earthen milk pan or 'crook' had served the same purpose; nor did I mention that I had spent a Sabbath night with a Presbyterian family of five persons, in their one-room cabin, that as I lay abed I could see the stars through the roof, and the next morning I took a ten-mile ride in the saddle with the mercury at thirty-two degrees below zero.

#### THE BIG HEAD.

"The wife of one of our early Iowa missionaries had the good fortune to be a Scotch lady. Thoroughly intelligent and cultured, she rather prided herself on her correct use of language, and viewed with ill-concealed contempt the Americanisms and colloquialisms that she sometimes met with. A near neighbor and member of her husband's church (Mr. Brown) was a local politician of some prominence. He took a great interest in public affairs and had lately received some minor appointment in the mail service. His neighbors were inclined to the view that he was a little uplifted, and that that new gold watch and other symptoms showed undue self-appreciation. As the minister's wife was going in the hack to the county town, two of the passengers were talking in a sort of mysterious way about Mr. B.—how bad off he was,

etc. The lady at length inquired, 'And is Mr. Brown ill?' She received an affirmative answer.

"And may I ask what is the matter with him?"

"He has the big head, ma'am."

"And is he bad?"

"Yes; said to be very bad."

"The good lady was distressed. She had seen cattle on the prairie suffering with that ailment, but for human beings to have it, and especially for such a gentleman as Mr. B., it was terrible!

"Returning home in the evening, she must go before taking off her things to see the sick neighbor. She found him reading his newspaper. 'And how are ye feeling, Mr. Brown?'

"I'm well."

"Your'e well are you? Why I heard you were very sick."

"Not that I know of. Who told you?"

"A couple of gentlemen in the hack; I do not know who they were. They said you had the big head, and had it bad, but I am very happy to know that it is not so."

"The lady returned home mystified. Her husband was able to explain things as soon as he got his risibles under control so as to be able to speak.

#### HOSPITALITY; ENTERTAINING D.D.'S

"One requirement of the pioneer missionary, in whatever region, is hospitality—a requirement always honored, sometimes greatly enjoyed, and often really burdensome. There are friends from the East, and Presbyterian strangers hunting homes, and traveling ministers, and angels-fallen and unfallen—coming unawares. The heft of this comes on the missionary's wife. Dear woman! If she only had houseroom, and help, and something to go on, and access to those pantry stores that she was used to in her father's house, and if the baby was not so cross, it might do. But no matter, she lodges strangers, washes the Saints' feet, and is ready for every good work and she does it well and cheerfully. Every minister in the Presbytery, and almost every one in the Synod, has at some time been her guest. In our own experience one little occurrence of thirty years since is recalled with some interest. Synod was to meet with our church. Word came that two brethren from a distance, representing important church interests, were to be in attendance—Rev. John H.



Rice, D. D., of Louisville, Ky., and Rev. J. C. Brown, D. D., of Valparaiso, Ind. Who will entertain them? Shall we take charge of them ourselves? Wife said, No! How can we? With our little house, rag carpet on the floor, and that little bit of a bed-room, how would it look? We could take Brother C. and old Elder E., but those D. D.'s—it would never do. However, the point was yielded. Those brethren would probably really prefer stopping with us. They could learn more of our work and see with their own eyes how we were getting on. So we welcomed them to our little cottonwood house, and did the best we could for them. They were evidently pleased. They had excellent appetites. Wife found out that they were but earthen vessels like others. She was never afraid of D. D.'s afterwards. Both pleasant and sad are our recollections of those two noble Christian men. Brown was tall, slender, dignified, yet cordial. Rice was short, rotund, witty, brilliant; had been a lawyer in Richmond, Va., and had a striking facial resemblance to his cousin, Dr. Addison Alexander. Two or three years later they were both in military service, Brown a chaplain in the Union army, Rice a chaplain and for a time a colonel in the Confederate army. Brown died of disease contracted in the service, at Paducah, Ky., in 1862. Rice died of yellow fever at Mason, Tenn., in 1878, and was buried at sunset under a shade-tree on the premises of the friend with whom he had been stopping.

#### SEED SOWING.

“My missionary work in my first field continued fourteen years; with some trials and discouragements, yet with slow and steady progress. I never seemed to get a real hold upon the people until I took charge of a male and female seminary, which the best people of the place patronized. I engaged in this enterprise, not to make money, but to do good, and to supplement my inefficient salary so that I could live and preach the gospel. During the war I stayed ‘with the stuff,’ taught the children of soldiers either gratuitously or at half price, kept up all our missionary services while three-fourths of our able-bodied men were in the army and able to do but little if anything for my support. I retired from the work with broken health, and greatly injured hearing, but leaving the church self-supporting, and with a good new house of worship, and with a membership of one hundred and twenty communicants.

"My second field of labor was a country church at a village a few miles distant, where I was pastor fourteen years, and supply one year longer. Much sowing was done, and some pleasant harvesting. But we had a painful experience of a kind that many churches and ministers have met with of late. The *Migration Fever* struck our community. At first occasional and isolated cases, then it became epidemic; and it continued until our Presbyterian material was pretty much exhausted. For the last five years of my work it seemed like 'doing business on a falling market.'

"About sixty families have emigrated from that little church during its history—to Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Missouri, California, Oregon, Dakota, and Western Iowa. The seed sown and labor there expended are not lost. Other churches and localities are reaping the fruit. God's word will not return unto Him void. But that particular church is lost, and its place void on the Presbyterial roll.

"Six years ago, in 1883, I returned to the place of my earlier labors, and to reoccupy with my family our old house on the hill. I came with good general health, three years beyond the 'dead line of fifty,' and burdened or favored with total deafness. For one year I supplied the K. church, a part of my original field here—a church that has of late been greatly blessed and strengthened under the ministry of Rev. E. E. Reed. A year later I took charge, by invitation, of a mission connected with the church of which I had formerly been pastor, now and for nine years past under the efficient pastorate of Rev. Dr. Ely.

#### A MISSION CHURCH.

"In the east end of this growing town there is an extensive packing house. Quite a community has grown up around about it, chiefly of employés. The head of the establishment, an earnest Christian man, aided by an efficient corps of workers from the church, opened a Sunday school in one of the buildings belonging to the packing company. It lived and grew. At an expense of about \$2,500, the same man erected a chapel for the Sunday school. Soon after, with the concurrence of the pastor and session, he invited me to try the experiment of regular preaching service in the chapel. The attendance was fair and the interest encouraging from the start. It has occupied us regularly and with much encouragement to the present time. The Sabbath school

has been kept up efficiently and with happy results. During these four years more than one hundred persons have been hopefully converted. In May, of last year, an organization was effected which started out with a membership of one hundred and sixteen. These four years of service in connection with this mission have been among the busiest and happiest of my life. Yet I regard this new church as being chiefly a monument to the liberality and personal exertion of the gentleman alluded to above—Elder Thomas D. Foster.

#### THE EXPENSE.

“When I was in my sixteenth year, my father, an Ohio farmer, was killed by the fall of a tree. He died intestate. Ten days later I entered upon classical study at the Academy, while my two older brothers went on with the business of farming. We shared alike in our father’s estate. Ten years later I was just closing my studies at Princeton Theological Seminary. I had spent my entire patrimony, together with \$1,000 earned by teaching, to prepare myself for the ministry. My brothers on their farms were worth from eight to ten thousand dollars each. I had not been the beneficiary of any Board, and when licensed was not five dollars from square with the world. I have spent full thirty-three years doing full work as a minister. During a little less than half that time I received aid from the Board of Home Missions, averaging \$125 per annum for fourteen years. The full amount of salary received from the Board and from the churches has averaged below \$500 per annum. For twenty-five years past, my family proper has included from five to nine persons. Such a family could not possibly be maintained on that amount. Beyond this we have been self-supporting, by teaching, gardening, keeping boarders, and tent-making. To no human being are the churches among which I have labored as much indebted for the *support of the minister* as to her who, thirty years since, became my life partner, and who is still by my side. Very many of the wives of missionaries are entitled to the degree of *Mistress of Arts*, the art of making bricks without straw, of ‘making a little go a long ways’, of maintaining the difficult role of genteel poverty.

“I have never seen the hour that I regretted entering

the ministry, nor the hour that I regretted coming to what was then 'the front' as a home missionary. God will take care of those who devote themselves to his service, and God's people will remember and appreciate them."

He is an irresponsive reader, indeed, who derives no cheer and stimulus from the above simple narrative.



## CHAPTER XIII.

## A GROUP OF WORKERS.

In some of our older churches are to be seen memorial windows constructed of delicately-tinted glass, and commemorative of the life of the early pastor who did much for the church's foundation or success. Sometimes the design includes the figure of a shepherd, with his crook in his hand and a lamb upon his breast; and there are very beautiful and appropriate verses out of the Bible wrought into the general glories of the window. And very grand and striking appears the name of the faithful pastor, in the gold and violet glass, and the children and young people look up at it of a Sunday with awe and veneration, thinking it a glorious thing to be a pioneer. Such testimonials should be encouraged and increased, yet there is a striking contrast between the work and the recognition of it; between the actual man and the commemorative figure in glass. To see a pioneer actually going about in his work, enduring hardships, facing storms, lighting fires in log churches, ministering to the sick in dug-outs, preaching to small congregations, and ever planning for the future, is a very different thing from gazing with rapture upon the crystalized dream of the artist in glass.

It is, of course, impossible to give a perfectly realistic picture of the life of such a man. We can record the skeleton facts of his life, but the thousand delicate things in the make-up of his soul and his influence must be left to the imagination. We can give a judgment, more or less accurate, as to the elements of his power as an organizer, or preacher of the Word, or pastor of the flock;

but the fancy of the reader alone can show the man actually at work among the discordant components of a growing Western population. As an outline of the work of some of Iowa's pioneers is attempted in this chapter, it is to be hoped that the reader will be able to look through the meagre description that remains of these godly men and see, as in a glass, some true reflection of what their work of faith and love really was.

There seems to have been a sort of Presbyterian "Iowa Band" in the New School branch of our church in an early day. It was composed of eight brethren, who did long and faithful service in founding churches in the new territory. What we know of their personal characteristics has been preserved to us by the writings of Rev. S. S. Howe, one of their number, and in the remembrances of brethren now living who knew them.

One of this band was the Rev. William W. Woods. He crossed over the Mississippi river, with his wife and children, to found Presbyterianism in Iowa. For some years he labored in Iowa City, preaching in the old stone church there. He seems to have been a man of evangelistic fervor, much given to honoring the Spirit in revivals. The notable awakening that occurred in connection with a meeting of Presbytery at Kossuth, in 1853, was largely promoted by him. It is worth remembering that the early meetings of Presbytery in Iowa were the scenes of revival power and blessing, a fact that might well be used as a precedent and example by us of this later generation. As a result of the meeting at Kossuth, a number of young men were converted, some of whom sought the gospel ministry, and labored, and may still be laboring, in the State. Mr. Woods began his work as a missionary in Indiana, and continued it in Illinois and Iowa; always, with apostolic consecration, seeking a field upon the extreme frontier. Where his useful life came to a close is not known to us.

In connection with the name of Rev. W. W. Woods, the question of comity between the Presbyterian and

Congregational churches may naturally be brought up. Dr. Magoon, in his *Life of the Rev. Asa Turner*, has linked the subject with Mr. Woods, and therefore it is right that such defense of his action as may be properly made should be presented here. The question will not be argued; it is sufficient for our purpose simply to state that the want of action on the part of the Presbyterians grew out of experience. It was thought that no real comity could be secured by formal action of associations and Presbyteries, and in that opinion they felt themselves established by the results of such action in Wisconsin and other states. All that need be said on our side of the question is more than hinted at in the suggestive caution of the Presbyterian workers as described by Dr. Magoon. He says in an appendix to the book already referred to:

“Five years after the beginnings at Denmark, Iowa, the question of ecclesiastical union with Presbyterians on the plan of the General and District Conventions of Wisconsin was seriously considered in the infant Iowa association. It was brought up at the semi-annual meeting, May 19th, 1842. ‘Feeling deeply the importance of a union of plan and action, and being desirous of entering into some proper bond of union,’ the Association chose Messrs. Turner, Gaylord, and Burnham, a committee ‘to correspond with the Presbyterian ministers and churches composing the Des Moines Presbytery, and invite them to unite in a convention to discuss and recommend a plan of union. At the annual meeting, October 6th, this committee reported their duty performed, and were discharged. There is no record showing how the advances of the Congregationalists were received. But a year later at the annual meeting, September 14th, 1843, an elaborate Constitution for a General Convention, and one for District Conventions were adopted.

“A number of Presbyterians, ministers and laymen, were present when these constitutions were adopted, and took part in the other proceedings. Rev. Reuben Gaylord and Rev. W. W. Woods (Presbyterian) were made a committee ‘to call a general convention, after the (Des Moines) Presbytery shall have acted on the subject.’

“The convention—of which there are no known minutes—seems to have been held at Yellow Springs

(Kossuth), Father Turner in the chair. One of the Presbyterians present, Rev. Adam L. Rankin, says: 'The Congregationalists were a unit for a union of some kind; the Presbyterians were a tie.' Father Turner opened by explaining the Wisconsin plan, and urging it for adoption. Other Congregationalists and Rev. William C. Rankin, Presbyterian, followed. One Presbyterian, Rev. W. W. Woods, of Iowa City, was undecided. Rev. A. L. Rankin says: 'I was hostile to any plan; had grown up in the midst of the Old School and New School controversy, and came to the conclusion, in Lane Seminary, that if there never had existed a plan of union, the bitter controversies and jealousies on the one hand, and which resulted in the absorption by Presbytery of the Congregational churches of Western New York and the Western Reserve, and, on the other, the division of the Presbyterian church, would not have occurred. Rev. J. A. Clark was opposed. The vote of the Presbyterians was three to one in opposition. So we did not unite, and the convention adjourned.' 'I have always rejoiced and thanked God' adds Rev. A. L. Rankin, 'that I was permitted to defeat it. At one of the triennial conventions in Chicago, (later), Father Turner most heartily thanked me.'"

Thus it seems that the Presbyterian members of the joint committee were wiser than their Congregational associates, for their refusal to enter into a fruitless union was surely based on a truer forecasting of results. Comity as a stereotyped thing has never worked well. It must be spontaneous and brotherly rather than organized and forced. To this conclusion the early struggles and debates of the pioneers of Iowa greatly contributed.

Another of this band was the Rev. William H. Williams. He came from Jacksonville, Ill., though his earlier pastorate was in Albany, N. Y. He was an example of an Eastern man whose zeal impelled him to seek a field in the marvellously growing West. He rode the length and breadth of Iowa on horseback, with his overcoat and umbrella tied on behind his saddle. His tastes were those of a teacher of the young, and consequently much of his preaching was addressed to children. For some time he was the principal of a female



seminary, thus eking out the slender support accorded a preacher of righteousness in the early days of the State. He paid a great deal of attention to the sick and wounded soldiers in the hospital at Keokuk during the war, and his warm sympathy and childlike tenderness were greatly appreciated by the afflicted men. For fifteen years, between '49 and '64, he was pastor at Keokuk. In a letter to his friend, the Rev. S. S. Howe, he describes how one morning he started off on foot and without his breakfast in his eagerness to preach Christ. He crossed the Des Moines river and went into the edge of the State of Missouri, and at the time it was so cold that the crust of ice and snow broke under him at every step. All this hardship he endured for the purpose, largely, of speaking to the young; and the foundation of his remarks on the occasion was the verse, "Take fast hold of instruction, for she is thy life." The widow of this devoted man writes to us as follows: "My husband was emphatically a missionary at heart, and delighted to preach the gospel to the poor and to carry it to those in destitute places who were hungering for the word of truth. During the sixteen years of his residence in Iowa, he spent much of his time in this congenial yet most laborious work. From 1848 to 1855 he was by turns Sunday school agent for Iowa, stated supply for the Presbyterian church of Keokuk, principal of the Keokuk Female Seminary, and missionary to destitute churches and settlements in the vicinity, doing the work of three ordinary men. From 1855 to March 1863 he labored as exploring and Presbyterian missionary for the twenty-six counties of Southern Iowa, from the Mississippi to the Missouri rivers, making three long missionary tours during the year, besides preaching statedly in neighborhoods from seven to twenty or twenty-five miles distant from Keokuk during intervals. To his exposures from severely cold weather, from traveling (as was his custom on horseback) over trackless prairies, from fording swollen and nearly impassable streams, and lodging oftentimes in open, uncom-

fortable houses or cabins, with numerous other discomforts, I need only allude."

The career of this useful man was cut short in rather a tragic manner. In 1876 he went South, to Hendersonville, North Carolina, with a consumptive son. There they both died and are buried side by side. His widow lives at Hendersonville, patiently waiting the Lord's time to be reunited to her beloved husband.

Another member of this band was Rev. Gamaliel C. Beaman, a sketch of whose life has already been given.

Of the Rev. Thompson Bird, another of this group, a few words should be said. He seems to have been truly, as his name hints, a *rara avis* in zealous church work. He also was an Andover man, and had been a missionary in Indiana. He was the founder of Presbyterianism in the city of Des Moines. To this place he came in 1848. Perhaps a quotation from the rather unique but picturesque description of this man's first years of service, by Rev. S. S. Howe, will give the best idea of them:

"At first he lived in a barrack of the old fort, by permission of the United States officer in command. This was his residence during his first winter, until he had built a log cabin. Then, as he wrote me, he had one room only, 'so snug and warm as not to freeze my feet.' But he did freeze his hands riding over the prairie. And, by close packing, he succeeded in getting forty hearers into this little cabin for preaching, by putting the children on the bed. He soon had a church of seven women, and one man, not suitable for ruling elder—almost literally fulfilling the prophecy of Scripture, that 'Seven women shall take hold of one man to be called by the name of Christians.' Father Bell, of the Old School branch of the church, said Mr. Bird had no church, because he had no elder in it. To test this point, the latter came on horseback to Des Moines Presbytery, at Kossuth, crossing the Chicaqua as best he could and inquired, whether he had indeed a church in our estimation, a true church. He was assured that a church always exists before an election of elders, since there must be a body of believers composing a church, before they could choose an elder.

"Mr. Bird was our pioneer or western-most missionary

in 1849; and the American Home Missionary Society agent thought it almost a waste of money to sustain him here. Yet, see what God wrought through him by His Holy Spirit, in what is now the Capital city of Iowa! The first wooden church edifice erected there cost toil and sacrifice. The pine lumber was hauled on wagons from the Mississippi River, and cost over a hundred dollars a thousand feet. But to return to his early privations and sufferings. He went to Presbytery in Cedar Rapids, all the long, weary way, on foot; and so blistered his feet that the skin came off with his socks; and the blessed good mother in our Israel still lives there who furnished warm water and clean stockings for him, almost fulfilling the Apostle's words: 'Hath washed the disciples' feet.' The brethren made up a purse, and sent him home in the stage."

Still another of this early band of workers in Iowa, was the Rev. Williston Jones, the founder of our church in Cedar Rapids. Of him Rev. S. S. Howe says:

"He was wont to scour the Cedar Valley with his mules, (a very unscriptural rig, I must say,) and he was never satisfied if he did not see sinners all the time converted. He used to wear down a span or two almost every year. He lies in his grave in Missouri. He went straight from a protracted meeting to the Saviour, with these words on his dying lips; 'May they all be converted!'"

All testimonies remaining to us go to show that Mr. Jones' chief power was in his pastoral sympathy and zeal. He was not so prominent as a Presbyterian, nor so persuasive and eloquent as a preacher, as some others; but as an organizer and patient toiler he was efficient and almost preëminent. On February 6th, 1860, we find him at Point Pleasant, where he organized a Presbyterian church with fourteen members. The little society purchased a lot on which stood the framework of an unfinished Court House. Mr. Jones promptly urged them to move into this building, complete it and transform the court-room into a consecrated auditorium. All of which was quickly done. Many of the early churches of Iowa were indebted to this godly and earnest man for wise and practical directions.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones had no children, but it was their custom to have in the house at all times an adopted daughter with whom they shared their slender comforts and for whom it was their pleasure to provide a suitable education. The first of these adopted daughters is now the wife of an honored foreign missionary. Another was taken, a poor, motherless child, from the Sabbath school of the Marion church, educated, and finally graduated from a New York Medical College. For some years she was the physician at Wellesley College. Afterwards she married, and now cares for the widow of the Rev. Williston Jones in her own home in New York State. It is pleasant to know that such loving care for destitute children on the part of our tried pioneer missionaries, has met with such gratifying results and such grateful response.

The Rev. John C. Ewing was still another of this band of New School brethren in the virgin fields of Iowa. Little is known of his work. He is described by Mr. Howe as a gentleman, "lovely as John, the apostle." After a life of usefulness, he died at Winterset, and was buried amid the scenes of his labors.

Of the band also was the Rev. Samuel Storrs Howe, whose words in regard to his brethren have been quoted above. He came to Iowa as the last member of the little company and outlived them all. He was born in Vermont, and graduated at Middlebury College, and afterwards was tutor of Greek there in 1835-6. After his graduation he taught school in Canandaigua, New York, for two and a half years, and there assisted in the instruction of Stephen A. Douglas. He afterwards studied theology and presided over several churches in various parts of New York. He came to Iowa City in response to a call from the congregation of what is known as the "Old Stone Church." After filling his position two years, he resigned and became a "minister-at-large." Then he became widely known through the assistance he rendered many congregations in the State, in raising money and



building churches. During the last years of his life he collected a mass of miscellaneous material connected with the history of Iowa, which he published in a series of pamphlets called "THE ANNALS OF IOWA." The General Assembly of 1881, having consolidated the two Synods of Iowa, North and South, then existing, Rev. Mr. Howe was appointed to preach the opening sermon before the united Synod. This he did at Des Moines, October 19, 1882, and from his sermon on that occasion the data as to his ministerial brethren given above are taken. Of him a brother minister of Iowa gives the following particulars:

"Rev. Samuel Storrs Howe was, as you know, one of the pioneers of the ministry in this State. He has often been at my house. He was peculiar, but a very earnest worker for Presbyterianism in Iowa. He was scholarly and able and well informed as to the affairs of the world. He was never married. When, in later years, any of us would, out of respect for his years, in meeting him, address him as 'Father Howe' he would almost sharply rebuke us, saying, 'Don't call me father; I'm not the father of anything.' It is told of him, that he was once making pastoral calls and found himself in a home where there was a new baby. Of course it was shown by the nurse, at the mother's request, to the pastor, with pride. When the little face was uncovered, the baby was awake and opened its eyes. 'Why,' said Mr. Howe in surprise, 'has it got its eyes open? I thought a baby was like a cat; couldn't see for nine days.'"

Among the veteran ministers still living, who have spent a long and useful life in Iowa, is the Rev. Luther Dodd. A few extracts from a letter received from this godly and devoted man may fittingly be given here:

"I came to Iowa from McLean county, Ill., in the spring of 1857, and bought a little house to live in, in Toledo, the county seat of Tama county. The town of Toledo, my home, had then perhaps 350 inhabitants, and the county was very sparsely settled. There was in the town only one Presbyterian family, and two families expected soon. There were three families in the county at a distance of from three to five miles. There had been a rapid emigration, and everybody was hopeful of pros-

perity and good times. Twelve miles northwest of Toledo there was a little group of Presbyterians numbering five families and ten members organized into a church by Rev. James D. Mason, who had traveled in his buggy from Davenport, about two hundred miles, to gather and organize the little flock. They had been visited by a minister, by the name of Dewing, who had become discouraged with the prospect and left them. Ten miles north of Toledo there was another group of Presbyterians, comprising four families and twelve church members. They had been organized into a church by Rev. Walter L. Lyons, pastor of the Old School church of Vinton, Benton county, joining Tama on the east. Toledo was fifty miles west of Cedar Rapids, and forty north of Montezuma, where there was a feeble Presbyterian church served by a Mr. Taylor, and a little further from us was Newton, county seat of Jasper county, where J. M. Jones served a feeble flock. These churches were all under the care of Cedar Presbytery, which extended from the Mississippi on the east to the Missouri on the west. Each minister, located in a county seat, had a vast region to traverse and care for. I organized, by order of Presbytery, at Toledo, and had three churches—Rock Creek, Salem, and Toledo; and soon south of the Iowa river a fourth, called Corinth. The aggregate of church members was, in April, 1858, seventy-one. Thirty-four of these had been received by certificate during the preceding year, and eight by examination; and the amount raised for my support was \$355, and I was elected pastor, really, of all. Let any brother in a city contemplate such a charge. Ten places of preaching, all in school houses or private dwelling houses. Who could hope to have much power over any, where he is spread out over so many? One of the great self-sacrifices of labor in such fields is preaching to very small congregations. When a minister can speak to a large number every sermon, he has reason to expect a much greater number of additions by conversion than when he speaks to very few. Then in a large congregation he has helpers of whom the Home Missionary is deprived. Everything is to be looked after by the missionary himself, even to the kindling of fires in the school houses and lighting the house. I could tell of places where there are now good churches, where, when I began the work, I had to regularly attend to the warming and lighting of the house, for some time, and preach to a congregation of from twenty to fifty. I see now

the fruit of the travail of my soul in a good church, well furnished, and doing good work. Thirty-two years ago, when I came to Iowa, there was no railroad running farther west than Iowa City, and the sloughs and streams were not bridged, and it was with great difficulty that ministers could get any help in a protracted series of meetings, and for one single minister to attempt to keep up a series of meetings in each of four or five preaching places, is too much for any one man. The growth in such fields can reasonably be expected to be slow. The places are exceptional where churches have become strong in a few years. Our young ministers, who developed popular talent, and were doing good work in our best churches, have been called away East to larger fields and our rural organizations have been left to die out for want of pastoral care. Very few have any realization of the trials of the few ministers in the region of which my field was the center thirty years ago and subsequently through the period of the war and up to the time of the union of the two schools. Our best churches in this region were so depleted that even the church at Newton, Jasper county, was left without even one ruling elder or scarcely any active members. The few ministers left on the field had to assume largely additional cares to save our little flocks from extinction. Our appropriations from our Home Missionary Board were cut down, the expense of living became doubled, and our people disabled to pay their subscriptions. My own experience was salary reduced from \$600 to about \$450 and expenses largely increased. My experience was not peculiar. Others were worse off than I, because my people were generally united and faithful.

“With the best salary Home Missionaries ever get, the missionary is often so straightened that he suffers for want of sufficiently warm clothing. He cannot afford a buffalo robe or fur cap or coat. I know this to be true of some of my faithful fellow-laborers as well as myself. We also suffered severely by reason of cold houses and sleeping-rooms. Iowa is all so far advanced as now to remove these trials of its self-sacrificing ministers in a great measure. They are less exposed to the rough blizzard and danger of perishing in snow drifts than those of fifty, forty, or thirty years ago. I could recount hairbreadth escapes, and shivering days, and distressing sufferings in cold rooms, and insufficient covering at night.

These are necessary incidents in the lives of Home Missionaries in the regions of cold winters.

“Then, too, Home Missionaries must have courage to expect and meet cold hearts and press the gospel on many reluctant souls who have lived so long without the means of grace that they would prefer to be let alone. I have found not a few such families scattered through the West. A Home Missionary who has a *heart* will hunt up those half dead prodigals and feel their pulses to see if any signs of life remain. There are many such to be discovered and saved in Iowa.”



## CHAPTER XIV.

## WORK AMONG FOREIGN POPULATIONS—THE GERMANS.

In the upper part of the city of Dubuque, on an elevated spot, stands a large brick building deserving the careful notice of all persons interested in the growth of Presbyterianism in Iowa. The architecture of the structure is mildly oriental in style. Originally it was a female seminary, but within its walls now is concentrated one of the most necessary and hopeful branches of work for the spread of our beloved Zion. Here German youth are trained for the gospel ministry, for this is the German Theological School of the Presbyterian church.

The very situation of the building gives a hint of the wide-spread influence of the school in the great new West. From the grounds you have an extended view of the vigorous city and the hills surrounding it, the winding "Father of Waters," the rocky bluffs, hills and valleys, forests and fields, in the States of Wisconsin and Illinois on the opposite side. Some of the most elegant residences of Dubuque surround the school; all of which not only shows that \$10,000 were never more wisely spent for an educational location, but also teaches to the thoughtful observer that the presence of the Germans in our civilization is a permanent one, and that, if they are to be Americanized and Christianized, aggressive and far-reaching work must be done at once.

The story of the founding and growth of this institution is very interesting. In the year 1851, or '52, the Rev. Adrian Van Vliet became pastor of a German church at Dubuque, Iowa. By birth this pastor was a Hollander, but was able to speak the German language. In Holland,

it is said, he belonged to that branch of the Dutch Reformed church called *Abgesheidene* (separate), devoted to Pietism, standing on the articles of Dort.

The congregation to which Mr. Van Vliet ministered consisted almost entirely of Evangelical Reformed people from Switzerland. They had come into this section of the country in advance of the railroads; a hardy, pioneer race, seeking a home and a congenial form of worship. They were led to examine the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, which had been translated in part by the Rev. J. Bantly, of Platteville, Wisconsin, and being satisfied with the statement of doctrine therein contained, they determined, with their pastor, to join the Presbyterian church. A similar conclusion was reached by the congregation to which Mr. Bantly ministered; and in 1853 the two congregations, with their pastors, were enrolled in the Presbyterian fold. This was the beginning of our organized work among the Germans of the West.

But that this work might progress favorably, it was necessary that our standards should be published in the German language. This was strongly felt by the brethren at that time engaged in the attempt to rescue that people from the rationalism and infidelity to which their mystical minds seem to be especially exposed. Consequently we find that, in the year 1854, the Rev. A. Van Vliet, of Dubuque Presbytery, O. S.; Rev. J. Bantly, of the Presbytery of Dane, in Southwest Wisconsin; Rev. J. G. Schaible, of St. Louis Presbytery; and the Rev. J. Stein, of New York Presbytery, overtured the General Assembly, Old School, for the Confession of Faith and the Catechisms in German. The request excited some discussion, and it was only after the English Presbytery of Dubuque, had taken the matter up and pressed it before the Assembly, that a favorable answer was returned. This action of the Presbytery will be given below.

It became more and more evident, also, that a con-

secrated German ministry was necessary, as well as a reliable literature. There were men coming to the West, passing themselves off as ministers of the gospel and desirous of laboring among the Germans; but it was found that, in a majority of instances, they were unsound on essential points of belief. Mr. Van Vliet was sorely pained by this state of affairs, and determined to found a school which should supply the needed workers. This was an undertaking of the greatest magnitude, and Mr. Van Vliet pondered it long and prayerfully before beginning. He had also the advice of the brethren of the Presbytery, and of the German brethren whose names are given above. He opened the school in 1853, with two young German students. This was the small and quiet beginning, from which, under the fostering care and blessing of God, the present institution has arisen. Instruction was given in the pastor's study, a small room in the basement of the church. After a few years a small lot 25x100 feet adjoining the church lot, was purchased, on which were two small frame buildings. The number of students grew from two to eighteen, and it became necessary for Mr. Van Vliet to have an assistant. He took Rev. Gottfried Moery, a former student, to be his helper. Mr. Moery contributed much to the success of the institution by his earnest, arduous, and self-denying labor. These accommodations, as the years rolled by, became too small, and then the present building was acquired.

The school was for the first four years under the care of the Presbyteries of Dubuque, Iowa, and of Dane, Wisconsin, and was managed by a Board of Directors, of which each Presbytery elected a certain number. In the year 1865 it was placed under the care of the General Assembly and is under its control now. It is thoroughly organized in three departments—academic, collegiate and theological. The institution has, at present, four professors and some thirty students.

The full course covers a period of seven years, and

comprises in the main those branches usually taught in a regular academic and theological education. While German is necessarily the language of the school, the English language is likewise taught. The aim of the institution is to send forth men thoroughly trained in our Presbyterian forms of doctrine and polity, who shall be qualified to reach and influence other German-speaking people of the Northwest.

Since 1853 some seventy ministers of the gospel have been sent forth from this school and are now—as many as remain outside the veil—engaged in active work of the ministry. Through the agency of this institution twenty-five Presbyterian churches have been organized among the Germans in Iowa alone, with an aggregate membership of 1,050. Of these, ten churches are self-supporting. As is natural and proper, these twenty-five churches with their twelve pastors feel the greatest interest in the institution at Dubuque, and, together with all other German Presbyterian churches in the Northwest, take up a collection each Thanksgiving day for the maintenance of the school.

In a little pamphlet, of which free use has been made above, prepared by the Board of Directors of the institution, the following paragraph occurs:

“The needs have not been lessened, nor the opportunities diminished, since the time when the father of this school looked out with sad heart on the broad prairies of the Northwest and saw no laborers to gather the harvest. The needs and opportunities have both vastly increased. The immigration of Germans is at present larger than ever. All are aware how important an element the German people of this broad Northwest has already become. Their thrift, their industry, their intelligence, their domestic virtues, are rapidly concentrating wealth and influence in their hands, while error and infidelity are sowing their pernicious seeds among them. It is evident, therefore, how important is the necessity that rests upon the church to use its utmost effort to bring this people under the influence of sound evangelical truth. And we know of no instrumentalities so well adapted to this end as those which this institution supplies. The



demand for a German Evangelical Christian ministry in the West and Northwest is daily becoming more pressing. This people are also especially predisposed toward Presbyterianism, and there is therefore the greater reason why the Presbyterian church should be foremost in efforts for their salvation."

Through all this work, the Presbytery of Dubuque has been a staunch friend and ally. The brethren were very quick to discover that in order to occupy their field to the best advantage, it was necessary for them to provide churches for the foreign populations. In Dr. Rustin's very excellent history of that Presbytery occurs the following reference to an action at its very first meeting:

"While the general missionary cause was thus earnestly pressed, a work that had already been peculiarly blessed was at once taken hold of. Some time before this a German church had been organized in Dubuque, and the brethren were easily led to perceive the great opportunity which the incoming German population offered for missionary effort. Rev. A. Van Vliet was directed to visit Allamakee county, and 'look after the interests of Presbyterianism among the German population.' This interest was, likewise, manifested in the licensure of Jacob Kolb, and in receiving Jacob Conzett under the care of Presbytery as a candidate, with the direction that he study with Mr. Van Vliet."

The action of the Presbytery, above referred to, which finally resulted in the giving of a Presbyterian literature to the Germans, is described by the same graceful writer, as follows:

"It was immediately seen that the stability of the German churches was dependent upon the supply of a sound religious literature. Dr. Phelps took the initiative in this matter at the first General Assembly in which Dubuque Presbytery was represented — the Assembly of 1856. To this Assembly he was Commissioner and introduced a resolution concerning the publication of the Confession of Faith in German. The church at large was hardly prepared for the work, and the resolution was referred to the Board of Publication. The matter, however, was not permitted to rest here. In April, 1857, the question was considered in Presbytery, and the following resolution adopted: 'In view of the increase of

German population and the manifest blessing which God has granted to our church in her labors for this class of our population, so that a number of churches have already been organized among them in this Presbytery, and many more in other parts of our country; and the vast importance, therefore, of their being furnished with a religious literature in their own language, and especially of their having the Constitution of our church (to which they are greatly attached) in their own language, this Presbytery most respectfully overtures the General Assembly to take efficient action, thereto, by requesting the Board of Publication to issue such an edition without delay.' Thus were the first steps taken towards supplying our German population with a true knowledge of our doctrine. The wisdom of this course is seen in the fact that, wherever the Germans are truly informed concerning our belief, it is not difficult to organize a Presbyterian church.

"It seems, however, that the Board of Publication had been considering the request of Dr. Phelps, referred to it, and had already undertaken the work; for the Commissioner to the Assembly of 1857 reported, to the Fall meeting of Presbytery, among other things, 'that in reference to the publication of the Confession of Faith in German, the Assembly had called upon the Secretary of the Board of Publication to state what was being done, and that he stated that the work of translation was progressing, and that an edition would be published as soon as possible.'"

As showing the importance of the work among the Germans, the following facts need to be carefully considered: The Presbytery of Dubuque comprises the following counties:

"Howard, Winneshiek, Allamakee, Chickasaw, Fayette, Clayton, Buchanan, Delaware, Dubuque, and the three eastern townships of Bremer. These contain an area of 5,641 square miles, with a population in 1880 of 201,874 of whom 47,624 were foreign-born. The population has not materially changed during the years of this decade; for of all the States Iowa has, perhaps, grown as little as any during the last eight years. But while the population has not greatly varied in numbers, it has altered very much in character. The original settlers came from the Eastern and Middle States, with a very small proportion of foreigners. The American element,

dissatisfied with slow progress, in the somewhat unsettled condition of affairs, has eagerly embraced the great opportunities of the farther West, and Iowa has become an emigrating rather than an immigrating State. The places, however, of the native-born emigrants have been taken up by foreign-born immigrants, so that whole townships that were once occupied by American people, are possessed by foreigners, and one can travel miles without hearing an English word or meeting an American. The proportion, therefore, of foreigners must be largely increased. Otherwise the figures are still approximately correct.

"But while these difficulties of the work are to be kept in mind, it must not be forgotten that the resources of the people have been immensely augmented. The State claims a greater average of rich cultivatable soil than any other State. In 1882 it stood fifth among the States in railway mileage, and has since increased its rank, it is believed, to the second place. In manufacture, mining and other sources of wealth, there has been correspondingly rapid growth. Iowa has thus become known as a wealthy and prosperous State; and our corner has participated in the general good. It is proper here to note the material character of the field. According to the carefully compiled tables of 1880, the value of the farm property within the nine counties under the jurisdiction of the Presbytery amounted to \$69,790,362; the farming implements are rated at \$3,795,004; the live stock is valued at \$12,492,786; and the annual farm productions amount to \$15,322,574. In addition to these the manufacturing tables tell of enterprise, yielding good return. There were in 1880, 1,258 establishments, operating a capital of \$6,531,764; employing 5,162 hands; paying out in wages \$1,946,566 per annum; and turning out products valued at \$12,409,970. Surely this is not a poverty-stricken region. The sinews of great enterprises for righteousness are here, if only they were consecrated to the Master's use."

From a very interesting letter penned by Prof. G. Moery the following particulars of the life of the founder of Dubuque Seminary are taken:

"The late Rev. Adrianus Van Vliet was born in Holland in the year 1809. He was brought up by his grandparents who owned a small boat with which they hauled goods from one place to another. As the boat was also

their home, and did not remain in one place for a long time, young Van Vliet had no opportunity to attend any school, in the earlier part of his life. But when he was about nine years of age, his grand-parents, having grown old, concluded to settle down in a certain place, and Adrianus was then sent to school. Circumstances must have interfered with his attendance at school for any length of time because he often, in his later years, asserted that he only went to school one half year in his whole life. But having learned to read, his desire for knowledge was so intense, that he read and studied every book he could get from his grand-father's library or borrow from neighbors. Reading and thinking had indeed become a passion with him, so that between his twelfth and sixteenth year, he was troubled with nervousness to such a degree that a doctor who was consulted forbade him, after having discovered the cause of his trouble, the reading of all books. So the library was locked up and the neighbors warned not to lend him any books. One day finding the book-case open, he took a book by stealth, went into a small grove, and sat there reading during almost the whole day without thinking of his meals. It may be remarked here that these books were not novels, but religious treatises or volumes of history.

"When of proper age, he was enlisted as a soldier and served his country five years in the war against Belgium, from which war he returned home with honors for his good conduct and bravery. After his return he worked again at his trade, being a tailor. Although under religious impressions from his earliest boyhood, he did not find peace for his soul until his twenty-seventh year. In the year 1847 he resolved to leave his fatherland and emigrate to the United States. He landed in New York in September of that year after a protracted voyage across the Atlantic. He stayed in New York for some time and married a lady he had known in Holland and who had emigrated before him. For the sake of his wife, who wished to go West, he went to St. Louis and afterwards to Galena, Illinois, where Mrs. Van Vliet died, after having been married only nine months. Here he was afflicted with a terrible rheumatic headache which lasted about three months.

"When he had somewhat recovered he went to Platteville, Wis., where he found lodgings with a pious Holland family. He soon felt at home in this place, commenced to work at his trade, but at the same time went at stated



intervals from house to house distributing German and English tracts. At first he was met with much mistrust, but after about a year the people wished for preaching.

"Prof. J. Bantly, being then a young licentiate of the Congregational church, was called by the ways of Providence to preach at Platteville, and Mr. Van Vliet assisted him with all his influence. Between these two the same relations began as between Apollos and Aquila and Priscilla (Acts 18, 24-26). After his removal to Dubuque, and the starting of the school, Mr. Van Vliet lived on a salary of from \$400 to \$500 per year, which his church made up. He never drew any salary from the institution. His assistant first supplied a church, fourteen miles from Dubuque, at \$200 a year. Afterwards he received \$200 from the school in addition."

It is with great pleasure that we give the following extracts from a letter from Prof. J. Bantly:

"Since you are already in possession of Mr. Van Vliet's earlier history, I will only say that I first formed his acquaintance when I made my first trip to Platteville, Wisconsin, in quest of my first field of labor, as a licentiate of the Congregational Association of Iowa. There I found Mr. Van Vliet, a simple man, boarding with a Holland family, working on a tailoring table, with folded legs. It took me but a very little time to find in the tailor a prodigious something. I never had come in contact with, first, so wonderful a knowledge of the Bible and its grand doctrines, and, second, so practical a personal, Christian experience. I was a mere novice in theology and Christian experience; and, so I appeared to myself, to stand before him as a little child before a mighty giant. I cannot possibly describe the degree of interest, by which I felt at once drawn toward the tailor, and although he was but little acquainted with the German language, —yet it was fortunate for me that I then was somewhat acquainted with the Holland or Dutch language, —for he talked to me in a mixture of Dutch, German and English, so I could understand him perfectly. So I took daily my Bible, and while he was sewing on his table, I sat, with my Bible, at his feet, and there I laid the foundation of my systematic theology. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the 'Articles of the Synod of Dort;' I was possessed of the 'Helvetic Confession,' and then we had also the 'Confession of Faith' of our own, and these, together with our Bible, were our text-books; and in this way we

studied theology from day to day. He was then a member of the Congregational church at Platteville, (Dr. Lewis, now of Lincoln, Neb., then being pastor of the church,) but he constantly attended my preaching, and on Monday he criticised my sermon.

"In this way, it seems to me, *two* purposes were attained,—*I* was thoroughly indoctrinated and *he* learned a good deal of German. Then I charged him to lay aside his needle and to become a minister of the gospel among the Germans, which finally he was persuaded to do, and after being licensed by the Congregational Association, of Southwestern Wisconsin, on my recommendation, removed to Dubuque, Iowa, as minister of the German church there, organized by the Rev. Peter Flury, from Switzerland, my spiritual father, but who had returned to his home in Switzerland after the death of his wife. Meanwhile both of us had agreed to join together with our churches, the Presbyterian church, Old School, and so we did. In Platteville already he began to instruct some young men in theology, and so he did in Dubuque, chiefly converts of mine, and after he had left for Dubuque, I did the same in Platteville; but soon all such students were sent to Dubuque. His text-book in theology was an old Dutch work of Dr. W. Brakel. He exerted an extraordinary influence upon young men, and they as well as his prospering church revered him. I was called by telegraph to preach his funeral sermon, which I did on the text: 1 John 1, 7: 'And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' It was a great and solemn funeral, all the church, all students, and all German ministers of the city, being present. He was in several respects a remarkable, self-made, or rather 'God-made,' man. He possessed a wonderful exegetical power, and as a preacher, although his German was very imperfect, yet his sermons were very deep and interesting, and awakened deep and earnest attention. The German church at Waukon, Iowa, put a monumental stone upon his grave and his own church inserted a 'memorial stone' into the wall at the left hand of the pulpit in his church.

"In regard to myself I would say as little as possible. The best I can say of myself is what Paul wrote towards the end of his life to his son Timothy: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.' 1 Tim. 1, 15.

“According to the flesh, I am by birth a Swiss, born on the 20th of April, 1827, at Arezen, Canton Graubunden, and am from my mother's side a descendent of a Waldensian minister of great learning and piety, Johannes Marolari, who fleeing from Piedmont, finally settled in the place where I was born, as minister of the church in that place, and under whose instruction there many students were prepared for the ministry. He was my great-grandfather, and I derived my name from him. Spiritually my descent is rather interesting. You may be aware that a certain Robert Haldane, a pious Scotchman, resorted to Geneva, Switzerland, and there gathered students of the university around him, privately instructing them in religion. One of his converts was the famous Caesar Malon. In God's providence a young man from my Canton was at Geneva attending Malon's preaching and was powerfully converted. This young man became subsequently a minister of the gospel. His name was Rev. Peter Flury, and he it was who came to Dubuque, Iowa, and under whose preaching I was, as I trust, converted. This was in 1848, when Dubuque was a small village. I was in the habit then of seeking a solitary place near the northern end of the old cemetery, in order to meditate and pray undisturbed among the oak trees. So it was on the spot where the German Seminary now stands that, strange to say, I used to kneel in prayer.

“I would only add that I enjoyed a full collegiate education in Switzerland, at Chur, in the ‘Kantons-shule,’ and after my conversion, here in Dubuque, I commenced studying theology privately for myself, with the help of Dr. Dwight's Theology, loaned to me by the Congregational minister, Dr. Holbroke—the Congregational people meanwhile helping me support my little family by five pounds of flour, six pounds of pork—and *an old straw hat!* By the Grace of God I am what I am!”

As to the need of the Dubuque Seminary, Dr. Bantly says, with a *naivete* and force which we are quite sure will be appreciated:

“First. Think of the number of millions of Germans in this country, and the numbers are growing from year to year, from day to day—over twenty per cent. of all immigrants in 1888 being Germans—not only by immigration but by natural increase, for the Germans have not yet, thank God! learned the secret of small families.

“Second. They are, as a class, intelligent, well educated, healthy, honest, hard-working, economical, liberty-loving, sober and not fanatical—and by nature religiously inclined; the material out of which staunch, persëvering Presbyterians or Calvinists are made, and when so they are most apt to stick to it. There are traits of character that seem to be such as to make it most desirable for the good of the country at large to make them Presbyterians if possible.

“Third. The German language will not become extinct in this country so soon as many seem to be dreaming. The saying, ‘Let us Americanize the Germans, and let them come into the English church, so the German may the faster die out, or let them go to the ——’ is the saying of madmen.

“Fourth. If we don’t give them the gospel, they will necessarily fall into formalism or fanaticism or into infidelity. What a power there is in the German vote, Iowa has had opportunity of late to witness, when, by the German vote, a democratic governor of Iowa was elected.

“Fifth. We can’t make use of ministers that have been educated in Germany, we must educate them here; and most all the young men that now offer themselves to be educated in our seminary are the children of our own church, and I am housing and instructing just now many young men whom I myself have baptized in our own church. Our great work is to teach them German, so that they may preach the gospel to our countrymen, that only can be reached in this way.

“Sixth. In conclusion let me say that it will be a sad and disastrous day when our school, by the withholding of a mere pittance, will be banished out of existence.”

To properly estimate the influence of the Rev. Mr. Van Vliet and the institution which he founded with so much zeal and sacrifice, we should briefly glance at the change that has been brought about, largely by this means, among the Germans of the Northwest.

In the State of Wisconsin we have eight German pastors, and eleven churches, with a membership of 760. Of these, four churches are self-sustaining. In the State of Illinois we have eleven German pastors, and fourteen churches, with a membership of 968, and of these churches,



seven are self-sustaining. In Nebraska we have ten German pastors, and ten churches, and a few preaching stations, with a total membership of 421; of these churches two are self-sustaining.

In the State of Minnesota we have only two German pastors, and three churches, with a membership of 92. In South Dakota we have two pastors, and three churches, with a membership of 108. In Kansas we have five pastors, and four churches, with a membership of 185. In the State of Texas we have three pastors, and three churches, with a membership of 233. In Oregon we have one pastor, and two churches, with a membership of sixty-eight.

Several pastors from the Dubuque school supply churches in the State of Indiana and Michigan, and one of them is pastor of a church in New York State. Two of them serve in the foreign field, the Rev. Mr. Velte in India and Rev. Mr. Berger in Siam. But the majority of the graduates from this school of the prophets, labor in the interior and Western States above indicated.

These German pastors often put their English-speaking brethren to shame by their faithful and cheerful endurance of hardships. They learn frugality and simplicity in dress and tastes not only in their childhood homes, but also in the school at Dubuque where the economy is remarkable. The professors are content with bare subsistence, and a subsistence which their English brethren would regard as little better than starvation. It surely seems that the great Presbyterian church might do more for the support of an institution which has shown its need and power by such rich fruits. Speaking of the hardships endured by these students, the Rev. J. G. Schaible, a pioneer himself in work at home and abroad, says:

“With their satchel in hand they travel from settlement to settlement, visiting the sick, breaking the bread of life, all on foot, and gladly dressed in homespun clothing, wandering from one log house to another and from one sod house to another, organizing Sunday schools and churches, being often the doctor and justice of peace

among their people. Their salary has been small; \$300 to \$400 per year, was the usual pay before the war, and since that time it has averaged about \$500, more or less. That pastor was declared rich who could buy a horse and a saddle or even some kind of a buggy for traveling. Trouble and danger by fording rivers, trouble and dangers by employing school teachers and by recommending unknown persons to Presbytery as candidates for fields of labor; trouble in churches, sickness in their own families, drove them more and more to prayer and into the arms of Jesus. They all have tried to be at peace with God, and to the honor of the Presbyterian church, to which church they had brought 4,526 members and about 13,578 children or more.

"This is only the German Presbyterian work in the West and interior, gathered by the Dubuque school and sustained by them and their friends. The eastern brethren have their Bloomfield Seminary, and they do a great work in New York and New Jersey and Pennsylvania and Ohio and other States. They have not so many churches, but much larger ones. May God help us all."

There are two German papers devoted to the interests of our church, The Presbyterianer, published in Dubuque, and The Evangelist, published in Bloomfield, New Jersey; and a Sabbath-school paper published in Pittsburg, Pa.

The following is the table of Western German work:

	Pastors.	Churches.	Members.
Iowa has. . . . .	11	25	1,050
Wisconsin has. . . . .	8	11	760
Illinois has. . . . .	11	14	968
Missouri has. . . . .	6	9	600
Nebraska has. . . . .	10	10	421
Minnesota has. . . . .	2	3	92
South Dakota has. . . . .	2	3	185
Texas has. . . . .	3	4	233
Kansas has. . . . .	5	4	185
Oregon has. . . . .	1	2	68
Totals. . . . .	61	84	4,526

This table is properly given here because the center of all this work is at Dubuque, in the State whose Presbyterian story is being given in this volume.

In the history of Dubuque Presbytery, by Dr. W. O. Ruston, already quoted from, occur these words:

“Undoubtedly the German Theological School of the Northwest is a great factor in the work among the Germans. If the Germans of this region are to be influenced by our religious spirit and conformed to the truth as unfolded in our standards, it can only be through the agency of an educated ministry. The German mind is naturally religious. From the days, when, as pagans, they roamed through the forests of Fatherland, up to the present, they have been a peculiar people, marked by an inherent spiritual conception of truth. But the spirit is restrained by the reason. Whether this is a source of strength or of weakness, is not the question. It is a fact. The only way, then, in which the heart can be reached, is through the head, so that the first requisite for this work is an educated ministry. This is what the German pleads for, and what the cause demands. No more profitable investment could be made by the church, than the liberal endowment of this institution. In blessings upon the country, in returns to the church, and, above all, in the salvation of souls, no cause offers larger promise.”

Of Mr. Van Vliet the same writer says:

“It is proper here to acknowledge the obligation of the church to Rev. A. Van Vliet, who labored long and zealously, and who overcame many obstacles in the founding of this seminary. Let honor be given to whom honor is due. The father of German Presbyterianism in the West deserves our gratitude. It was a long struggle to obtain the sympathy and coöperation of the church, but before he passed away he had the gratification of knowing that his labors were appreciated. On the occasion of the dissolution of the pastoral relation, which had bound him to the German church in Dubuque for nearly twenty years, and which took place in April, 1871, Presbytery took pains to ‘assure him of the high esteem in which he is held by all his brethren, and of our sympathy with him in the trial of his feelings, occasioned by his retirement from the active duties of his office, and further, that our prayer in his behalf shall be, that while he is gladdened by the recollection of his long career of usefulness, he may experience, in his retirement, the full measure of the consolation wherewith he has comforted those who have sat under his laborious ministry.’ The honor in which this man was held, is seen from the following memorial tribute: ‘It having pleased the Great Head of the church, on the ninth day of May last (1871),

to remove from our midst by death our beloved and venerated co-presbyter, Rev. A. Van Vliet, we place upon our Records this testimonial of our respect for his memory, and our appreciation of the kind Providence which, for so many years blessed us with an association so pleasant and so valuable. Brother Van Vliet, through all these years, showed that apostolic consecration, which was determined to know nothing among his brethern, save "Jesus Christ, and him crucified." Being a man of fine natural endowments, of extensive acquirements, of deep religious experience, of thorough devotion to his work, and of great self-denial in it, he was the instrument for the accomplishment of incalculable good to the cause of religion, in a very large section of this Northwest, and in the seminary, which he founded, and the ministers, whom he trained. Almost alone and unaided, he started influences and inaugurated agencies that will continue to yield valuable fruits. And now that he has rested from his labors, his abundant works will be following to glory as witnesses of his fidelity. Having left us this example of a devoted life, beginning in great humility, and ending in great results, we now renew our consecration to the same glorious work, and will give diligence to the ministry we have received, and so much the more as we are admonished, by this dispensation in our midst, of the uncertainty of life, and of the approach of the hour when each of us will be called to render our account to the Master and receive our reward.' "

The institution, now under the presidency of Rev. A. J. Schlager, D. D., is advancing into higher and better work, even as it is more clearly discerned, that nothing but a thorough discipline will avail in ministerial service. Dr. Schlager is a skillful instructor, a man of the noblest character and highest attainments, and the institution is fortunate in having him at its head.



## CHAPTER XV.

WORK AMONG FOREIGN POPULATIONS—THE WELSH AND  
BOHEMIANS.

A short description of the Home Missionary operations among the Welsh and Bohemians is in place here because, though not distinctively Presbyterian, the beliefs and religious usages of these brethren are more nearly allied to those of our body than to any other. Among the Welsh we find Calvinistic Methodist churches, and among the Bohemians, Reformed churches; but in doctrine and polity both are virtually constructed after our model. They should not be entirely left out, therefore, of a volume purposing to give an account of the effect of Calvinistic belief and the Presbyterian system upon a formative Western society.

There is a curious story in circulation among the Welsh as to certain members of their nation having penetrated to a region beyond the Mississippi at a very early day. In the language of Mr. James Wood, of Albany, N. Y., the story is as follows: In 1170 two brothers, David and Medoc, quarreled for the throne. The younger, Medoc, becoming disgusted, gave up the struggle, and fitting out a ship, sailed west. The next year he returned, said he had discovered a fruitful country, and called upon his friends to follow him. He had no difficulty in filling ten ships with men, women, and children. They sailed away, and, according to Welsh story, were never heard of again. This would not be worth much as history were it not that it seems confirmed by evidence found upon this side of the ocean.

In 1670, five hundred years after Medoc left Wales, a Welsh minister named Morgan was sent from New York to North Carolina to preach to some Welsh people who settled there. One day he wandered too far beyond the outskirts of the settlement and was captured by Indians. They took him many miles inland and prepared to burn him at the stake. The fagots were piled up around him, and his doom was sealed. Suddenly he exclaimed in Welsh: "Have I come so far to die like a dog at last!" To his surprise the Indian chief sprang forward, loosed his bonds and embraced him, crying in Welsh, "No, not if you speak that language!" Henceforth he was the honored guest of the tribe.

Morgan's surprise deepened when the principal members of this Indian tribe gathered around him and began to converse with him in Welsh. He preached to them and they understood him. But what amazed him most was to discover that they had a manuscript copy of the Bible in the Welsh language.

Fifteen or twenty years later an exploring party returning from beyond the Mississippi river brought the wonderful news that they had found a tribe of Indians speaking the Welsh language. They, too, had a manuscript copy of the Welsh Bible. None of their members could read it, but they kept it as a mysterious treasure, carefully rolled up in the skins of animals. Later still a party brought back word from the Red River of the North that they had found there a singular people with whitened hair and blue eyes. These people spoke the Welsh language. And Catlin speaks of a company of white people whom he saw along the banks of the Missouri, with fair hair and blue eyes. Their language was strangely mixed with a great number of Welsh words. These concurrent facts, from different and independent sources, are probably worthy of some credence and consideration. They seem to indicate that certain drops of an old civilization fell into the great ocean of aboriginal life to leave a trace of color to this day. Perhaps that manuscript Bible gained

some trophies for the Redeemer's kingdom, even out of the wild peoples who were roaming over the territory of which the present State of Iowa is a part.

As to the recent Welsh work in Iowa, we are glad to be able to present the following interesting facts compiled for us by the Rev. W. Roland Williams:

"There are not many Welsh communities in this State. The largest settlements are in the southeastern part and include large farming districts in Johnson county, Iowa county, and Louise county. At Oskaloosa, Ottumwa, and the neighboring towns, there is also a large population of Welsh people. These are mostly miners, who work in the coal mines. On the western side of the State we find three Welsh communities. These are situated in three different counties—Howard county, Clay county, and Montgomery county. In Des Moines and other large cities there is a sprinkling of Welsh population, but not enough to form a society.

"In this State, with few exceptions, the missionary work among the Welsh is undertaken by only two denominations—the Calvinistic Methodist, and the Congregational. All the churches in this State belong to one or other of these two denominations with the exception of a Baptist church in Clay county, and a Union church in Kirkville, Mahaska county. The Calvinistic Methodists have nine churches with a membership of 432 and the Congregationalists have the same number of churches and about the same membership. These two denominations are the most popular sects in Wales. The Calvinistic church predominates in the North and the Congregational in the South. This division of Wales into North and South divides the nation, small as it is, into two parts. Each portion has its own peculiar dialect and peculiar customs, and these lines of distinction are not altogether obliterated in this country. In the farming district the North-Welsh element is the stronger, while in the mining regions the majority of the people are from South Wales. In these different places the pastor who comes from the part most largely represented there has the greatest advantage in winning affection and working successfully among them.

"It is understood in our country that the Welsh are distinguished for their religiosity, and taking the nation as a whole it is undoubtedly true. To be convinced of this, we need only watch the growth of the Welsh church

in these Western States. Churches are organized as soon as sufficient families have settled together. And this takes place not so much through pressure and persuasion from without as from their own dissatisfaction to live without a place of religious worship. The usual method is to organize first a Sabbath school. Then this fact is announced in the Welsh newspapers, and it is always looked upon as the nucleus of a church. Preachers who should happen to pass through, or who live in a neighboring town, are invited to preach an occasional sermon. Then eventually results the organization of a church. The most critical time amongst them is when they consider the question of what denomination they will unite with. Sometimes this is settled very easily when there is a great majority that belong to a particular church; but in most cases in this State, as in other Western States, this matter has been the cause of some serious dissensions.

“When the community is about evenly divided between the Congregationalists and the Calvinistic Methodists, the bare majority decides the denominational question. There is no reason why these bodies could not work happily and effectively together. The Calvinistic Methodist body, although Presbyterian, has in it much of the Congregational element, and the Congregational on the other hand, by their conformity to the rulings of their councils, are becoming more Presbyterian. The difference, however, is much less between the Welsh Congregational church and the Calvinistic Methodists than between the American Congregational and our Presbyterian church. Our conviction is, that of these two churches the one first on the ground should be left in possession of the field and the representatives of the different bodies should discourage any tendency to a division. When the field is necessarily limited, why not live as brothers and sisters under the same roof? In three instances in Iowa, such divisions have taken place, viz., at Williamsburg, Wales, Montgomery county, and Excelsior, Mahaska county. In all these places it has only resulted in establishing small churches that are really too weak to support a pastor. The question was asked an elder in Williamsburg, Iowa, ‘How is it you have so many churches in such a small place?’ And his ready answer was: ‘In order to starve a number of ministers!’

“But the church that labors under the greatest disadvantage is the union church that bears no relation



to any denomination whatever. Such is the Welsh church at Kirkville. As a rule, these churches are not very flourishing. They are forced at the outset to work without any financial aid from without. They have to compile their own creed, and decide upon some form of church government. This has to be reduced in order to meet the requirements of all concerned to the most simple rudiments, which often results in too much freedom and relaxation in church discipline. Another difficulty they have to contend with is to secure a pastor willing and capable of undertaking the work. While denominationalism carried to extreme is bad, to disregard any such relation is much worse.

"Looking at the Welsh church in Iowa as a whole, they are, at present, in a very prosperous condition. Their greatest danger lies in this, that having occupied the field, erected substantial church buildings, and having no room to expand, they will fall into an indolent spirit and a spiritual stupor. They feel there is no more work for them. Emigration to their parts is at an end, their young people associating with the Americans are joining other churches, and they have nothing to do but to endeavor to hold on to what they already possess. The greatest blessing that could befall them would be a great stirring up in missionary work, both at home and abroad; and in order to do this thing they should cherish every opportunity of intercourse with the great moving denominations of the land, the Welsh Congregational with the Congregational body, and the Calvinistic Methodists with the Presbyterians.

"There are some things in the Welsh work which require special mention. It is often said by our American friend, 'Most of your people understand the English language, why is it necessary to establish Welsh churches? Why not join with us?' It seems so natural to reason thus, and in many instances it might possibly be true, but no one would argue so who knew the attachment the Welsh people have to their language. The history of this nation at home and in foreign countries proves the hold their language has upon them. At present they resemble the Jews at the time of our Lord, being bilingual. They transact their business in English, they converse in English and Welsh, but the vernacular, their sweet mother tongue has been, and will be for generations to come, the language of their spiritual devotion. On no other language has the gospel made such an impression.

The power of the pulpit has moulded the Welsh language so that it can be used with the greatest facility in expressing spiritual truths. Science has barely touched it, nor has it added any words to its vocabulary. Scientists in Wales pursue their studies in English and very few books have been published in the vernacular. The literature of Wales is preëminently theological, and when our people emigrate to this country, they can hardly be expected, even if they were able thoroughly to understand English, to surrender the use of their beloved language in which they first heard the words of salvation preached to them. I have had young men say that they do not feel as if they could worship in our American churches. Worship is the language of the heart, and the Welsh population can best be reached by preaching to them in the language of the great pulpit giants that Christianized our native land. Some very comical incidents have occurred in connection with English service among the Welsh. In one of those churches in Iowa, English service was once held. The preacher was an American, and at the close, one of the elders arose and asked him 'to loosen' the congregation. It took the bewildered preacher some time before he understood what he was to do. The elder had literally translated the Welsh idiom 'Gollwng', which means 'to let go, to loose or give up the hold on anything.' We might mention several other similar facts, to show how English service would be marred by such incidents. The great difficulty a Welshman finds is to take part in an English worship. His own personal prayers are all in Welsh and when he attempts to pray in English, he finds himself at a loss for a word to express his petition and his heart is thus interrupted in its communion with God. I knew a Welsh deacon in this State (Iowa) who resolved, in order to train himself for English work, to conduct family worship in English. A good plan for the purpose, but perhaps the purpose is not worth the sacrifice.

"A special feature in the Welsh work is their preaching anniversaries. These have been held in Wales since the time of our fathers. They are held there often in the open air, when thousands assemble together to hear the best preachers of the land. These preaching services last, often, for three, always for two days. The last day six sermons are preached—two in the morning, two in the afternoon, and two in the evening. These anniversaries have been very popular in Iowa. They are held

in the Calvinist Methodist church in connection with the meeting of their Synod and Presbyteries, and in the Congregational in connection with their Welsh Conference. Almost all the preachers that belong to the district are given an opportunity to preach in them. The last day is considered the great day of the feast. By that time many have arrived from distant settlements, and the Welsh that are scattered in various towns and cities, where there is no Welsh service, make an effort to be present. The best preachers have been reserved for the morning and afternoon services; and they are then drawn out by the occasion to do their utmost to reach the audience for Christ. No one can tell what a great power these meetings are. They are often days of spiritual rejoicing and revival. This method has, nevertheless, its peculiar temptations. One is the danger of a competitive spirit poisoning the minds of the preachers, and for the people to sit more as adjudicators than as hearers of the word of God. Sooner or later there must be a change, and it will be found more practicable and more profitable to hold conferences for a discussion of topics bearing upon the condition of the churches, and to have fewer sermons preached.

“It will not be out of place here to notice some of the characteristics of the Welsh people. It will explain why the language of the typical sermon has such a hold on the people. It has had, and still has to some extent, a peculiar intonation, which very nearly resembles chanting. It was very effectively used by our grandfathers, and where it is genuine it has, in the present age, a great effect on the people—touches their feelings and arouses them as no other style does. Another characteristic, and the most important one, is that Welsh preaching is eminently evangelical and scriptural. Their preachers are expected to know nothing save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Popular preaching in the sense of taking up the topics of the day is unknown to them. Popular preaching in its Welsh characteristics is the preaching that indulges in flights of imagination, and is delivered dramatically and with power. But it must always be steeped in gospel truth. This is one aversion the Welsh people have to some of our American churches, because Christ is not preached in them. They prefer to hear a plain, unlearned man speaking to them of the grace of God and the way of salvation, than to listen to an elab-

orate, profound treatise on a scientific or philosophical subject, by the greatest scholar.

"Before I draw this paper to a close, I want to mention some of the leading Welsh preachers in Iowa. The two who have done the most for the Welsh are the Rev. R. Hughes, Clifton, Louisa county, and the Rev. Thos. E. Hughes, late of Williamsburgh, who recently was called to a pastorate in Minnesota. They both belong to the Calvinist Methodist church, but their labors have extended to other churches besides their own. There is hardly a house in any of these settlements but that they have visited, and their visits were always a time of great blessing to the churches. Rev. R. Hughes is known as 'Bishop Hughes.'

"His fine physique, his generous spirit, his incessant care over the weak churches, and his general interest in home work, has given him such a place in the hearts of the people that they give him the respect worthy of a bishop. He is now over sixty years old, but full of vigor, and strong enough to labor for many years to come. And when he is taken home to his reward, the Welsh church of the Far West will suffer an irreparable loss.

"One of the most prominent ministers among the Welsh in the Congregational church of Iowa is the Rev. Robert Hughes, Grinnell. He has lately been given a very prominent position by the American Board.

"What will be the future of the work in this State among the Welsh is hard to tell. They seem to have already accomplished their greatest task, but it will take many generations to come before they will have fulfilled their mission. They should see that the fire is ever burning on the altar, never to go out."

The work among the Bohemians in the West is extremely interesting, though it has received little attention from our Presbyteries. It naturally falls to us, and should receive our immediate care. There is a general impression that all Bohemians are Roman Catholics. How unfounded this opinion is, could be seen at once by anyone who reflects upon the history and present religious condition of that country which has for its prince of martyrs, the noble John Huss.

In Bohemia there is a forced Romanism which is the State religion; and until recent times no form of Protest-



antism was tolerated. At present, however, both the Presbyterian church and the Lutheran church have governmental sanction. Two thirds of the Protestants of Bohemia are Presbyterians in doctrine and polity; and it will be found that nearly all the so-called reformed Bohemian churches in this country are the same.

Romanism being a matter of compulsion in the mother country, since the battle of White Mountain, November 9, 1620, it is natural that there is a more or less open revolt against the priests. It is not an unfrequent sight to see a picture of John Huss hanging side by side with a representation of the Virgin Mary on the walls of the cottages. Even the Catholic people of Bohemia relish a fling at the priest, and are by no means offended with a decided argument against the tenets of the national faith. These characteristics are continued in this country, and it is common for Catholic Bohemians to attend their own churches in the morning and a Protestant service in the evening. And frequently the preference for the marriages and baptism occurring in Bohemian families are given, irrespective of church lines, to the more popular man—whether he be priest or minister.

At the head of the Presbyterian work among the Bohemian population in the United States is the Rev. Vincent Pisek, of New York. He is using his utmost endeavors to keep the scattered flocks together until a trained Bohemian ministry can be developed. His sermons are forwarded to different congregations in the various States to be read at their public services; and it is marvelous to notice with what fidelity and perseverance these people keep together in their pastorless worship and religious life. Another man who is doing valiant service for the Bohemians is the Rev. F. Kùn, of Iowa. He is the promoter of the work in the West particularly. It is worth noticing that mission operations among the Bohemians of the Western States are fostered and directed by an Iowa minister, just as the work among the Germans, as

we saw in the last chapter, is promoted and furnished with ministers by an Iowa college and seminary. This one little State has, therefore, a wide influence among these two important populations, being indeed the fountain head of their religious life. Consequently a general survey of the religious condition of the Bohemians in several of the contiguous States may properly be given in a book on Iowa.

The center of Bohemian work in Iowa itself is Cedar Rapids and the vicinity. There is a beautiful little church in that city itself built by the Protestant Bohemians. For many years this congregation had the most friendly relations with the Presbyterians of the city and within a short time it has made formal application to be received and enrolled among the churches in the Presbytery. At Ely, Iowa, about six miles east of Cedar Rapids, is another Bohemian church ministered to by the Rev. F. Kùn already mentioned. He is a good and learned man, and is held in the highest esteem by the people among whom he has labored for many years. He has acted as a sort of general Western bishop for the countrymen and followers of John Huss, and it is mainly through his visits from year to year that the Bohemian churches in the West have been gathered and housed and fed.

The Rev. Mr. Kùn was the first ordained minister to turn his attention to the Bohemians of the West. He began his pastoral work at Ely in 1859. The second ordained pastor among these people was the Rev. Joseph Opotshensky, uncle of Mr. Kùn, who toiled for many years in Texas, and finally laid down his life, some five or six years ago, for the cause. These brethren and their helpers and successors have endured incredible hardships in their work. The spirit of the Slavonian missionaries and martyrs warms their blood. They have faced storms, forded swollen rivers, slept in sod houses or dug-outs or out upon the prairies with only the sky for a covering, patiently endured hunger, and lived in a constant struggle with overtty, animated by a sincere and consecrated purpose

to build up faith and righteousness in the hearts and lives of their countrymen. The Rev. Mr. Kun is an excellent example of an Americanized Moravian missionary. For thirty years he has toiled and suffered, making annual tours among the Western churches, confirming the weak, exhorting the unruly, marrying and baptizing and burying, building and dedicating houses of worship, until a half dozen States own him as a spiritual father. It is fitting that the great Presbyterian church should be familiar with his name, as we will undoubtedly enter more and more into the enjoyment of the fruits of his labors.

It is found that the moment the Bohemians come to the point of organizing a church, the first question is: "Whom shall we elect as our elders?" They know of no form of Protestant church government without elders, or "presbyters" as they call them; consequently the suspiciously eager work of the Congregationalists among them has not reaped the fruit that was desired and expected. There being no place for elders in the Congregational form of government, the Bohemians can't understand it, and will none of it.

There is a large Bohemian population in Kansas, but as yet the organized Protestant work among them is not extensive. There is a thrifty little church at Minden in that State. In Nebraska there are large openings for usefulness. In Omaha there is a vigorous Bohemian Presbyterian church, organized after a visit by Mr. Pisek, of New York. At Clarkson and Weston, Nebraska, there are churches of that nationality with comfortable houses of worship, but no pastors as yet. And in country settlements near Wahoo, Prague, and Clarkson, Nebraska, there are other churches similarly situated. A large Bohemian population also has settled near Wilber, in this State, and very hopeful work might be done among them. The Presbytery is taking the matter up, and it is to be hoped that our duty to them as a church, so long neglected, will now be thoroughly done.

In Dakota we have two Presbyterian Bohemian churches, owing their origin to the new impetus given to the work by Rev. Messrs. Pisek and Kùn, one in Scotland and the other near Kimball. In Wisconsin the work among this class is particularly encouraging. There is a vigorous Presbyterian church in Racine. The people meet every Sabbath evening for singing, prayers, and the reading of God's Word. The church owed its origin to Mr. Pisek, who sends his sermons to them to be read and discussed and applied to their hearts and consciences. About twenty-five families are connected with this congregation, and there is a large community of some two hundred and fifty families of the same nationality in Racine as yet unreached. About seven miles from Racine, at a little place called Tabor, is another Bohemian church. They have a pleasant and commodious edifice, but have been for twenty years without a pastor. The whole community is Bohemian and mostly Protestant. But they are fast drifting into infidelity in their shepherdless state. One of Mr. Pisek's students will supply them with the Word of Life in the near future, and it is to be hoped that the community may be rescued from that careless skepticism into which the Bohemians so easily drift. In Milwaukee there are some eight thousand Bohemians with only Roman Catholic churches among them. There is a Protestant church in Kossuthtown, Wis., belonging to this nationality, but unfortunately it has no pastor; and there are large populations of Bohemians in and near Manitowoc and Kewanee, in the same State, among whom no religious work is being done. All these inviting fields should be occupied by faithful preachers of the Word, and it is exceedingly unfortunate that the Presbyterian church has none to send. To reach them must be employed, as the apostles on the day of Pentecost employed for each class represented before them, the tongue wherein they were born.

In Minnesota a very wide field is open among the Bohemians. At Angus, in Polk county, a young student



of Mr. Pisek's had the pleasure, after much toil and sacrifice, of organizing the people into a church. They have no church building, at present, but a determined effort is being made to secure one. In Hopkins, near Minneapolis, a very handsome church edifice has been erected, and there is another at Silver Lake. At Montgomery work was started among purely Catholic Bohemians by Rev. Mr. Rundus, one of Mr. Pisek's pupils, and a most wonderful turning to Protestantism has been the result. Crowds attend every service, and a handsome church building is being erected. These are only samples of the work as it has been begun by these devoted brethren. The need is more men. At this writing only five students are preparing themselves for the work among this people. The Synodical Missionary of Minnesota declares that he would be able to use twenty Bohemian missionaries in that State alone, at the present moment.

The work among the Welsh and Bohemians in Iowa and the fields within reach of Iowa zeal, is one of the encouraging signs of the times. Both nationalities bring to us sturdy traits of character, rare patience, and easily moulded religious emotions. What a noble task is set to the church to train these people into good citizens and faithful Christians! The Past meets us here on the wide western prairies, and to its children we of the Present and Future should hold out gifts of temporal integrity and Christian usefulness! The national hymn of the Welsh, the grandest and most characteristic among the songs of nations, is now heard on our shores. There is only needed a little brotherly kindness on the part of our Presbyteries to modulate it into a hymn of loyalty to our beloved church. The crimson and black banner of the Bohemian Protestants, with its blood-red chalice on the one side and its inspiring inscription, *FIDES OMNIA VINCIT*, on the other, the banner which was so often unfurled against the Roman Catholics and under which, as the European proverb goes, the Bohemians were invincible until opposed by Bohemians, is now to be seen in the

gatherings of this people in Iowa and Nebraska and Kansas. Why should there not be a little kindly interest expressed by us in their history and their future, that this banner may be on these shores as well as on the blood-stained fields of the mother country, "displayed because of the truth!" The Welsh and the Bohemians only need to be met half way by us to be made loyal Presbyterians.

## CHAPTER XVI

## THE SYNODICAL MISSIONARIES OF IOWA.

One of the salient features of the annual meetings of a Western Synod is the report of the Synodical Missionary. The brethren listen eagerly, for in a new and rapidly growing State, all the workers are bound together by the most intimate sympathy and cordial interest in the toils and successes of the entire band, individually and collectively. In the East, a pastor may or may not know what is going on in the remoter regions of his Synod, but in the West each worker feels a personal responsibility for the whole field of operations and a personal pride in the successive triumphs as they come. The opening up of a new railroad point is a matter of vital interest to all alike, the organization of a church in a thriving town stirs all hearts, the emerging of a congregation from dependence upon the Board to self-support evokes hearty applause, and the call for special aid from some particularly unfortunate quarter awakens a ready response and a generous contribution out of the Home Missionary's slender income.

The people of the town where the Synod is being held gather in to hear the Synodical Missionary's report. He is recognized as a leader in the common work, and he always has something encouraging to present. Often there are Presbyterians fresh from the East in the audience, and they confess that nothing gives them a more striking sense of the entirely new state of affairs in which they are now plunged. The Synodical Missionary is the apostle of the mighty reformation going on in Western society. He does not hold himself above his

brethren, but is universally regarded as the focal center of all the common work. If he be a man of zeal and oratorical fire, with the picturing power of prophetic imagination, he may inspire the workers as with a draught of new wine, and give even casual hearers an irresistible impetus toward personal generosity and effort. The scene in one of our plain, frame churches of the West, when one of these earnest men is speaking, is apostolic in its simplicity and meaning. The hush and intentness of the small audience within are strikingly significant to the observer when compared with the rapidly multiplying board houses in the town outside and the wide stretches of glorious, grassy prairies beyond. The mighty work and the eager agents for accomplishing it are both present in such a scene. And the Synodical Missionary stands between the one and the other, as the discoverer, the inspirer, and the guide. He must be a man of wide sympathies, of cool judgment, of ready action, of tender brotherliness; and if in addition to these traits he have the gift of telling speech, then not the first governor of the State or the first judges of its bench exert so great an influence as he.

The items of a typical report from the Synodical Missionary are noticeable. There are the brethren who have died during the year, to be named and briefly eulogized. Usually in the Western Synods there are not many to be mentioned in the yearly necrology, as most of our workers are in the prime of life. But some of the pioneers are dropping off, and a few who came to us as middle-aged or even old men and have done valiant service, are called higher, and their names deserve reverent mention and their work a brief and cordial description. Another item in the report is the number of ministers who have left the State for other fields, usually very few. And it is noticeable that the majority of them who change their fields select one in a neighboring State, for having had a taste of the rare pleasure of working in the West, seldom does a man desire to return East.



Then the report goes on to tell how many ministers have come into the State during the year to reinforce the band of tired toilers; and the news, usually of a very encouraging character, is received with such thrills of heart, and such true rejoicing, as only they can feel who see the harvest white everywhere about them, and are conscious of the alarming and distressing fewness of the reapers. An account is also given of the seminary students who have labored within the bounds of the Synod during the preceding summer, and the older brethren are glad to hear of what has been accomplished by the zealous young cadets, who usually are so eager for a grip with the enemy. Then follows a list of the churches organized during the year, usually a goodly number, with certain hints as to the peculiar history of each. For there are differences of manifestation but the same Spirit in the organization of churches as in the career of individuals, and a variegated picture is given in every Synodical report of the trials, hardships, and reverses, endured in the several towns and cities where churches are located. An account is given of the erection of edifices and the self-sacrifices (of which the ladies usually bear the major part), conducing to this desirable consummation. There are reports of dedications of buildings and installations of pastors, in which the Synodical Missionary is always expected to take part, and there are opinions expressed as to the advisability of removing this or that church-building from the country settlement to the new towns just started on the railroads at length pushed through. There are prophecies of where men must soon be located, and predictions of the points where railroad crossings will occur; and the minds of the brethren are prepared for a little extra toil and self-sacrifice in the coming year. All of this is intensely interesting to the sturdy Home Missionaries who feel themselves parts of the rapidly shifting kaleidoscope of Western affairs. The Synodical Missionary plays upon sympathetic keys when making his report to the Synod, and whether he be an anomaly in Presby-

terial government, or not, he certainly is an absolute necessity in our breathless struggle to keep up with the material growth of the vast Western commonwealths.

It is well known that this officer is the outgrowth of recent sentiment and emergency. What the several steps leading to the creation of this office were, is well shown by the action of the Board and the several Synods of Iowa, in relation to the matter. It is all outlined in the attempts made to occupy the field in this new State, the tentative provisions made, the cross petitioning and resolutionizing, the frequent recoils and the steady advance toward the selection of a man who should have some sort of episcopal jurisdiction in this new State. The writer of this fully endorses the idea that episcopal power resides in the Presbytery, and that it can be delegated to individuals only for purposes of convenience and in times of emergency. Such convenience and emergency are the only arguments upon which he ventures to defend the appointment of Synodical Missionaries.

The New School Synod of Iowa seems to have been so wary of the procedure that very little is recorded in its Minutes as to the matter. No record is made of the appointment of a Synodical Missionary within its bounds. In 1855 three exploring and itinerant missionaries nominated by members of the Presbyteries were designated and approved. At that early day it was recognized that some provision must be made other than that which came along with the ordinary fulfillment of the duties of the Home Mission Committee, for the watching of the outlying districts. It was determined to employ the Rev. Asa Martin for the Presbytery of Des Moines; the Rev. P. S. Van Nest for the Presbyteries of Iowa City and Dubuque; and the Rev. Wm. H. Williams for the Presbytery of Keokuk. In 1856 the New School Synod asked for an additional missionary whose field should be the Presbytery of Dubuque. Whether these brethren accepted the spheres assigned to them, or whether the additional missionary was appointed, is now a matter of

uncertainty. Dr. Tappan, the present admirable stated clerk, can find no further mention of this evidently provisional measure for supplying the State with missionary oversight.

The fair presumption is that this measure did not meet the necessity, for we find the Synod taking repeated action after this, asking for the appointment of a Synodical Missionary who should have jurisdiction over the whole State. These several requests were refused by the New School Board of Missions, and it is quite evident that up to 1868 none was appointed. In that year resolutions were adopted dividing the Synod into two missionary fields, the northern comprising the tier of counties intersected by the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad and all north, together with the whole State of Nebraska; the southern the rest of the State of Iowa. At the same time Rev. George R. Carroll was recommended for the former and Rev. Wm. Campbell for the latter. There is nothing in the records, however, to show whether these brethren were commissioned or not. In 1869 the Rev. Stephen Phelps, D. D., was recommended as missionary for the northern field as above outlined, but the reunion of the two branches of the church was so near that no record was made of his work in that capacity.

There is the same lack of record in regard to the missionary work of the Old School Synod. The Rev. S. T. Wells seems to have been the first man commissioned by the Board to labor in the State of Iowa as a general overseer of the work. In Dr. Ruston's History of Dubuque Presbytery, we find the following record:

"There was an immediate equipment for aggressive work. A Standing Committee on Domestic Missions and Church Extension was appointed, consisting of Rev. Joshua Phelps, D. D., Rev. S. T. Wells, and Elder Lincoln Clark. Mr. Wells had been appointed, by the Board of Domestic Missions, as Missionary Agent and Evangelist for the Synod, and Presbytery authorized him to organize churches anywhere within the bounds of this

Presbytery where the Providence of God shall open the door and make the way clear for such organization, requiring from him a full report of all such official acts at each stated meeting of Presbytery.' Undoubtedly this commission gave greater authority than can ordinarily be safely lodged with one man, and the Presbytery has learned that it is better not to surrender its power to organize churches. But in this case it worked well, and, as a result of this canvass, many churches were organized, and the thorough cultivation of the field begun. In the Spring of 1859, the more conservative and Presbyterian spirit ruled, and it was resolved 'that no more churches be organized within the bounds of this Presbytery without the permission or direction of the Presbytery itself, or of the Committee of Domestic Missions of this Presbytery.'"

In the same admirable pamphlet we find also the following outline of Mr. Wells' work:

"Mr. Wells, the Synodical Missionary, began his work with earnestness. In April, 1856, he was able to report the organization of four churches, viz. : Ozark, in Jackson county; Greeley Grove, in Delaware county; and Volney and Rossville, in Allamakee county. In a communication to the Board of Domestic Missions, under date of July 15, 1856, he described this field, as follows: 'Dubuque Presbytery covers forty-two counties, and has twenty-one churches, all but five organized within the last two years, and seven of them not yet six months old. Six of these churches are in Dubuque county, three in Jackson, three in Delaware, two in Buchanan, two in Allamakee, and one each in Winneshiek, Mitchell, Clayton, Blackhawk, and Jones counties, leaving thirty-two counties without any of our churches.' Fifteen of these churches were in the territory now covered by Dubuque Presbytery; the others were in the parts beyond."

Mr. Wells continued his missionary labors faithfully and to the acceptance of Presbytery, until 1860, when he was appointed superintendant of Colportage on the Pacific coast, and removed to his new field of labor. Presbytery, in appreciation of his services, adopted the following resolutions:

"First—That we here record our gratitude to the Great Head of the church, for having bestowed upon this



portion of His Zion for the past five years, the faithful and efficient labors of one so devoted to her interests.

“Second—That, whilst we sincerely regret to be deprived of the further missionary labors of this brother in Northern Iowa, we do congratulate the Board of Publication and the whole church, in view of the employment of one so well qualified for the important work in which he now engages.

“Third—That our best wishes and earnest prayers for brother Wells shall accompany him, that God may vouchsafe to him a prosperous journey to his distant field of labor, a cordial reception there, and abundant fruits to the glory of God in time and in eternity.”

As to the work of Rev. Mr. Wells, we have the following record in Rev. Harvey Hostetler's extremely interesting history of the Presbytery of Fort Dodge:

“The labors of the Synodical Missionary were accompanied with many trials in those days. Mr. Wells writes that he did not work in the southern half of the State, for the reason that the Presbyteries there required him to supply the churches organized until a minister could be found. At the end of four years' labor in Northern Iowa, he had organized sixteen churches. This was deemed too rapid work by some of the brethren, who declared it impossible to find ministers for so many churches, and that no more should be organized. So the Synodical Missionary resigned his position. The population was constantly shifting. The people organized into the Algona church had only a few months before, by the same man, been organized into a church at Ozark, more than 200 miles away.”

Mr. Wells is, at this writing, living in San Buenaventura, Cal., resting from his arduous labors and waiting until the Master shall call him to his eternal reward.

The next reference we have to the work of a Synodical Missionary occurs in the records of the Synod for the year 1864. At that time a communication was received from the Rev. Stuart Mitchell, District Missionary for the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Iowa, assigning as a reason for not meeting with Synod on intimation from the Board of Domestic Missions, that the State of Iowa would shortly be detached from his district.

After him came the Rev. J. D. Mason, though the year of his appointment is uncertain. The records of synod for 1866 state that "Rev. J. D. Mason, District Missionary for this State, was invited to address the Synod." And in the Minutes of 1868 is this item: "On motion, Rev. J. D. Mason, District Missionary for this State, made a verbal report of his labors." This brother comes of excellent family, being uncle of the Hon. James G. Blaine, at this writing the Secretary of State for the United States. He is a man of culture and a most faithful preacher and laborer in the vineyard of the Master. His toils have largely contributed toward the present stability of Presbyterianism in Iowa. One of his parishioners and pupils in Latin, the Rev. A. S. Marshall, D. D., is our pastor at Marion, Iowa; whose work has already been described. Mr. Mason held the office of Synodical Missionary until the reunion of the two branches of our church in 1870, and at this writing is passing a ripe old age at Davenport, in the State for which he did so much.

In the Synod of Iowa, south, a resolution was adopted in 1870, recommending the appointment of two missionaries, one for the western and another for the eastern part of the Synod. At the same time Rev. Wm. Campbell was recommended for one year for the western half, and Rev. J. D. Mason for six months for the eastern half, to be followed by Rev. Wm. B. Noble. Mr. Mason seems to have served out his appointment, and then the office was abolished; but there is no record to show whether Mr. Campbell was ever commissioned or not. In the Synod of Iowa, North, Rev. Geo. R. Carroll was appointed as Synodical Missionary at the meeting of 1871, but did not enter upon his work until May, 1872. He continued in office, toiling faithfully in the arduous and perplexing tasks above described as falling to such an officer's share, until 1875, when the Rev. A. K. Baird was chosen. This very excellent brother remained in office until the reconstruction of the Synod, in 1882. When the new Synod of Iowa was formed in that State, Rev. Turner

S. Bailey, D. D., was recommended. He entered upon his duties the first of January following, and has continued in office up to the present time.

In order to give an idea of the work of the Synodical Missionary, and the sort of men now engaged in it, a brief account may here be inserted of the life and labors of Rev. T. S. Bailey, D.D. This is done not with any view of unduly eulogizing a man who still lives and has many years of active service before him, we trust, but simply with the hope that such a sketch will show our readers just what is being done in our western Synods, and a typical member of the band doing it. Dr. Bailey was born at Bloomington, Erie county, Ohio, in 1841. His father and mother were Free Will Baptists, but both died when he was a very little boy, and he received little religious instruction from them. At eight years of age he was left an orphan. In the year 1855 he came to Chickasaw county, Iowa, with an uncle, driving a team most of the way from Ohio to their new home. He was thus a drop in that remarkable tide of immigration to Iowa in 1854 and 1855, already described.

In the new home the lad was soon thrown on his own resources. At fourteen years of age he determined to shift for himself, and from that time on he has tasted the bitter and the sweets of self-support. In his seventeenth year he made a profession of religion and was immersed in the Wapsipinicon river, in mid-winter, through a hole cut in eighteen inches of ice. Doubtless he will never do so again. In the spring of 1859 he left his friends and went to teaching school in Clayton county. He taught his first term in a log school-house, and received for his labors a salary of twelve dollars a month and the privilege of boarding round the district. That summer, for exercise, he grubbed out a piece of land by the acre, devoting his mornings and evenings to this arduous but manly labor. The next year he taught in Dubuque county, at an increased salary, and with some additional

comforts, though his training was not yet interfered with by too great luxury.

Feeling his need of further instruction in order to be prepared for his work, he entered upon a course at Epworth Seminary, an institution under Methodist control. While there he united with the M. E. church. But not long after this, for the first time in his life, he heard a Presbyterian sermon. It was delivered by the Rev. A. E. Taylor, D.D., then pastor of the First Presbyterian church (Old School), of Dubuque. Dr. Taylor came out to Epworth to conduct services on Wednesday evenings. The young student's interest in these Presbyterian services continued until he was led to make an examination of the reasons for being a member of that church. He joined the Sabbath school, and being more and more interested in the form of doctrine taught by us, came at length to consider himself, by conviction and faith, though not by birth, a Presbyterian. Consequently he asked for a letter from the M. E. church to ours, and in the spring of 1861 united with the Presbyterian church in Epworth. This varied religious history developed the vigor of Dr. Bailey's belief, and also resulted in that wide interdenominational charity and sympathy for which he is distinguished. Such a struggle is by no means unimportant in the life of a man who deals, as Dr. Bailey now does, with the troublesome questions in the borderland between the great Christian sects.

While he was attending the seminary at Epworth, the war broke out, and the young student enlisted at the first call for 300,000 men for three years. He enlisted in Dubuque in May, and was sworn into the United States' service at Keokuk, and placed in Company A, of the Third Regiment of Iowa volunteers. He served with that regiment during his military career, participating in the battles of Blue Mills Landing, Shiloh, Hatchie River, the Siege of Vicksburg, and the second battle of Jackson, Miss. On July 12, 1863, at Jackson, Miss., he was wounded in a charge on the works, resulting in the loss of



his right arm. For this cause he was honorably discharged. In October he returned to Epworth and taught school the following winter. His army experience still further developed his patience, self-reliance, and manliness, and through it all he carried that devout piety, which was not only a great consolation to himself, but also a source of comfort to many a poor dying comrade on the field of battle.

In the spring of 1864 he entered the normal department of the State University at Iowa City. Having no means he secured a position where he worked for his board. During the summer vacation he sought various means of securing the necessary funds to complete his education. The hardships he endured at this period of his life are those which many an indigent student has passed through, and emerged into usefulness and honor, though he was considerably impeded by his being deprived of one hand. In spite of this lack he made a full man in the harvest field one summer, had an experience in canvassing, in boarding himself with all its self-denials, and one winter he taught at New Boston, Ill. For four months he occupied the position of principal of the Denmark Academy in Lee county, keeping up his studies meanwhile.

In the spring of 1865 he was overwhelmed with the sense of his duty and obligation to preach the gospel. This thought swept upon him as a mighty tide, though for several years the waters had been gathering. Now he gave up every other aim, applied himself diligently to his studies, graduated from both the Academical and Normal departments of the State University, in 1869. In the fall of the same year he entered the Seminary of the Northwest, now McCormick Seminary, at Chicago; studied there two years, and took his third year at Union Theological Seminary, in New York. His first seminary vacation he spent preaching at De Soto and Earlham, in Madison county, Iowa, his second vacation at Epworth, Peosta, and Farley, Dubuque county. He returned to this

field after his graduation, in 1872, was ordained and installed pastor of the three churches, preaching three times on Sabbath, and receiving therefor the usual Home Missionary salary of \$800. In order to accept this, he declined an offer of \$1,500, made him by a prominent town in Iowa to become its principal of public instruction.

From that time until his election to the office of Synodical Missionary, he did typical Home Mission work, organizing churches, erecting buildings, facing storms, preaching under trees or under roofs, as the case might be, and endeavoring always to do the full work of an evangelist and pastor. As will be seen, Dr. Bailey is an Iowa man, out and out. His heart is in the work. He knows the State thoroughly, and is fully alive to its needs and its future. His struggles have only fitted him for the task set to him by Providence, and he is now convinced that God has all along been leading him in the best possible way. Something of his spirit may be gathered from the following ringing words taken out of one of his recent reports to Synod:

“DEAR BRETHREN: Twelve months of missionary effort in a great State like ours, in such times as these, means much of opportunity, joy, and anxiety. I recognize more than ever before the meaning of Paul’s expression, ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ As I come to know more about the details of our work, I appreciate more fully the efforts of our Home Missionaries, who, without demonstration, are quietly establishing and nourishing the feeble churches. I see the magnitude and importance of their work as it looms up against the horizon of a lost and ruined world. The mother, in her humble home, nursing her infant child, seems, to the thoughtless, to be playing an unimportant part in the busy world. Her charge is so small, only an infant. Her work shows and she reaps her reward when her babe becomes a nation’s leader or a champion of some noble cause for humanity’s good. The man is only the infant developed. So these brethren who plant and nourish the feeble churches are laying foundations for the world’s evangelization. This *Home Mission*, brethren, is the foundation of *all* our mission work. I notice with satisfaction that in the

Synod's report on Foreign Missions, last year, among the three Presbyteries that did not fall off in their contributions or slacken in their zeal for this work, was our most distinctly Home Mission Presbytery. The only way to insure a good orchard and abundant fruit for transportation is to keep planting and take good care of the trees. If we do our part toward fulfilling the Master's great commission, 'Go ye into *all* the world and preach the gospel to *every* creature,' we must look well to our *home* field and our small churches."

## CHAPTER XVII.

## WOMAN'S WORK.

Marion Harland, being a minister's wife, and therefore having special facilities for judging, declares that: "In no profession, politics excepted, do personal address and individual popularity avail for more than in that of the clergyman. In no other profession, vocation, or craft, do a man's domestic relations so seriously affect his success. The physician may be a thrice-wedded widower in quest of a fourth twin-soul, or a *divorcé*, or an exemplary Benedict, and not gain or lose a patient as the result of any of these conditions. The lawyer's private life lies entirely without the walls of office and court-room. Merchant and manufacturer command custom according to the excellence of their wares and their cleverness in putting them on the market. That Xantippe is a pestilent scold, does not mar the force of Professor Socrates's lectures; Crispin may beat his 'woman' daily, yet warrant a perfect fit; homely unlettered Rachel Jackson could not keep her husband out of the Presidential chair, nor fascinating Frances Cleveland keep her's in it."

But a minister must be well-married, and yet not too well-married in order that he may be a success. The wife may greatly aid the minister when all is going well, but when once his popularity begins to wane, all her winsomeness and virtues count for nothing in reinstating him in the favor of his flock. In the hour of his success the wife is everything; in the hour of his need she can do nothing but comfort him and weep.



Especially in Home Missionary fields is a minister a social force. If he succeed not in being hale-fellow to the several elements in the conglomerate Western society he is voted a boor and a bore, and that is the end of his influence in that community. This is not to be understood as meaning that a proper dignity and a consecrated bearing are not consistent with wide and adaptable friendliness on the streets and in the postoffice and in the stores. To be a success in the West, a minister must be friendly and yet not too friendly, a social force, and yet neither too social nor too forceful, and in this delicate attitude and work his wife must come in as a powerful, though hidden and unseen coadjutor.

It has been said in more than one cluster of young ladies that not one of them would marry a minister; oh no, not for worlds! And yet, strangely enough, it is a well-known fact that few gentlemen of the cloth are deprived of help-meets on account of the irreconcilable antipathy of the fair sex to sharing the titles and emoluments of the ministerial office. In each particular case, perhaps, the scruples of the feminine nature are overcome by the attractions of the educated, refined, well-dressed individual who presents himself as a candidate for her hand, it being fair to presume that a good minister will, of necessity, make a good husband. Many a sweet young girl, out of a good family, many a thriving school teacher, on a handsome salary, has been beguiled into a match with the young theologian partly by her reason and partly by her piety, and perhaps a little by her pride. If at the bottom of all this there is a sincere and growing love, all is well; otherwise, there are two useful careers wrecked.

Now, the object of this chapter is by no means to make young ministers a drug in the matrimonial market. Quite the contrary, for it is surely capable of proof that the life of a consecrated minister's wife, in spite of all its hardships, to be hereinafter confessed and described, has every element of earthly and heavenly success and

gratification in it. If there be any woman upon whom the angels look down with pride and appreciation, it is the faithful wife of a Home Missionary, who lives for her love, and glories even in poverties and privations for his sake. While she can support him with her tact and patience and gentleness in one field, she is quite content to do so. When all her winsomeness cannot bolster him up longer, she cheerfully makes her preparations for moving to a new field, thinking up and announcing a thousand reasons for the advisability of the move—reasons residing in the husband's health, the children's education, the general good of society—anything but confessed failure of her lord to meet the demands in the field about to be left.

A large part of the hardships endured by the wife of a Home Missionary grow out of the new state of society in which she finds herself. The deprivations of frontier life fall more heavily on her than on her husband. He has the work to think of, his Sabbath school to gather, his church to organize, his elders to instruct and manage, and his town to evangelize. The raw material on which a minister works is human nature, and that is practically the same everywhere. He feels the lack of book stores and minister's meetings, and brotherly touch and a thousand other things; but his deprivations are rather in the sphere of his luxuries than his absolute necessities. But with the wife it is different. She has come out of an Eastern home in which there was more or less comfort and elegance. Rarely has she been reared in an atmosphere of poverty and struggle. The kitchen in which she learned to bake and cook was plentifully supplied with handy utensils. The table she was accustomed, as a little girl, to prepare for the evening meal against papa's return was made attractive by the presence of china and silverware and perhaps a vase or two for flowers. There was usually hired help to do the drudgery, and always the mother to oversee the tasks and sometimes sisters to lend a helping hand.

Just picture such a young bride, as this girl would make, brought out to an Iowa prairie, put down out of a stage or lumber wagon at the door of a log cabin or sod hut, and told to get to work to make the place look homelike! For a table she has a pine box, for chairs a collection of stools, or at best only board-bottomed affairs, for utensils a miscellaneous collection of tin-ware too dear to be soon replenished, and for dishes only earthenware. She must do all the work herself. The cabin has a loft in which they sleep, if they be particularly fortunate, otherwise all the work and all the living are done in the one room down stairs—or down ladder rather, for seldom were there any stairs in those early parsonages. The husband laughs at the discomforts, because he is living in a halo of imaginative fervor and enthusiasm, but alas they are all too real and commonplace for the wife! The house becomes more and more a free hotel for the brethren and sisters passing through that part of the country. Farm people in the congregation drop in to get dinner at the minister's when they are in town trading. Presbytery and Synod seem to follow each other in rapid succession. There are donation parties at which more is consumed than is left and more work caused than substantial benefit conferred. In all these, doubtless, there are compensations in the Christian intercourse with men and women who are engaged in the same work and fired by the same hopes, and in the cordial, if perhaps ill-timed and too often thoughtless, sociability of the parishioners. But most of the unfavorable and unfortunate things of this state of affairs fall to the lot of the wife, and no wonder that her heart is often sad as she sees her hands hardening and feels her limbs stiffening, and sees in the cheap, distorting mirror that her hair is turning prematurely grey.

Usually she is a woman with some literary and artistic ideals. If she were not intellectual and pious she would never have married the minister at all. So a large part of her hardship comes from the forced denial to

herself of all those little projects and plans she had laid out for her mental recreation. Humdrum comes into her life as the hungry giant to eat up the infant Ideal. Time for reading, or thought, or literary work, or painting becomes harder and harder to "redeem" from the hand of cruel necessity as the years pass. There is no sadder sight for angels to look upon than a gifted and sweetly-ambitious woman, with a heart full of resolves and a brain full of poetry, drifting with many a sigh and struggle and regret into the monotonous and cheerless calm of a work-a-day drudgery.

Then the children begin to come—and they keep coming. God is very generous to ministers in the matter of little blossoms and smiling blessings. They come inversely as the amount of salary. Now the tired wife and mother needs the day for work and the night for worry, and usually both are appropriated without murmur or protest. Her husband, dear man, must have his rest. He is a public character and his nap after dinner and his good sleep at night, no matter what may be the state of the baby's colic or measles, are unchangeable features of the household. The smallness of his salary concerns his wife largely. Men of the world love to fling at ministers as being deficient in business capacity, and doubtless there is truth in the charge, but we challenge any business man to do as much with six hundred dollars as the minister and his wife—the latter rather than the former—do. It would take a Homer rather than a Longfellow to write a proper hymn in praise of the economy and management of ministers' wives, for every line would need to be heroic, and there would need to be whole Iliads of it. The work of

"Darning little stockings  
For restless little feet,  
Washing little faces  
To make them clean and sweet,"

takes of the pathetic and iambic element when there must be the strictest self-denial to buy the yarn and the sponge.



Then the very spiritual-mindedness of ministers results in hardships to their wives. There is such a thing as being too heavenly in thought. One of the fine sayings of Mrs. Poyser, is this: "I believe in spirituality—I have no quarrel with that,—but I do like my potatoes meally." In this present world we need to give some attention to carnal things, or the home life will be one long misery. If the husband pays no attention to physical conditions, the whole burden falls upon his wife: and this is usually the case in the minister's house. No class of human souls has a harder discipline with the forces that make for unrighteousness than the helpmeets of the messengers of the gospel. The consequence is that no class of women shows grander traits of gentleness, self-reliance, mastery of things at home and suspicion of things abroad, worldly-shrewdness and heavenly-trust, than ministers' wives.

An actual case giving the life of a Home Missionary's wife in Iowa may be of interest. It is made up from some notes furnished us by Mrs. Geo. C. Beaman, wife of the noble pioneer whose life's history has been already given. When Mr. Beaman moved his family to Montrose a house was pointed out to him as being suitable for a residence. It was a log cabin, 16 x 18 feet, and finished as the primitive dwellings of the time usually were. It stood in the outskirts of the little village, but was selected by the minister and his wife because of the good water to be found on the premises and the abundant pasturage for their horse and cow. As Mr. Beaman led his wife into this forbidding domicile, she looked smilingly around and said cheerfully: "Yes, I agree to live here one year *without grumbling*." She knew very well what hardships she would be compelled to endure, but she had the blood of the Crichtons in her veins, and that has shown courage on the deck of ships as well as on the earth-floors of the Home Missionary's cabin.

The horse and cow were turned out to graze, and it is particularly worthy of notice that this brave mission-

ary's wife took delight in the thought of the abundant food for the dumb beasts—so close are the ties between pioneers and the animals which serve them. Indeed the Home Missionary cannot prosecute his work without a horse, and consequently he will be found to be an ardent lover of that animal. Mr. Beaman had brought this horse all the way from Ohio. Much of the journey the faithful beast had patiently made on his own legs, the rest on the deck of a steamboat. He was just suited to the wants of a missionary, large, prompt, gentle, with plenty of speed and endurance, and Mr. Beaman took pride in him, not only for his "points," but also for the work that could be done through his powers. The sorrow felt both by the minister and his wife can well be understood, then, when the Mormons at length stole the noble animal on which so many miles had been covered and so many missionary appointments kept. A second horse was given Mr. Beaman to use. On the very first Sabbath, after he returned from preaching in the country, he turned out this animal in the pasture, and before morning the Mormons had appropriated him also. There is something that strikes the fancy and moves the heart in the grief expressed over these horses by Mrs. Beaman, to whom in their primitive state of society the associations with an affectionate horse were especially requisite and delightful.

During a portion of his stay in Montrose Mr. Beaman preached in the Government barracks, as the town had been a military post. But this building was too cold and cheerless for winter services, and hence it was decided to hold the services in the house of the pastor. This entailed a great deal of work upon the pastor's wife, but it was all cheerfully borne. At this time a school was being taught by the minister and his wife, the first one to be found in Montrose, and this also was held in the parsonage. Any housewife can imagine what would be the condition of the sitting room after a group of restless children had been in it all day, and what would be the state of the teacher's nerves when, school having been

dismissed, she was at liberty to resume the duties of housekeeper and tidy up.

Mrs. Beaman has nothing to say of their hardships, save what is hinted at in the necessary description of their life at that time; but she details their blessings with a full and thankful heart. She says: "Our greatest blessings, both temporal and spiritual, sometimes come to us unexpectedly, as witness the following: During our early years in Iowa the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society sent libraries to missionaries to distribute, with names of donors enclosed, and requesting such schools to report to them. Mr. Beaman chose a library from Springfield, Massachusetts, for our school, reported accordingly, and gave some account of his field of labor. Immediately the superintendent of the school from which the books came, wrote back, inquiring of my husband if he was the Mr. Beaman that was in Amherst at a certain time, and who had a sister in a certain tailor's shop, learning the trade. The letter continued: 'If you are, and I am pretty sure you are, I want you to go to a tailor, get measured for a suit of clothes, send the measure to me and I will send you one.' He added further, 'And then I will tell you something better than that.' My husband obeyed. Then came another letter saying, 'You remember you came to bid your sister goodbye when ready to start for college. She was not a Christian. You talked with her, exhorted and entreated her to come to a decision, to give her heart to the Saviour. Well, I heard every word you said, and could not rest until I had given my heart and life to God through Christ. Then we had a prayer meeting in the shop until the place became too small for us, when it was removed to the church and a great revival followed.' The sister had returned to her home before this and knew nothing of the revival. She soon after became a Christian. Thus, after almost twenty years the news of the blessing God had sent to that faithful seed-sowing came to us in Montrose, Iowa, and it may be imagined with what pleasure

my husband wore the suit sent by this gentleman—the finest suit he ever had in Iowa.”

During their residence in Croton, Iowa, on the Des Moines river, the War of the Rebellion took place. On the 5th of August, 1861, the battle of Athens was fought in Missouri, just across the river. The bullets flew over their heads and house. Rev. S. S. Howe says that Mr. Beaman stood in his doorway, rifle in hand, then and afterwards to defend his possessions from the Southern marauders. While the battle was raging the missionary's family sought shelter in the woods behind the house, hardly knowing, however, whether it was best to go or stay. The battle was hardly a great one, though its results were important. It occurred on the northernmost spot attained by the rebels during the unhappy strife, and had Col. Moore, who commanded the Union forces been overpowered, the whole of Iowa would undoubtedly have been devastated. This was the object and the boastful threat of the rebels; but fortunately the troops, under Col. Moore, were victorious, and the rebels were driven back. For months afterward, however, the settlers in Iowa lived in constant fear and anxiety. Reports kept coming that an invasion was imminent, and with the others Mrs. Beaman needed all her Christian fortitude to do daily duty under such circumstances. The best report of the battle of Athens was written by Rev. Mr. Beaman, and it has recently been republished in the Keokuk papers.

Among the blessings referred to by Mrs. Beaman is the intercourse held by her husband and herself with the devoted brethren and their wives who were on the frontier together. And, indeed, their mutual sympathy and coöperation must have been sweet and consoling. She tells of a night when the Rev. Mr. Boyd appeared on horseback before their door. It was late and they had retired, but how gladly they arose to minister to the wants of this faithful Home Missionary and hear of his journeys and perils and successes in the Master's cause.



He was, at that time, on his way to Des Moines, then a mere village, and his purpose was to organize Presbyterianism there. She speaks of the Rev. Williston Jones, whom they had known in Ohio, and of the Rev. W. H. Williams, who was her husband's brother-beloved. With the latter Mr. Beaman was accustomed to journey about the country, holding revival services in school-houses and barns and saloons, and cabins, and preceding communion Sabbaths in many rural districts with a week's special meetings. This custom was also observed in the churches over which Mr. Beaman was pastor, and then the tired wife greatly enjoyed the goodly conversation and cheerful companionship of Mr. Williams, who was truly a man of God. The brotherly sympathy between these two pioneer workers was beautiful to see, and remains as a precious remembrance in the hearts of their widows, still living, and their children who follow in their footsteps. Such companionship is one of the amenities and compensations of Home Missionary toil.

Another pleasing incident in the life of Mr. and Mrs. Beaman at Montrose, clearly shows God's leading providence in little things. In early times, the up-river steamboats stopped for some hours at Montrose to unload freight, the village being at the head of the rapids. While this operation was being carried on it was quite common for passengers to cross the river to inspect the great Mormon temple which stood upon the other side. On one occasion a Congregational minister from Massachusetts, who had been a classmate of Mr. Beaman's in college, was among the number of these visitors. Now, it so happened that Mr. Beaman also had crossed the river that day with a carpenter, to take down a house he had bought in the Mormon town. The old classmates unexpectedly met face to face.

"Why, Beaman is this you?" cried the Congregational minister, while the missionary uttered a similar exclamation at finding his old friend so far from home.

Then they inspected each other. Seeing the mis-

sionary with his coat off, working away at the house and apparently very much at home, the stranger from Massachusetts was evidently nonplussed.

"Beaman," he said at length, "I am grieved to see you in these surroundings. I thought you were intending to study for the ministry."

"Well, I am a minister," replied Mr. Beaman.

"What!" cried the other, recoiling from him, "you don't mean to tell me that you have descended so low as to become a Mormon elder?"

The missionary endeavored to soothe his friend's trepidation by saying that he was a Presbyterian and that his field was on the Iowa side of the Father of Waters. But the shrewd brother from the East was not satisfied. He was hurried along to the temple by the other members of the party from the steamboat, so that no further conversation was possible with his old acquaintance but he inwardly determined to sift the matter to the bottom.

After returning to the boat, the Congregational stranger found that he had still some time at his disposal, so he started out in the village inquiring for the missionary's residence. He was directed to the log cabin in the outskirts of the little settlement already described. Mrs. Beaman was churning that morning. She saw the stranger approaching, but little did she imagine what a tumult of righteous indignation was raging in the good man's soul.

"Madam," said the new comer, "I am informed that you are Mrs. Beaman. Is that correct?"

"Quite so" said the missionary's wife, never stopping the splashety-splash of her churn.

"Are you a Mrs. Beaman or *the* Mrs. Beaman?"

"I do not quite understand you."

"How many other wives has your husband?"

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the Home Missionary's wife; and perhaps it was fortunate for the Massachusetts gentleman that the churn-dasher was not easily

removable or it might have been wielded as a weapon of wifely aggression.

Many other questions followed, and at length the stranger was satisfied that the missionary's representations had been true and that he had no leaning to the doctrines of Joseph Smith. Then he was moved to deepest sympathy for the evident hardships and self-denial in the daily life of his classmate and his wife. He walked in and inspected the diminutive quarters. Mr. Beaman's book case was so placed in the room as to serve as a partition to shut off the bedroom corner. The visitor examined these and other appointments carefully, his eye always coming back to the useful churn whose dasher was still splashing under the hands of the housewife.

"The library and the churn!" said he at length. "The ornamental and the useful, the professional and the practical! God bless you, don't be discouraged."

Before leaving he asked if the missionary's wife would accept a box, and she replied that she would do so very thankfully. Then the visitor hurried away to his steamer. In due time the box arrived, and it came most opportunely as missionary boxes have a way of doing. A young minister and his bride had recently come into Iowa and were stopping at the Beaman cabin. With that ready, practical interest in the welfare of others which characterized her, Mrs. Beaman learned from the young wife that her husband was really suffering for underclothing. He had spent all his slender supply of funds in getting an education and had come West without stopping to prepare for the severities of the weather. He had thrown himself into the battle without delaying to fall upon his knees to drink even of the necessities of life, and so he showed himself a worthy successor of Gideon's three hundred. Who can picture the joys of generosity in that humble cabin when the treasures of the box were divided where there was the most need? Mrs. Beaman writes of the occurrence with touching simplicity as follows: "So we had the privilege of furnishing him with

necessaries; and I believe I enjoyed that more than I did the use of what was left — for we were not so very much in need.”

The conclusion of Mrs. Beaman’s letter, written now when the dear old lady is very near the end of her pilgrimage, should be given in all its pathetic simplicity. It is as follows: “There is no part of my married life that I look back upon with more pleasure than our first years in Iowa. We might almost say that we built on no man’s foundation, either temporal or spiritual. We brought with us apple trees, grape and shrubbery roots, bulbs and seeds. Mr. Beaman sodded a small plat in front of our humble cabin, and around this we planted and sowed. He also made a long flower bed near the gate. It was a rainy spring, and everything grew. The little apple trees blossomed, the grape vines grew a number of feet, and the roses bloomed. And besides we had a good vegetable garden. An old man came there one day when things were in their prime. He stood awhile looking around and then said:

“‘Well, I think you must have the garden of Eden here.’

“The third season we had a Sabbath-school celebration in the woods and a long table was set for the accommodation of the guests. We had the pleasure of supplying the grapes for the occasion, and we took pride in knowing that they were the first that had been grown in Iowa.

“It was a great day for us when we succeeded in putting a porch at the back of the cabin to serve as our summer dining-room and kitchen. We stood the stove at one end of this improvised summer kitchen and thus our cabin was kept cool. What pleasant company we had in those early days, when the ministers and their wives came our way! Mrs. Beaman’s sister came to us from New Orleans when we had been in the cabin but a short time. She had been in the habit of spending the hottest months with us when we lived in Ohio. When



she saw our present humble abode she just sat down and cried like a child.

“‘Oh, what would the friends East say if they knew how you have to live!’ she sobbed.

“We answered her quite cheerfully and persuaded her to make a visit at Galesburg until we should be fixed up.

“‘You will not know us when you return and find us prepared for visitors,’ we said to her at parting. And indeed she was greatly surprised at the improvement we were able to make in her absence and remained with us quite contentedly, until she was taken sick, as were all others of my household save myself, with chills and fever.

“Our great trial came the second season. Our beloved daughter died very suddenly, just as we had partly moved into our new house. Our only consolation was that she trusted in her Saviour. Doubtless she is in that Home not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. But how we missed her, I need not try to tell.”

Another brief sketch of the life of an actual Home Missionary's wife may be of interest. She was born in New York State, on the banks of lovely Lake Champlain, and all her girlhood was passed in ease and luxury. Her brother, coming home from college, brought a classmate with him and the result was an attachment between this stranger and the young girl, and in due time a wedding. The young husband had not a penny in the world, but he had a thoroughly consecrated spirit and hence offered himself to the Domestic Board for work in the West. Fields were open to him in the East, but he thought that his duty lay in the vast new prairie land of missionary operations; and so declining even an offer from a church in New York city, he turned his face westward. The salary offered was only \$250 per annum, but this, he thought, would be amply sufficient for their wants in the primitive society to which they were going.

The beautiful young bride knew nothing of the value

of money, and over her plump, rosy cheeks passed no shade of fear or anxiety as they left the ancestral roof to face the world. Her husband borrowed the money to pay their passage around the lakes to Chicago, then a mere village by the side of the wild Michigan. From Chicago they crossed Illinois in stages, the roads being very muddy and treacherous, and after many incidents and dangers in flood and field they reached the scene of their labors. A log cabin had been provided for them, having one room and the usual loft. The neighbors had brought in a box and a couple of stools and a bed for furniture. There was neither floor nor carpet, and it is not to be wondered at that the young wife felt a lump gathering in her throat as she surveyed the scene of her future residence.

This was in 1849. The settlers were few and far between. They were rough, but hospitable and cordial. The missionary made long circuits twice a year to supply the people of that vast district with the preaching of the gospel, and these absences were times of anxiety and loneliness to the young wife. She began to find that housekeeping on two hundred and fifty dollars a year was not the pleasurable picnicing she had fancied it to be. When the pinch of poverty began to be felt, she cast about to see how she could eke out the slender income. She was an accomplished French scholar, and the thought occurred to her that she might do something by teaching that language to the children of the settlers. Finally she broached the idea to some of the ladies of the congregation, but it did not seem to meet with popular favor. "The minister's wife knows French and therefore must be stuck up," was the general verdict. Others said, "If she wants to teach our children, let her teach 'em plain English and arithmetic and such things." The result was that the missionary's wife, in order to prove her humility, was compelled to open a little school in her cabin for teaching the rudiments of education. The remuneration fell off to next to nothing, but

once begun the school became a condition to the minister's remaining in the field and could not be discontinued. However, some of the lads taught in that cabin are now honored and useful men, and perhaps the over-worked teacher looks down complacently upon them from her place beyond the stars.

Children were born to the missionary's wife. There was first a girl, and then a boy, and then another girl. These clung to her skirts as she went about her household duties or taught her rustic school. In a scourge that swept over that primitive settlement, the oldest child and the boy were taken away, and their cold little forms were buried out upon the bare hills. Then other children were born, but the second daughter was taken away by means of an injury received when at play. The minister was moved to change his field more than once, but seldom were they able to keep a girl to do the housework. Ten children were born to them in all, of whom only three lived beyond the limits of infancy or early childhood.

The tired mother grew thin and prematurely old. Often, having made calls in the afternoon to meet the exacting conditions of the pastoral office at that time, she would do her washing or her ironing after dark. Oh, how the poor back ached! Her oldest living boy carried the hot irons from the stove for her many an hour, and never will he forget the hiss of his weary mother's tears as they fell upon the scorching iron! On a night when she was thus at work and the rain was coming in at the defective roof, her shoulders were wet and she caught a cold of which she never recovered. She gave her life for Home Missions! Her two sons are now preaching the gospel on Home Missionary ground. And surely such a life, in its patience, toil and devotion, in its painful humdrum and its self-denying, work-a-day worry, in its forgetfulness of selfish ease and its loyalty to her husband and her Lord, is as worthy our remembrance and our praise as is the

heroism of Mrs. Paton, who died on far Tama at her husband's side, or that of Mrs. Chambers, who laid down her life for the benefit of the natives of New Guinea. We must by no means forget or ignore the devotion and Christ-likeness of the women on the missionary fields of our own land.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## WOMAN'S MISSION WORK IN IOWA.

It has well been said that the mission of the church is Missions. The fundamental principle of our organization, as a household of God, is that we are to care for our brethren who are scattered abroad. It is extremely interesting to notice how soon this idea took possession of the devoted women in the new State of Iowa. Scarcely were the feeble Home Missionary churches able to stand alone before they began to reach out a helping hand to the men and women of foreign countries. Indeed, to outsiders, the strange spectacle was seen on the prairies of little organizations still receiving aid from the Home Board, and yet taking an annual collection for the Foreign Board. The principle of world-wide love, which springs up even in the breast of the savages of Africa and the sea-isles whenever they once are converted, operates quite as forcibly among the sturdy people of our Western churches, and "All men for Christ!" is becoming the universal motto.

For the following very interesting account of this work we are indebted to the graceful pen of an Iowa lady who is deeply interested in the cause of Missions at home and abroad:

"For the latter years of the nineteenth century, a time filled with vast enterprises and wonderful inventions, is reserved the fulfillment of the prophecy contained in Psalms 68; 11: 'The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host.' It is scarcely twenty-five years since a few Christian women, awakened by the Spirit of God to a new sense of the

responsibility resting upon them as Christian women, looked abroad over the Spiritual destitution in their own land, and tarrying not in Jerusalem nor yet in Samaria, their vision included the 'regions beyond,' even 'the uttermost parts of the earth;' and the last command of their Lord, 'Go ye, into all the world,' seemed to come to them with new and startling earnestness. Thoroughly aroused themselves, these earnest few sought to arouse the women of the churches throughout the land to accept the responsibility laid upon them by the doors opening everywhere, opening in answer to the oft-repeated prayer of former generations, 'O, Lord, open thou the doors for the entrance of the gospel.' The Spirit accompanied this earnest call to work of His hand-maidens. Speedy and cordial response was given; organizations were effected; woman's work for woman—the work of *Christian* woman for *heathen* woman—was commenced. It was 'the day of small things,' but a beginning was made, the work was accepted, the commission received, the voice of the Master through the silence of eighteen centuries was heard in plain and earnest tones: 'Go ye, disciple all nations.' One denomination followed another, and organizations of women for Mission work were effected in nearly all the States of the East and of the great Northwest. It was in October, 1868, that after much of thought and much prayer, the Congregational and Presbyterian women in the Northwest united in Mission work and organized the Woman's Board of the Interior. After two years of profit and of pleasant experiences, the two branches of the Presbyterian churches having united and a division made of the Foreign Mission stations, it was decided by the Presbyterian women to form a Board of their own, and on December 15, 1870, in the Second Presbyterian church of Chicago, was organized the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions.

"It being the object of the present chapter to present a sketch of the Mission work of the Presbyterian women of Iowa only, we cannot follow the wonderfully interesting and vastly increasing work of this Board of the Northwest, except as it is connected with its auxiliaries in this State.

"So far as is known the first organization in Iowa of Presbyterian women for mission work was a society formed in Cedar Rapids, March, 1869, for two years auxiliary to the Board for the Interior, and transferring its relations to the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions

of the Northwest, as soon as that Board was organized. Mrs. J. F. Ely was chosen president of the society in Cedar Rapids, the first Woman's Missionary Society of Iowa, which office she still holds. Mrs. Ely was not only the pioneer in this work, but during all these years has she been a faithful leader and a wise counselor. Her large means, her extended influence and her whole-hearted interest have been given unreservedly to the work. To her large plans, encouraging words and efficient help are due very much of the success of Woman's Mission work in Iowa. Societies were soon organized in other towns of the State. From the auxiliary society in Vinton in September, 1874, invitations were sent to each church in Cedar Rapids Presbytery to send delegates to a meeting of ladies to be held in connection with the meeting of Presbytery in that place September 29th. To this invitation a large number of ladies responded, and by the advice and coöperation of several of the pastors, especially of Rev. James Knox, of Cedar Rapids, a presbyterial organization was completed, the first *Presbyterial* society organized in the State, and we believe the first in all the Northwest.

"Similar organizations were effected in the other Presbyteries during the five years following, and the spring of 1879 saw each Presbytery in our State organized for Woman's Mission work. At the annual meeting of the Board of the Northwest, held in Milwaukee, April, 1875. Mrs. J. F. Young, of Vinton, and Mrs. Alex. Scott, of Des Moines, were requested by the Board, acting with Mrs. Ely, Vice-President of the Board in Iowa, to supervise and organize Woman's Mission work in the whole State. A meeting of ladies was called in connection with meeting of Synod to be held at Davenport. At this meeting, October 22, 1875, was completed the organization of the Woman's Board of Missions for the State of Iowa. In October, 1877, the State Board met in Keokuk, at which meeting reports were received from five of the Presbyterial organizations. Auxiliaries had increased from twenty-five to ninety-six. October 4th, 1878, the annual meeting was held in Jefferson, at which time business of importance was transacted, and Mrs. J. S. Oliver, of Clinton, was elected president, and Mrs. Young and Mrs. Scott, secretaries.

"The Secretaries' office has been continuously filled by these ladies up to the present year. Of their earnest, prayerful, self-denying labors, all who have been coworkers with them can testify. They have planned largely, have worked assiduously, have prayed 'without ceasing,'

and have given of their means with unstinted hand for the furtherance of this work, Their record is above and the reward of the faithful steward awaits them. The meeting in 1879 was held at Council Bluffs and largely attended because of the thoughtful courtesy of Mr., and Mrs. Oliver in providing a special car and free transportation for delegates. Too much praise cannot be awarded these earnest friends of Women's Mission work. They were true friends in the beginning of the work in the State at a time when help was greatly needed and they gave it from hearts filled with love for the Master and from purses consecrated to His service. At the annual meeting in Vinton, in the fall of 1880, Mrs. D. W. C. Rowley, of Cedar Rapids, was elected president, which office she still holds. At this meeting the fact of the existence of a tribe of Indians in Iowa, being in a state of absolute heathenism, was brought to the notice of the meeting by a committee from the Iowa Presbyterial Society, and a plea made that mission work be undertaken among these Indians by the State society. A committee was appointed to visit them and to report of their condition to the Board in Chicago. Two years after this, after correspondence with the Indian Commissioner, with one Foreign Board, and with the Board of the Northwest, at the annual meeting held in Burlington, in October, 1882, the following resolution was adopted.—

“*Resolved*, That the Executive Committee of this society be instructed to go forward with the work for elevating and Christianizing the Sac and Fox Indians, and to this end we pledge our hearty coöperation.”

“The next May Miss Anna Skea was commissioned by the Foreign Board as missionary teacher to these Indians, her support being assumed by the Synodical Society of Iowa, and the immediate interests and needs of the mission committed to its care. Obstacles, continuous and almost insurmountable, seemed in the way of success in this work; and were it not for the heroism and the prayerful, earnest devotion to the work of Miss Skea, who for more than six years has labored with unceasing fidelity for the uplifting of this degraded people, the work must have been unsuccessful. But, ‘God, who is not willing that any should perish,’ and who daily renews the strength of them who wait upon Him, had purposes of mercy for this ignorant race, and gave to our loved missionary the grace of perseverance, and more than all that



Christ-like love for souls which has enabled her to patiently toil among them. A mission room has been open in Tama City most of the time during these six years. To this room many of the Indian women come and are taught to sew and are also taught of the blessed Jesus, of whom they had never before heard. The children and young people also come here, and as they are willing, are taught to read and write and in some instances to play on the little organ that stands in the room,—the faithful teacher never forgetting to tell them ‘the old, old story of Jesus and His love.’

“Miss Skea has also aimed to make that day, so bright and joyous to Christian children, a happy day to the Indian children also, by giving entertainments at the room on Christmas, and inviting all to share in the brightness of the day—at these times taking care to tell them of the first Christmas time, when the song of the angels was heard on Bethlehem’s plain, ‘Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, good will toward man,’ and Christ, the Saviour of the world, was born! By action of the last General Assembly, the mission among this tribe is transferred from the Foreign to the Home Board, and the suspension and support of the work is now given to the Synodical Society of Home Missions for Iowa. At the annual meeting of the Synodical Society, held at Cedar Rapids, in 1884, the important step of the entire separation of the home and foreign work was taken. This was in accordance with the long-expressed desire of the Executive Committee of Home Missions in New York, and with the hope that by this separation more could be accomplished for both branches of the one work. During the five years since this separation, the utmost harmony has existed between the workers of the home and foreign societies, and the amounts raised by each society show that the increase of results expected by the separation has been fully realized. Since the organization of Woman’s Mission work in Iowa twelve missionaries have gone from the State to heathen lands. Nine of these are still laboring in these foreign fields, two have returned to this country on account of failing health, and one is now connected with the Home Board, a useful missionary in our own land. The total amount of contribution for foreign mission work is \$63,657.93. For Home Mission work, during the last ten years, the amount contributed by the women’s organizations has been about \$36,000.00.

“Looking back over the fourteen years of organized mission work among the Presbyterian women of Iowa, although the thought of what might have been accomplished, had there been more of consecration on the part of the few engaged in the work, and the knowledge that had *all* the women of our churches been interested, consecrated workers, far greater would have been the gifts, and far greater the results in souls brought to a knowledge of the Redeemer of the world—although this thought and this knowledge is calculated to humble and almost to discourage, yet, remembering the oft-repeated times of the gracious presence of the Master at our annual feasts, and knowing the spiritual growth that has come to the workers; remembering, also, the messages that have come to us from our missionaries, of darkened minds enlightened, and souls born into the Kingdom we may hope, partly through our efforts and prayer,—in view of all this, we cannot refrain from crying out with the Psalmist, ‘Bless the Lord, O! my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.’ To Him be all the praise, and, ‘let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and amen.’”

In connection with the foregoing account of the work among the Sacs and Foxes the following letter from the Rev. William Hamilton, the patriarchal missionary among the Western Indians, will be of interest :

“No missions were established by our Board, as far as I know, in the State of Iowa, till that established among the Sacs and Foxes within a few years. There are two lady missionaries teaching among them, I think, but these tribes have always been jealous of the religion of Christ, much more than most tribes.

“The Pottawattamies, in an early day, lived opposite Bellevue, Nebraska, then called Council Bluffs. Their location was at the *hollow*, afterwards called *Kanesville*, then later, *Council Bluffs*. The Iowas and Missouri Sacs and Foxes, until 1837 had their home about nine miles east of St. Joseph, Mo., or the agency was there, and they owned what is now included in the counties of Platte, Buchanan, Andrew, Holt and Nodaway; being that part of Missouri, as it now is, lying between the old State line which ran directly north, crossing the river near Kansas City, and the river. It was ceded to the United States in 1837, and the Indians removed that year to their new reservation on Wolf river, Nebraska. Mr.

Aury Ballard and wife were their missionaries from 1835 to 1837. I spent about a month at that mission previous to reaching my work at the mission on Wolf creek. The delay in reaching my field was caused by the inability to cross the Missouri river at St. Joseph, then called Black Snake Hills, where Joseph Rubideaux had his trading establishment. He afterwards gave the name of his patron saint to the town, which he laid out. That mission was started partly in connection with the Wea Mission, then in the Territory of Nebraska, sometimes called the Territory of Missouri. The Wea Mission was established in 1833, Rev. Joseph Kerr and wife and Rev. Wells Bushnell and wife being the first missionaries of our Board, then the Western Foreign Missionary Society. Mr. Bushnell left in 1835, having reconsidered his duties in reference to missions. He left a flourishing church in Meadville, to become a missionary, which made a great talk at the time, as there was much romance about missions in those days. I saw them set apart for the work while at Washington college, as the services were held in the church there, of which Rev. Dr. Elliott was pastor. I was told that the reason of his leaving was his age and the time it would take to acquire the language. Mr. Kerr continued till his wife's health failed so much that she was entirely helpless. Few missionaries have had the privilege of seeing a blessing on their labors as soon as he did. I understood it was not over twelve months till he saw some fruit of his labor.

"The Mission among the Sacs and Foxes of Iowa was begun in 1883, at the instance of the Ladies' Auxiliary. They are called Musquakies, which is the name in their language for Fox. Sauke—plural saukeuk, is the name among themselves for Sac; the old French method of spelling the word was Sauk, which gives the correct pronunciation. To understand the condition of this tribe, it must be remembered that the Mississippi Sacs were the ones engaged in the Black Hawk war. I saw this noted leader and some of his braves pass through Washington, Pa., while there from '32 to '35. The members of this tribe near the Iowas were called Missouri Sacs and Foxes, and were neutral in the time of that war, or said to be, and, as a nation, were neutral.

"It is probable that those in Iowa were from the Mississippi Sacs. These two apparently distinct tribes are one. The name is kept in this way: the children follow the father, hence, if a man, a Sac, marries a

Fox woman his children are Sacs, and if a Fox man marries a Sac woman his children are Foxes. Their language is entirely different from the Iowas, Omahas, etc. The Sacs, Hickapoos, Pottawatamies, Weas, Peorias, Peankishaws, Kaskaskias (remnants of the Miami Indians), Chippewas and Ottawas, seem to have had a common origin with doubtless many others. Possibly they are descendents of the Algonquins.

"The above comprehends all that I know of mission work in Iowa during the last fifty years by the Presbyterians. The Catholics had a mission among the Pottawatamies, while they lived across the river from Omaha and Bellevue, and they went with them to the Kansas river, thence to the Indian Territory.

"As the country west of the Missouri river was supposed to be set apart for the Indians *forever*, as an agent once told me, missionary work was confined principally to what is now Kansas and Nebraska, including, of course, the southern tribes. As near as I can discover, the settlements of Iowa by the whites had hardly begun when I came West; a few had crossed the Mississippi. By the way, the name of this river is almost a pure Sac word 'Má-sha-sè-po,' 'great water or stream,' and not the Father of Waters, as is often said. It is called by a word in the different languages of other tribes signifying the same. Other streams are of Iowa origin, as Tarkeo, 'full of walnuts,' Nesh-ne-bottone 'a stream that canoes can pass over,' Nodowa, 'a stream that can be jumped over' or 'jumping water,' Charaton, a word the English of which I never saw but once, that was during the Florida war. It signifies an abundance of a certain root called by them Chara, and 'To,' 'an abundance.' The root is about the size of a common cucumber, and it is that which the Florida Indians, Seminoles, lived on when driven to the swamps."



## CHAPTER XIX.

## EDUCATIONAL WORK.

From the earliest times the traditions of Iowa have run in the direction of sound education. Our government is founded upon this, and so great a part of it as the noble State of Iowa could not be oblivious to its advantages. But the foundations of her educational system were laid nearly half a century before she became a State. It is a curious bit of history that one of the first thoughts of our colonial legislators was directed to the establishment of a sound and serviceable system of education for the vast stretch of country west of Pennsylvania.

It is extremely interesting to us, who now live on the soil of this once nebulous territory, that so early as the 13th of July, 1787, an ordinance was passed by the Continental Congress looking, among other things, to the establishment of schools in what is now the Great Central West. This document is known historically as: "The Ordinance of 1787." The history of its composition was this: Thomas Jefferson, who, as the framer of our charter of liberties, ever felt a father's interest in the growth and well-being of the domain the sons of freedom were to occupy, had drawn up an ordinance "For the Government of the Territory of the United States Northwest of the River Ohio." In it he incorporated those measures as to a system of education which his reflection and experience had convinced him were necessary to the well-being of a free people. This act, however, did not pass the Congress; and in the year above mentioned, 1787, one Nathan Dane, a member of the Old Bay Colony, thoroughly imbued with Jefferson's spirit and with all the prophetic needs of enlightened liberty, reintroduced the ordinances and on

the 13th of July of that year, nearly two years before the organization of our National Government, they were passed. The language of the act providing for education is as follows: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, *schools and the means of education shall ever be encouraged.*"

This wise policy was carried out by Robert Lucas, the first governor of Iowa. Mr. T. S. Parvin says: "Governor Lucas, in his first message, which like the first two presidents, he personally read to the two branches of the Legislature in joint session for this purpose on the 12th day of November, 1838, distinctly refers to these provisions of the ordinance of 1787. The State of Ohio had but a couple of years preceding remodeled its school laws, and provided for a State Superintendent of Public Instruction at its head. Governor Lucas, who had been twice governor of Ohio and was fresh from these changes, sought to see his chosen Iowa, like his famed Ohio, promptly and liberally embark in the cause of education. We well remember when he read his message to us before handing it to us to copy (for he wrote worse hieroglyphics than the Pharaohs of Egypt), and his remarking to us, 'We must show to our friends East that we mean to have schools as soon as we get the children, and we will soon have them, so we must now provide for a good system of public schools.' The good old governor! We fancy we can now see his tall and manly form standing before us as he uttered the words which became the corner-stone upon which the school system of Iowa was laid and has been so securely built."

The great Presbyterian church has ever been the friend and advocate of higher education. She has done her part to supply the gap between the public schools and the professional schools by furnishing a system of collegiate instruction in which morality and religion have had their true place as formative powers. Dr. Ruston well says:

"Superstition and ignorance are twin sisters. The

character of the people will be like that of the minister. To keep superstition out of the pews it is necessary, therefore, to keep ignorance out of the pulpit. So important has this principle seemed that the Church has rather seen large bodies withdraw from its communion, as in the case of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, than consent to the licensure and ordination of untrained men."

Iowa Presbyterians have from the first realized the need of church institutions for higher education. Rev. George B. Smith, in his history of Iowa City Presbytery says:

"From the first the brethren, responsive to their early training, and stimulated by the example of their fathers, attempted to plant and man institutions of learning, that the youth might receive a Christian education, and from their own midst there might be raised up a gospel ministry. Their early hopes and desires were not realized; perhaps chiefly because of the educational facilities provided by the State, and the limited resources of the people. Twenty years before the existence of our present Board of Aid for Colleges, the New School Presbytery, Iowa City, overtured the General Assembly in March, 1863, as follows:

"The Presbytery of Iowa City, asks the Assembly to so adjust the committee of education as to embrace the founding and endowing of academies, colleges and seminaries, under the patronage of our denomination, where the sons and daughters of the church may be qualified for usefulness in the church and world.'"

The first Presbyterian college in Iowa was organized within the bounds of Dubuque Presbytery. Of this, Dr. Ruston says:

"Dubuque Presbytery occupies the enviable position of being the leader in many important branches of church work. In the matter of education this character is well sustained. Within its bounds the first college of the Presbyterian church in Iowa was organized. This was called Bowen Collegiate Institute, from C. T. Bowen, of Chicago, who was a liberal contributor to the building fund. For a long time there had been a wide-spread desire for some such institution, but Henry A. Carter was the first to give it practical shape. As early as 1854 Mr. Carter had formed the plan of a college to be founded at

Hopkinton, Iowa, and when his plan was realized he became the first president of the Board of Trustees, and, to the day of his death, in 1883, he was its warm supporter and zealous friend. A meeting was called in the fall of 1855, to consider the plan proposed, and steps were taken to put it into operation. In July, 1856, the articles of incorporation were recorded. 'According to these articles, the institute was, from the first, entitled to the rights and privileges of a college.' A building was begun in the fall of 1856, and roofed in 1857. 'It was a two-story brick building, forty by sixty, with eight rooms. It was built in the center of the four acres of fine land donated for the purpose by Mr. Carter. The college campus is now ornamented by many beautiful shade trees, some the growth of a quarter century, most planted by the students of those early times.' It was difficult to secure money enough to fit the building for occupancy, and it was not until September 1st, 1859, that the school was opened with about forty scholars. The control of the school was tendered to the Old School Presbyterian Synod of Iowa, North, 1860, and that body took a limited supervision of it, 1861. In 1864 the Synod was given a deed to the property, and the name was changed to *Lenox Collegiate Institute*, in honor of James Lenox, of New York, who had given liberally to the endowment fund. The first president of the college was Rev. Jerome Allen, Ph. D., from 1859 to 1863. He continued to serve as financial agent and professor of Natural Science and English Literature two years longer. His successor was the Rev. J. M. McKean, A. M., who filled the office of president but one year, resigning May 6th, 1864, to enter the army 'as captain of a company, in which all but four of the students enlisted.' *Lenox College* has no cause to blush at its record during those trying days. A handsome monument on the college campus is a memorial to the heroic dead. President McKean heads the list, for he, as well as many of his students, had sacrificed life upon the altar of patriotism. 'In all, ninety-two students of this school enlisted during the war, a larger proportion than any other school in this State.'

"It is fitting that Presbytery's appreciative estimate of this patriot-president be fully recorded. This minute was adopted in October, 1864: 'Our brother received his collegiate education in Jefferson College; his theological, in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny City, Pa. In April, 1862, he was ordained as an evangelist by



the Presbytery of Ohio. During the summer of 1862 he labored as a domestic missionary in the Lake Superior region; and in the fall of the same year he became connected with the Synodical school at Hopkinton, preaching on alternate Sabbaths to the Wayne church. In the spring of 1863 he was elected president of the school, where he continued faithfully to discharge his duties, until the call for the hundred day men broke up the school and drew him into the service of his country. At the earnest solicitation of the company, he was elected captain; and he accepted the position, not so much for the purpose of bearing the sword of the country as the Sword of the Spirit. His earnest labors were put forth for the spiritual good of his men. His distinct understanding with the company was that he could resign, whenever an expected commission from the Ninth Iowa regiment as chaplain should reach him. It came soon after his death. The estimate of his character by his students and members of his company may be judged from a communication of one who was under him. He says: "We mourn his loss as that of a father, endeared to us by the strongest ties of Christian love and fellowship. He was beloved by us as a teacher, admired as a standard-bearer of the Cross of Christ, and as a friend who had long watched our growth in grace as well as our advancement in the study of the sciences. He was a model of Christian piety; and I have often heard it remarked by students and others, as well as noticed it myself, that he was the most meek-minded, humble, kind, gentle and affectionate man in all things and at all times they had ever seen." Those most acquainted with him can bear witness to the faithfulness of this eulogium. May a double portion of his spirit be upon us all!"

Mr. McKean was succeeded in the Presidency of the school by Rev. J. D. Mason, who in turn was succeeded in 1866 by Rev. Samuel Hodge, D. D. Dr. Hodge had passed a year as professor of Languages before he took control of the college. Under his presidency the school grew, and it was necessary in 1875 to add a large wing to the building. This was for the most part paid for by the liberality of the citizens of Hopkinton. Dr. Hodge was a skillful educator and the grade of the institution was raised from time to time. In 1882 he resigned his office and was succeeded by J. A. Ritchey, Ph. D. Dr. Ritchey

resigned in the summer of 1888, and the Board of Trustees immediately elected to the presidency Rev. Alexander G. Wilson, D. D., professor in Lake Forest University. Dr. Wilson accepted this election, and has already manifested the wisdom of the choice by greatly improving the discipline and scholarship of the college. The Collegiate Institute had already become in fact a college, and in 1884 it became known as Lenox College. Thus has this institution grown from small beginnings, until it has now a position of assured usefulness. It is no longer an experiment. An earnest effort is being made to enlarge the endowment and no better investment is offered to Christian liberality.

In the beautiful city of Cedar Rapids is situated a second Presbyterian College for the State of Iowa. It is known as Coe College. Its history and growth are very striking examples of the blessing God often puts upon gifts of consecrated funds. A small amount of money carefully invested in a growing Western town or city will yield such dividends of increase and usefulness for the Lord as will astonish the donor. Men have tried it over and over again, and they have never been disappointed. The wonder is that more loyal Presbyterians do not cast their bread thus upon the waters that it may return to their joy and satisfaction after many days.

For the facts in the following account of the growth of Coe College we are indebted to Rev. E. H. Avery, one of its staunchest friends and for several years the president of its Board of Trustees. The moral and historic origin of the school may be traced back to the labors of the Rev. Williston Jones, who was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cedar Rapids from 1848 to 1856. A sketch of the life and services of this godly man has already been given. In the fall of 1851 he opened a school in his own house in order to accommodate a few young men who desired to pursue studies preparatory to a college education. Thus it will be seen that a part of Mr. Jones' labors, as we have discovered to have been the case with

several others of Iowa's first missionaries, was the conducting of a school for the benefit of the youth of the new community in which he lived. Father Bell inaugurated, somewhere in the fifties, a school at Sydney, Iowa, known as "Fremont Collegiate Institute;" Father Beaman and his noble wife taught a school in their own house in Montrose and Croton; and the Dubuque German Seminary grew out of the school begun by the Rev. A. Van Vliet in his own study. Other examples might be given, but a notable one is Coe College upon which we are at present engaged.

After conducting the school a year Mr. Jones prevailed upon Mr. David Blakely, a recent graduate of Knox College, to come on and open the "Cedar Rapids Collegiate Institute." That seems to have been a favorite title for nascent colleges in Iowa. Mr. Blakely held the position of principal of the school for two years, then resigned to engage in the active work of the ministry. Among the students of that institute at least four are known to have entered the ministry, viz: Hiram Hill, William Campbell, Alexander Danskin, and George R. Carroll.

Meantime Mr. Jones was earnestly considering ways and means for putting the infant institution on a basis of permanency. In May, 1853, being a commissioner to the General Assembly which met in Buffalo, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Daniel Coe, of Durham, Green county, New York. With that earnestness which many people of the East regard as offensive bombast, but which is really born of the evident need of quick work on the frontier, this Western minister laid the matter of an endowment for the Cedar Rapids Collegiate Institute before Mr. Coe. He listened to the statements and appeals of the man of God, and, after careful investigation, responded with a gift of fifteen hundred dollars for the founding of an institution of Christian learning in Iowa. He directed that five hundred dollars of this sum should be expended in the purchase of a suitable site for the school, and one

thousand for "a farm contiguous to the site, the avails of which are to be appropriated to the best advantage for the benefit of such students as may need to assist themselves by manual labor."

With the funds thus provided Dr. J. F. Ely purchased three lots in the village of Cedar Rapids and a tract of eighty acres lying north of the town, where the college buildings now stand. The lots in the town were afterwards sold and the proceeds used for the benefit of the school. They are now occupied by the elegant stone edifice of the First Presbyterian church and chapel, and the First Methodist Episcopal church. The "Institute" was maintained with varying fortunes for several years under different principals, among whom may be named Rev. A. B. Goodale and Rev. R. A. Condit.

The first permanent college building was erected in 1867. Its cost was about twenty thousand dollars, which was raised by the citizens of Cedar Rapids. The institution was regularly incorporated as "Coe College," April 18, 1881. About the same time Rev. Stephen Phelps, D.D., of Vinton, Iowa, was elected to the presidency. He assumed the office at the opening of the fall term when college classes were organized, which have since been maintained in unbroken succession. The first graduates were sent out June 12, 1884. In 1881 a substantial building was erected for a ladies' boarding hall—since named "Williston Hall." The main college building was rebuilt and enlarged in 1884 so as to fully double its capacity. After six years of devoted labor President Phelps resigned his position, in the spring of 1887, in order to return to pastoral work. He was succeeded by Rev. James Marshall, D. D., of New York, who entered upon his duties with energy, and has continued them to the present time with most encouraging tokens of adaptation and success.

It would be impossible to speak of all the individuals who have been friends and helpers of the college. The names of three, now fallen asleep, must not pass without



mention: Rev. James Knox, Hon. Geo. Greene, and Mr. T. M. Sinclair. Each and all, by earnest labor, wise counsel and pecuniary aid, contributed largely to carry the institution over serious difficulties, to raise up friends for it and to establish the college upon its present very hopeful foundation. The growth of the city and consequent increase in value of property have been such that out of the eighty acre "farm" bought with Mr. Coe's modest thousand dollars, in 1853, city lots to the value of about eighty thousand dollars have already been sold, the proceeds being held as a permanent endowment for the work of the college. A considerable portion still remains unsold, besides the square of about ten acres reserved as a campus.

The library contains already a very fair representation of the most important works of reference, history, science and general literature. It includes the private library of Rev. James Knox, which, on his decease, was given to the college. The departments of chemistry and natural philosophy are equipped with the most approved apparatus. The museum is well prepared to illustrate the most interesting facts to geology and zoology. The management of the college is in the hands of a board of nineteen trustees elected (except the president of the college, who is a member *ex officio*,) by the Synod of Iowa. The faculty at present consists of a president, four professors, and three lady teachers, besides the instructors in music and art.

Little did the good man, who, so long ago made his gift for Christian education in Iowa, appreciate the importance of his act. He could not know whereunto the gift would grow. And it must be remembered that Coe College has only begun its history. It will undoubtedly go on for generations imparting intelligence to our youth, developing manliness and womanliness, and preparing the young for the hardships of the present life and the joys of the life to come. Definite Christian thought and work have been features of the institution from its begin-

ning, and at the present time there are a Young Men's Christian Association, a Young Woman's Christian Association, and a system of college prayer meetings in active operation. In the language of Rev. George R. Carroll, it may well be said that "Coe College has had its dark days, and even yet clouds of discouragement may lower, but knowing when and how it had origin I cannot doubt that the hand of God was in the movement, and its final success and full triumph are assured. It was born and nurtured in prayer. It has come to stay and I believe unborn multitudes will yet rise up to bless the name of its founder."

The third Presbyterian college in Iowa is located at Fairfield and is known as Parsons College. Connected with its founding is a very interesting history. The college owes its establishment to Lewis B. Parsons, a gentleman who was scarcely a citizen of the State of Iowa, not a college-bred man himself, and not a man of great wealth. But he was a man of practical insight and great native ability, and the result of many years' thought and prayer was that the bulk of his moderate fortune was left to the cause of higher education in the growing State of Iowa. It was significant that he should select a new Western commonwealth for the seat of his institution, as showing the far-sighted, practical shrewdness of the man.

A brief historical sketch of his career will doubtless be of interest. Charles D. Leggett, Esq., writes as follows:

"Mr. Parsons was born at Williamsport, Massachusetts, April 30, 1793. He was the son of Captain Charles Parsons, a faithful and gallant officer in the Revolutionary war. His father died when he was quite young, leaving him no inheritance but an honorable name. He aided his mother in the struggle to support herself and family, and had very limited opportunities for an education. Regretting this all his life, though supplying the defect largely by great industry, he not only saw fit to give his family great opportunities, but he became almost an enthusiast in the cause of universal education. He was a merchant all his life. His first business venture

was at Scipio, in Cayuga county, New York, about the beginning of the War of 1812. He was successful until the fluctuation of values at the close of that war carried him down in the general wreck of business. After a number of years of patient toil and careful economy, he engaged in merchandizing at Perry, Wyoming county, New York, remaining there many years. He finally removed to Buffalo, New York, and for a short time before his death his home was at Keokuk, Iowa.

"Mr. Parsons was not a man of great physical strength nor of rugged health. He was of a nervous, sanguine temperment, with not an indolent fibre in his frame, and of great powers of endurance. He had a quick, clear mind, and excellent judgment of men and affairs. He was a superior salesman, skillful to present the advantages of his goods, apt in making bargains, and honorable and prompt in all his engagements. He exerted a wide influence wherever he lived, for he was a natural leader among men, but he was always ready for an honorable adjustment of honest differences of opinion, and was fertile in suggestions for compromise. In religious matters he was a Calvinist, and an orthodox, but liberal Presbyterian. And he was a valuable working trustee of the church to which he belonged, a lover of the prayer-meeting, gifted in prayer and in speech; a regular attendant at the services of the church, and a willing and liberal supporter of all church work.

"In the year 1855 Mr. Parsons visited his son, Charles Parsons, Esq., who then lived at Keokuk, this State. He saw the beauty and fertility of the soil, and he heard in the distance, and foresaw the coming millions who were to make their homes on its virgin prairies, and he felt their want of educational opportunities. He had already given liberally of his means for educational purposes, and he resolved to donate the remainder of his property to secure the advantages of learning to the future sons and daughters of Iowa.

"An unfortunate illness seized him while attempting to carry out his benevolent intentions, and he died at the house of his son, Hon. Philo Parsons, at Detroit, Michigan, December 21st, 1855. When he felt that he could not live to carry out his design, he embodied it in his will, which was executed in the month of his death. The history and character of the man may be read in the will.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Having long been of the opinion that for the use-

fulness, prosperity, and happiness of children, a good moral and intellectual, or business education, with moderate means, was far better than large, unlimited wealth, I therefore herein dispose of my estate mainly to such benevolent objects and enterprises as I think will conduce to the greatest good, earnestly requesting that all my children, after giving to their children a good education, with habits of honesty, industry, economy and liberty, will follow my example in the disposition of the property God may give them. \* \* \* \*

"Having long been convinced that the future welfare of our country, the permanence of its institutions, the progress of our divine religion, and an enlightened Christianity, greatly depend upon the general diffusion of education under correct moral and religious influence, and having during my lifetime used to some small extent the means given me by my Creator, in accordance with these convictions, and being desirous of still endowing objects so worthy as far as in my power lies, I do, therefore, after the payment of the foregoing bequests, and the reasonable expenses of administration, give and bequeath the residue of my estate, together with my Natural History of New York, and my small cabinet of minerals, to my said executors and the survivors or survivor of them, in trust, to be by them used and expended in forwarding and endowing an institution of learning in the State of Iowa, or to be expended, if it shall be deemed best, by my said executors, in aiding and endowing an institution which may have been already established. And while I would not desire said institution to be strictly sectarian in its character, yet believing its best interests require it should be under the control of some religious denomination, I therefore direct that it shall be under the supervision of trustees, presbytery, or synod, connected with the branch of the Presbyterian church distinguished as the New School, or the constitutional General Assembly of said church, until such time (which I trust will speedily come) when a union of the two branches of said church shall be honorably accomplished; then to be made the care of said united church. The adoption or location of the institution, with the general regulations and proper restrictions to be connected therewith, I confide to the sound discretion of my executors, with the full assurance that as they know my general views and sentiments, they will take pleasure, when my spirit shall have departed hence, and memory alone remains with them, in using



their best endeavors to carry out my wishes, and make most effective and useful this bequest. I desire that the institution be selected or located, and the expenditure commenced as soon as consistent, and unless for very special reasons, not to be delayed the period of five years after my decease, and the entire fund to be expended and invested as soon thereafter as the same can be made most available. Should my executors, however, at any time deem it best for the cause of Christianity, that a portion of the above residuary legacy, not exceeding six-sixteenths of the same, should be given in equal shares to the American Tract and Bible Societies, both established in the city of New York, they are authorized to give a sum not exceeding such amount to said societies."

As was natural, a spirited contest arose between several Iowa towns to secure the large donation left to the State by the provisions of this will. Several committees of Synod were appointed to take the matter under advisement and more than one location of the college was made. But one after another the towns, having gained the prize, were forced to give it up through inability to comply with the conditions of the gift. The steps which resulted in the selection of Fairfield for its site are given, as follows, by Mr. Leggett:

"The Rev. Carson Reed, who was a member of the committee appointed by Synod, was at that time pastor of the church at Fairfield. He called the attention of his neighbor, Hon. Charles Negus, to the opportunity of securing the college for Fairfield. Judge Negus, with his accustomed energy and vigor in all movements for the public good, began to interest the citizens in the college. The first meeting was held at his office on the evening of Tuesday, November 24th, 1874. Rev. Carson Reed was chairman, and stated the condition of the Parsons fund and the possibility of securing the college. Geo. A. Wells, Esq., was secretary. On motion of Hon. Jas. F. Wilson, a committee was appointed to invite the executive committee to visit Fairfield, to canvass among the citizens and ascertain what amount could be raised to secure the college. Public meetings were held in rapid succession. On Monday, November 30th, Rev. John Armstrong, of the executive committee, was present at the meeting. The subscription was reported at over

\$7,000, which amount had been raised within five days. Up to this time Fairfield had not been named to, nor considered by, the committee as an applicant for the college.

"On the morning of December 3rd, Gen. Parsons and the committee came to Fairfield from Ottumwa, by the invitation of Rev. Carson Reed, and met a number of the citizens in one of the rooms of the Leggett House. Wm. Elliott, Esq., presided at the meeting and opened with prayer. This circumstance was remarked by Gen. Parsons, who said the meeting was the first that had been opened with prayer in all the places he had visited to found the college.

"The interest manifested by the citizens, and the beauty and desirableness of the Jordan property for the uses of the college, determined Gen. Parsons in favor of Fairfield. And on the 11th of December, 1874, a proposition was made to Wm. Elliott, chairman of the citizens' committee, to establish the college at Fairfield, provided the sum of \$27,000 was secured in good subscriptions, and the refusal of the several sites at the prices named, was also obtained. These conditions were complied with after much exertion, and on the 24th day of February, A. D. 1875, the articles of incorporation were signed. The Parsons fund, valued at \$40,000.00 and consisting of 2,500 acres of land and \$4,016.65 in money and securities, was passed over to the board of trustees by the executors of the estate of Lewis B. Parsons, Sr., under restrictions which, so far as human foresight can do so, will preserve the fund sacred to the uses for which our wise and benevolent founder intended it. The Fairfield fund, consisting of money, notes and subscriptions to the amount of \$27,516.25, and of lands estimated at \$2,000.00 was also delivered to the trustees, and Parsons College was a living thing. Its founding was celebrated by a banquet tendered by the ladies of Fairfield to the trustees and friends of the new-born institution."

"The faithful Parsons executors had preserved the fund with religious care through a tremendous panic, which reduced its value to almost nothing, through the greatest civil war the world ever saw, and through the dangers of imprudent and poorly devised projects and embryonic institutions, which must have led to its total loss and defeat of its intention; and, after almost twenty years, the pious wishes of the founder were realized in such an institution as he had designed."

The first president of Parsons College was the Rev.

John Armstrong, D. D. He had been greatly interested in the selection of a site for the institution, and when Fairfield was chosen he undertook the arduous task of serving it as financial agent. He was afterwards called to the president's chair and bore a leading part in framing both the financial policy of the college and its general administration. He was called away in the midst of his work, regretting with his latest breath that he could serve the college no longer. Dr. Armstrong gave freely of his own means to the cause and carried the young institution in his own strong and loving arms over many a crisis in its first years. He gave it such services as money cannot buy, and neither asked nor thought of taking a dollar for all his time and labor. At the unanimous request of the board of trustees he was buried in the college grounds in a beautiful spot overlooking the campus, and thus his name and memory will ever be associated with the institution he loved so unselfishly and so well. After him came Dr. E. J. Gillett as president.

The Rev. T. D. Ewing, D. D., was president of the college during the period of its growth toward prosperity, and now the Rev. Ambrose C. Smith, D. D., has been called to assume the leadership. The present enrollment of students is 190, of which 115 are in the collegiate department and seventy-five in the preparatory department, and there is every prospect of still further advance and usefulness. The conclusion of the whole matter treated of in this chapter is that God will certainly bless the wisely-directed zeal and sacrifice of the friends of those young institutions which have for their object His glory and the good of the church.

## CHAPTER XX.

## CITY WORK—DUBUQUE.

It is universally recognized that Christian work in cities is of the first importance. They are the strategic points in the civilization of the nineteenth century and must be taken by the Lord's soldiers and held for Him. Thomas Jefferson called cities "Great sores on the body politic," and if they be they are sores which will never be healed. The tendency of all classes of population is toward the town, the village and the metropolis. Fifty years ago one-eighth of our population dwelt in cities, now fully one-fourth is urban. This mighty growth of the centers will undoubtedly go on, and the greatest problem of the day is: "What shall we do with our cities?"

The effort to meet the masses with the gospel does not seem to have been entirely successful in the East. In 1850 there was one Protestant church in Newark, N. J., for every 1,215 souls; in 1887 there was one for every 1,717 souls. In Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1850 there was one Protestant church for every 1,760 souls; in 1887 there was one for every 2,673 souls. At the first date mentioned there was in New York one Protestant church for every 2,446 souls, and in 1887 one for every 4,000 souls. The demand seems to be constantly increasing upon the supply in these Eastern cities in spite of the marvellous zeal and consecration of the pastors and members of the churches grappling with the problem.

In the West there is more and more of a disposition to occupy the ground while the cities are new and small, planting churches in all parts of the growing centers that the incoming populations may find the gospel just at hand.



Chicago has one church for every 1,973 of its population, Minneapolis one for every 1,759, Omaha one for every 1,512 Cincinnati one for every 1,253. The West has rather the advantage, and it is to be hoped that the hold thus secured upon these great bee-hives of human activity will be tightened rather than relaxed. These facts may be multiplied to almost any extent. In Iowa a determined effort has been made to evangelize the cities, and a brief *resumé* of the work already done will be given, beginning with the charming city of Dubuque.

Julien Du Buque, from whom the city took its name, seems to have been connected with the Northwest Company of Fur Traders, the great rival of the Hudson Bay Company. He was a French trader and had come from Canada. He obtained permission to work the lead mines where the city of Dubuque now stands and had settled there. This Northwest Company had its headquarters at Montreal, in Canada. It monopolized the Indian trade in that part of the Louisiana purchase, now known as Iowa and Minnesota. So great was its power and so shrewd its methods that a trusted man in its employ, as Julian Du Buque was, would be an autocrat in the primitive society where he took up his residence. No one can stand upon the high bluffs of the present city without finding his fancy drifting back to the time when Father Marquette was making his way down the serviceable current of yonder grand Mississippi on a voyage of discovery which included both the worldly object of noting picturesque places where cities might be established and the spiritual object of discovering Indian tribes that needed to be evangelized. Or the spectator would think of hardy Julien Du Buque, who once mined here as "Miner of the Mines of Spain," and of the Indian chief, Peosta, who gave to the neighboring lake its aboriginal title. He would think of the many thrilling and tragic events that have occurred on the spot, and wonderful would seem to him the transformation from that pioneer society, where every man carried his law in his belt, to the orderly

and cultured city he now sees nestling between and upon the hills. It will be interesting to discover the part our Presbyterian church has displayed in bringing about this transformation.

As to the natural and commercial features of the City a graceful writer says:

“Dubuque has a most admirable location, being situated on the greatest water way of the world and on the two most extensive lines of railway in the West. No climate could be healthier than that which wraps its mantle about the queenly city. Being in latitude forty-two and a half degrees north, no great extremes of either heat or cold are experienced. Excessive moisture seldom prevails, dryness, with a pure and bracing air, being the rule. Vegetation, particularly grass, wears the hue of bright emerald green, while the sky reveals a deep cerulean blue outlining with striking distinctness clouds that float therein in varied pleasing shapes and masses, often shaded and silver-lined. Sunrises and sunsets are golden, and the stars of night in this clear atmosphere, shine with a scintillating brilliancy. The grand stream that flows by the city bears on its bosom an active commerce extending from Lake Glazier, now the recognized source of the Mississippi, far in the north, to the Gulf of Mexico in the region of the tropics. While iron lines of travel already point to the north, east, south and west, other routes are either projected or being built to encompass the intermediate distances. A vast, fertile, contributory territory is now largely occupied and daily receiving rapid augmentation in the way of capital and population.

“The main portion of the city rests upon a plateau shaped somewhat like an irregular crescent. Piles of brick, stone and mortar lie in the walls of palatial dwellings and numerous manufactories, jobbing stores and warehouses. A chain of bluffs rises westwardly, with elevated surface rolling into the country beyond the highland, being reached through ravines graded into thoroughfares. On these eminences a magnificent panorama greets the eye. An observer beholds miles in length of the river sweeping along in a wavy curve whose reversed flexures take place at points where the current strikes alternately against bluff promontories on either side. Up and down the banks of the stream, across on an iron bridge, through a tunnel, and beyond in Illinois,

the tireless locomotive is seen rushing, and heard rumbling over the iron track, while the glassy surface of the water appears, here buoying a descending raft of logs or lumber and there yielding to the passage of steamer, sail boat, skiff and yawl. Within the range of vision are the three sovereign States, Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin; and the distant horizon is pleasingly bounded by timbered groves and elevated mounds. Handsome residences dot the picturesque surface of the bluffs, while numerous educational institutions of costly architecture are prominently in view. The more densely occupied portion of the city as seen in the amphitheater below is throbbing with the pulse of intense human existence and is alive with the busy activity of a commercial entrepot. Nor is it a reflection unimportant, that here is an extensive area, where, beneath both land and water, are immense stores of metallic wealth awaiting deeper shafts and more improved machinery to bring them to the light of day.

#### ATTRactions.

“Dubuque, the leading city of Iowa, has a population of 35,000. One hundred and thirty manufacturing establishments give employment to nearly five thousand hands, turning out annually a product of not less than eleven million dollars in value. The number of jobbing houses is eighty-six. They conduct a yearly business of about sixteen million dollars, involving the service of more than one thousand individuals and nearly two hundred and fifty travelling salesmen (1887). The horse power of steam engines used in the city is not far from six thousand. The total of varied industries and other business activities in a single year foots up in a sum of about forty-five million dollars. Transportation by river and rail is ample and rapidly on the increase. Street cars run on double tracks through the entire length of the city, north and south. A branch will soon connect the present line with the ferry and locality of Eagle Point. The city has a fine market building, occupying alone the full side of a square, excellent waterworks, five artesian wells, two parks, a steam supply company, an electric light organization, Mercy Hospital, a large building, custom house, public library, fine art gallery, science institute, boat ways, hill elevator, ten free school buildings, twenty-five churches, iron railroad bridge, ice harbor, many private and sectarian educational institutions, forty-five miles of paved streets, and many other interesting features and attractions.”

From the last Annual Trade Review of Dubuque we take the following statement of the city's present religious condition, partly for the facts it contains and partly because it so well shows the attitude of all classes of business men in Western towns and cities toward the churches.

"Among the many things to be considered by people who are seeking a location for permanent residence, religion is by no means last or least. Religious organizations are a part of the educational machinery of society, and the extent to which these are provided and equipped, reveals at once the degree of public spirit among her people.

"There is a universal demand for religious ceremonies and sacred services. When death enters the household, the mind turns instinctively to the consoling assurance of a life to come, as the fitting preparation for the ordeal of sorrow. When marriage is to take place the sympathetic voice of a trusted minister blends solemnity with the beauty and joy of the occasion. A good home is ever the abode of true and refined religion. Hence the presence and status of these institutions in any given locality indicate the genius and quality of its citizenship.

"Independent of the creedal position of any church, there is something in its very presence that creates moral sentiment and tones up private life. Men may differ as to the precise form of doctrine, which reason can or should accept as the complete truth, but they will not differ regarding the utility of numerous and well conducted churches. The judicious capitalist, who has money to invest, and the solicitous father who has a family to rear, will always inquire concerning the estimate a city puts upon organized religion. Accordingly in setting forth the advantages which Dubuque offers to all who are seeking good homes in a progressive community, we point with pride to our many strong and useful religious organizations. All the various denominations usually found in a place of 50,000 inhabitants are represented here by good congregations, established in comfortable quarters, and presided over by scholarly and efficient pastors. In fact Dubuque takes prominent rank among the cities of the land in this particular."

Dr. Magoun, in his *Life of Asa Turner*, remarks:  
"All the first churches organized in river towns (in Iowa)



were Presbyterian, though all the ministers were not." This is a peculiar fact, worth remembering. As to Dubuque the preliminary work was done by Methodist and Presbyterian people. The first Protestant minister in the field was a Presbyterian. In the year 1833 the few Protestant families in Dubuque, though they had just arrived in the place, proceeded to erect a cabin for holding school and worship. These families, Methodist and Presbyterian in training, united in holding a weekly prayer meeting until such time as they could secure regular preaching. Soon after a Methodist class of four persons was formed. A Sunday-school was begun by two ladies, "but stores, groceries, and gambling saloons were in full blast Sundays, and amusements more so than on other days. In November, 1833, a gentleman, holding an important office, being anxious to procure a Bible, searched the town for one in vain, and went to Galena on purpose to obtain it, for which he paid Rev. Mr. K—— about two years afterwards. A letter published in the New York Journal of Commerce in 1836 said: 'The principal amusement of the people here seem to be playing cards, Sundays and all. The law they carry in their pockets, and are ready to read a chapter on the slightest provocation.' May 1st of that year the Dubuque Visitor said editorially: 'Another minister is wanted here—one who can reason, preach, sing, and enforce the fourth commandment.'"

Dr. Magoun presents the following interesting information as to the beginning of Presbyterianism in Dubuque:

"Rev. E. P. Lovejoy had written the Home Missionary Society in 1835, from Missouri, that he was applied to for a minister in Dubuque, 'Michigan Territory, two years old, nearly a thousand inhabitants.' Rev. A. Kent, Galena, enforced the application. Mr. Lovejoy wrote: 'The popish priest is before you'—foundations for a Roman Catholic cathedral having been laid. That month, however, the American Home Missionary Society sent Rev. Cyrus L. Watson, a Presbyterian minister, to

Dubuque. He had been there in 1834 on an exploring tour from Rushville. He began his labors January 1st, 1836, and alternated in the one (log) meeting-house with the Methodists. The Dubuque church records say: 'He moved the people to build a house of worship.' His work at 'Dubuque Mines' is described as 'a remarkable work, the foundation of the subsequent prosperity of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches.'

"Mr. Watson was of Scotch-Irish descent, born in York district, South Carolina, February, 1800. The family emigrated first (1810) to the neighborhood of Edwardsville, Ill., and then to Pike County, Mo., near the town of Louisiana. They were there besieged by Indians in a log fort. Mr. Watson was converted very young. He made extraordinary efforts to obtain an education, at one time taking for the purpose, with his brother, a flat-boat loaded with pork, down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where the yellow fever prevented a sale of the pork. To pay for this unprofitable cargo, the brothers had to work hard three or four years, after walking home much of the way from New Orleans.

"For some time Mr. Watson taught a regimental school at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, studying theology meanwhile with Rev. Salmon Giddings. Licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Missouri, in 1828, he then taught school at Springfield, Ill. Ordained in 1829, he was commissioned Home Missionary for Rushville. After his short term in Dubuque, 1836, he preached at Bloomington and Rockford, Illinois, and died at Peoria in March, 1881. 'He had the appearance of a New Englander,' says Mr. Reed, 'and he was one in his sympathies and beliefs. He was a strong temperance and anti-slavery man and stood boldly by his opinions. He made the first temperance address and formed the first temperance society on the Military Tract.' Dr. Bascom says: 'He had a bright, active mind, was a ready speaker and an acceptable preacher, a decided New School Presbyterian, and in full sympathy with our Yale band, 1829.' Mr. Watson says, in one of his reports to the Home Missionary Society: 'I preach in some of the neighboring villages on Sabbath, when not employed here, and once a week preach an evening discourse at one of the 'diggings' in the vicinity.' Of the people, he says: 'I find some here who know how to appreciate the ministration of the gospel. My visits are cordially welcomed and my public ministrations well received by

the scattered sheep of all portions of Christ's flock here and round-about. Sectarian strife is unknown.'"

On the foundation thus admirably laid by Mr. Watson the Rev. James A. Clark, pastor of our church at Fort Madison, built. He organized a New School church, May 12th, 1839, with seven persons as charter members. The Rev. Z. K. Hawley, from Connecticut, preached for the little church for sixteen months, from December 1839. After him came a Rev. Mr. Townshend, though an interval without supply of about three months occurred. In these days the coöperation between the New School branch of our church and the Congregationalists, through their Home Missionary Society, was so intimate that it was always a question into which body the new formed churches would drift. This church was one of those that slipped into the Congregational fold. Quite suddenly, on December, 12th 1844, at a meeting called after the prayer service, it was voted to change the polity of the church, and so was formed the First Congregational church of Dubuque.

There were, however, some Presbyterians in Dubuque who wished to have a Presbyterian church. As soon as their number was sufficiently enlarged by new comers the First Presbyterian church was organized. This event took place July 14th, 1850, and was consummated by Revs. John D. Mason and S. H. Hazard, a committee of the Presbytery of Iowa, appointed for that purpose. There were twenty members at the organization, of whom three are still living among us and active in the church work. This was an Old School church, but some who went into it were originally New School. It was already discovered by them that the differences were not serious, and, in as much as the Old School church was alone practicable at the time, they all joined heartily in the work.

Rev. Isaac W. Lyon ministered as stated supply for about a year. The church was then vacant for some time and in 1853 was supplied by Rev. A. H. Kerr. In 1854, Rev. Joshua Phelps, D. D., appears in the history as pas-

tor of this church. He was a man of great force of character, and left his impress upon church and upon Presbytery and upon Synod. The church seems to have increased steadily in numerical and financial strength during his pastorate. Dr. Phelps was a graduate of Union College, New York, class of 1836, and of Princeton Seminary, class of 1837. Previous to his pastorate in Dubuque he had served the churches of Monticello, Quincy, and Florida. Subsequently he was pastor at Beloit, Wisconsin, and at Sacramento, California, and has recently (January 4th, 1889), passed away at Santa Barbara, California. His pastorate extended for five years from 1854 to 1859. He was succeeded by Rev. A. A. E. Taylor, D. D., the present genial editor of the *Mid-Continent*. He was succeeded in 1865 by Rev. Charles Axtell, who, after a couple of years, gave place to Rev. Wm. A. Ferguson (January, 1868). After a short vacancy Rev. W. R. Marshall, D. D., became pastor (1871), and to the great regret of all the people he was taken away from an exceedingly successful work by the hand of death, December 26th, 1874. The work was taken up by Rev. Adam W. Ringland, D. D., who was just from the seminary, and was ordained here as pastor, October 6th, 1875. He spent about a year with this church. At present he is the able pastor of the church in Duluth, Minnesota. He was followed by the Rev. John P. Conkey, D. D., who faithfully served the people, until, from failure of health, he was obliged, in 1882, to resign. Rev. Frank F. Barrett supplied the pulpit as pastor for a year (1883), and after a vacancy of some months the present efficient pastor, Dr. Ruston, was installed (March 2nd, 1886). The church has had a checkered history, and has been holding up the banner amid difficulties. But it has more than a name to live. It is active in every good purpose and work, is a leader in benevolent work, has a strong Sunday school, though small, a fine young people's society, and has recently purchased a large, comfortable and elegant manse.

The First German Presbyterian church was gathered



as a Congregational church, being organized December 25th, 1847, with thirty-four members, by Rev. Peter Flury. From 1849 to 1852, it was served in quick succession by Rev. Messrs. Madolet, Frohwein, Bantly, and Frank. In April, 1852, Rev. A. Van Vliet was settled as pastor, and he continued for twenty years (1871). It was during his pastorate that the church became Presbyterian, as has already been described in the chapter on the work among the Germans. In 1872, Rev. Jacob Congett became pastor, and continued till 1876. The present supply is Rev. Earnest Kudobe, who began his work March 16th, 1877. The cause is prosperous and the church vigorous.

The Second Presbyterian church, of Dubuque, was organized on Sabbath, August 26th, 1855, by Rev. S. G. Spees, of Galena, Ill. The members, seventeen in number, were permitted on this occasion and for a few Sabbaths following to occupy the Locust street Methodist church. William Bothwell was elected and ordained a ruling elder, and Thomas Belfield a deacon. The church was, at its own request, taken under care of the Presbytery of Iowa City, since divided into the Dubuque and Iowa City Presbyteries. The church then rented an upper hall on Main street, and enjoyed the ministry of Rev. J. Guernsey most of the time, until June, 1856, when they removed to their new house on Ninth street. Rev. J. H. Trowbridge entered upon his labors at this time and was installed pastor September 11th, 1856. During the next eighteen months, the membership steadily increased, chiefly by accession from churches abroad. In the winter of 1857-8 a glorious work of grace was enjoyed by the church, which resulted in a large increase in their numbers. The present church edifice, located on the corner of Locust and Thirteenth streets, was dedicated on the first Sabbath of December, 1859. Rev. J. H. Trowbridge continued to labor successfully with the church for six years, when he accepted a call to Chicago, Ill. Rev. H. B. Holmes, having accepted an invitation from the church, entered upon his duties De-

cember 14th, 1862, and was installed pastor February 11th, 1863. He continued his labors until April 30th, 1866, when he resigned his pastorate. Rev. F. G. Spees, D. D., having accepted a call from the church, began his labors as a stated supply December 30th, 1866, and remained until May 21st, 1871. During his ministry, one hundred and fifty-nine persons were received into this church and the present church edifice was completed. Rev. L. A. Ostrander was elected pastor September 15th, 1871, and November 1st, 1871, was installed, and commenced his labors, which continued until the autumn of 1876. During his pastorate, fifty-one members were added to the church. Rev. D. J. Burrell, D. D., was elected pastor October 20th, 1876, and installed June 3rd, 1877, Rev. W. M. Blackburn, D. D., of Chicago, Ill, preaching the installation sermon. This pastoral relation was dissolved October 10th, 1887, and the same fall the church called Rev. Henry E. Mott, of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

In a pleasant letter from the present pastor the following interesting items are given:

“The church began with a membership of seventeen, and being good and healthy and well cared for has flourished from its birth. It will be seen that if its life is spared a few months—and it bids fair to be, for it has neither of the complaints which Solomon dreaded, poverty, which stunts ability, and riches, which dwarfs will-  
ingness—it will be thirty-five years old. During that time, 1,137 have united with the church. The present is the seventh in the line of ministers, the first having served the church only a few months, while the immediate predecessor of the present pastor, Dr. Burrell, of Minneapolis, was with this people over eleven years.

“This has always been a praying church and a working church—witnessing a good confession. The world, the flesh, and their silent partner received hard handling from these ‘laborers together with God,’ in the revival of 1857-8, and again in 1877, when ninety-four were added to the church. During the last two years, with no season of special effort, 125 have been admitted to church fellowship. For many years its prayer meetings have been full in numbers and interest. It sustains the usual mission-

any organizations; a Y. P. S. C. E., which musters about 100 to its devotional services, and kindred helps. Its audience room, seating 800, is filled on a fair Sunday morning and often overflows in the evening. Its church paper, called the *Phi Gamma*, and conducted by one of the younger men, was sent for by one of the largest churches in the country as a model on which to form its own, this church having understood that the *Phi Gamma* was 'the best church paper published in the country.' Its average monthly circulation last year was 1,500 copies.

"There has recently been organized, Sunday, January 26th, 1890, a church to be called the Third Presbyterian, having grown out of the mission school of the Second church in that part of the city known as Eagle Point. This section of the city is growing rapidly, being in the neighborhood of the Milwaukee and Kansas City car shops. Until the organization of this church at the present time, there has been no Protestant church for a community which has two flourishing ward schools and a large Protestant population. This will make four Presbyterian churches—three English and one German—in the city.

"The Sunday schools of the Second church have numbered more than 800 members, and the average attendance at the home school has been constantly increasing. The Bible class was taken in hand some months ago by the wife of the present incumbent, and under her care has greatly enlarged in numbers and increased in interest.

"The growth of this church may be set down to a realization of the truth that in union is strength. It has been inspired by the great Head of the church to choose able and consecrated officers to do its work, and Presbyterian enough not to pester them in the doing it. What ever action it has taken has been unanimous."

## CHAPTER XXI.

## CITY WORK—DAVENPORT.

In the year 1834 or 1835, the Rev. Asa Turner and a Boston friend were passing down the Mississippi river. Of their sensations when they came opposite the present site of Davenport, the former thus writes: "We were so charmed with Davenport (the site minus the city) that my friend proposed to get up a colony and make a settlement there if I would go with him. The thing was then impracticable, and I was blind to the future."

At this time Mr. Turner was either a Presbyterian or had so recently come out of the fold as to be still impregnated with its prophetic spirit, and he should have been able to forecast the inevitable future of that delightful spot. There is no site in the world more beautiful and picturesque. Of this a graceful writer has said:

"Davenport was selected as the site of a great city by the prospectors, because it exceeded in natural beauty and picturesque surroundings any other locality on the Mississippi river. Approaching the city by rail from the east, or from the north or south by boat, the observer has his attention fixed upon the waving bluffs which follow the river east and west. Between the line of these and the river is a triangular-shaped plateau, narrowing at the eastern limits of the city, and large enough to accommodate a population of 150,000. Handsome homes dot the bluffs, while much of the residence part of the city lies beyond, or to the north. River views, as building sites, have been largely occupied, the scope of country brought within range of the eye, furnishing variety of scenery unequalled. The drainage is naturally good, street rising above street like terraces.

## AS A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

"No place in the Mississippi valley, or in that of the Missouri, offers more or better inducements as a place of residence. Its sanitary conditions are unsurpassed, the



statistics of the Board of Health showing that Davenport ranks high, not only among the cities of the United States, but of the world. Epidemic diseases have rarely made their appearance, and the light forms have been shown by the remarkably low death rate. The cost of living, as shown by the average price of commodities, is less than most Western cities, for the reason that many of the staples are home grown. The supply of pure water is never failing, as shown in a separate chapter. The educational system comprehends public schools, seminaries and colleges, and the various religious denominations are represented by large churches and noble cathedrals. The judicious management of municipal affairs places the city's credit high in financial circles."

All the names around the city of Davenport are of historic interest and significance. The county in which it is situated is called Scott county, from General Scott, whose famous treaty was made here. The Mississippi bounds the county on the east and south; and it is the lower one of the trio which occupies a front and central rank among the counties bordering on the river. The first permanent settlement in the county was made by Antoine Le Claire, in the spring of 1813. During the next year several families and companies of whites crossed over as "squatters," settling upon such "claims" as might best suit their fancy. Mr. Le Claire was for years intimately and responsibly identified with our government in its intercourse with the Indians of the Northwest, being in government service, as interpreter and Indian agent, from 1813 to 1843—thirty years; and in some ten or twelve important treaties he was the principal or only interpreter, and as such attended the Government officers on the occasion. His familiarity with some fourteen different Indian dialects, as well as with the English and the French languages, and his being the great-grandson of a chief, and his wife the descendent of another, gave him an influence with, and a knowledge of, the Indian tribes, such as no other individual of his day possessed. The marquee of General Scott, in which was held the treaty with the Sac and Fox Indians, was erected

upon the identical spot which has, since 1833, been occupied by Mr. Le Claire as a residence. In the spring of 1854 it was given up to the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad Company, as a location for their passenger depot.

At the period of the treaty made by General Scott, the cholera was prevailing among the soldiers in the fort, and the meeting, instead of being held on the Island, was, from prudential considerations, transferred to the main shore, though not outside of the range of the guns of the fort. It was in this marquee that the chief of the Sacs made a present of a mile square of land to Mr. Le Claire, and striking his foot upon the turf, told Mr. Le Claire that the only condition he asked was that he should build his house upon that spot—a condition that was speedily complied with. The treaty was held in the fall of 1832, and ratified by Congress the following winter. In the spring of 1833, Mr. Le Claire erected a small building, or “shanty,” in the then Fox village. Maquopom was the head warrior, and Powesheik, head chief. In the fall of 1834, the Sac and Fox Indians left there for the Cedar river. In the spring of 1835 the town of Davenport was laid out.

Of the climate and scenery of Scott county, Mr. Newhall, in his “Glimpse of Iowa,” thus speaks:

“Ever since the earliest settlement of Iowa, this portion has been justly esteemed among the most desirable and fascinating regions of the boundless West. Being entirely free from low bottom-lands, (the usual cause of disease), it was early selected by the sagacious pioneers as one of the favored spots of the Upper Mississippi valley. Perhaps no country in the world presents so happy a combination of picturesque beauties, blended with excellence of soil, and salubrity of climate, as the vicinity of Rock Island. All who have ever visited the charming region concur in expressing their admiration of the surpassing beauties of Nature’s inimitable works.

“For some ten miles on the river, above and below Davenport, the bluffs are very wide, varying from one to two miles, leaving a large amount of bottom-land for cultivation. By the word bluff we do not mean here an abrupt perpendicular precipice of rocks; the bluffs of the Missis-

issippi at this point, and for twenty miles up and down the river, are generally a gentle slope from the top to the banks of the river, and their elevation is about 100 feet above low-water mark.

"From the top of these bluffs, one beholds Davenport spreading out upon a gently sloping plain nearly two miles long, and one-half to three-fourths of a mile wide, fronting on the river, which runs, at this point, nearly west; and the streets range parallel to the four cardinal points of the compass. For miles below the mighty Mississippi rolls on, its placid water curling amid its many islands in picturesque grandeur, until lost in the distance; while, to the east, for ten miles, a most beautiful panoramic view is presented of the river, its islands and bluffs.

"In the distance are the towns of Hampton and Moline, upon the Illinois shore; in front of you, and beyond the town of Rock Island, away in the distance, are seen the windings of Rock river, one of the most beautiful streams in the West. The tower of Black Hawk is also in full view, overlooking the great valley at the junction of Rock River with the Mississippi. It was in this valley, at the forks of the Rock river and the Mississippi, that the village of Black Hawk was situated. Here, it was said, he lived in peace and plenty, with his immense fields of corn, and supplied with game and fish, that abounded in the neighborhood. It is said to have been one of the greatest trials of Black Hawk's life to give up this country, and not only leave the graves of his people to the ruthless encroachments of the white man, but to part with his favorite fishing and hunting grounds. Is it a wonder, then, that, after a treaty had been signed by Keokuk, the civil chief of the tribe, contrary to the wishes and design of Black Hawk, he refused to leave this lovely spot, the scenes of his childhood, the sports of his manhood, and the last resting-place of his ancestors?"

The city of Davenport was laid out in 1835, by Colonel George Davenport and Antoine Le Claire, and some fifty lots were sold at that time for from \$300 to \$600 each. These two enterprising pioneers built the first public house in 1836, and in honor of the new town named it the Davenport Hotel. This historic building still stands in the city, surrounded by the massive and elegant stores and warehouses and manufactories of the present metropolis of 30,000 souls.

The following sketch of the life of Colonel Davenport, after whom the city was named, will be read with interest:

“Colonel George Davenport was the first white man to make a permanent settlement in what is now Rock Island county, Illinois, arriving here in the spring of 1816. He was a native of England, born in Lincolnshire in 1783. At the age of seventeen he enlisted as a sailor on a merchant vessel, and for the next three years he visited France, Spain and Portugal. After a remarkable experience on the high seas, Davenport enlisted in the regular (American) army in 1805. In the spring of the next year he went to New Orleans with his regiment. For ten years he served his adopted country as a soldier, principally against the Indians.

“On receiving his discharge in 1815 he was employed by Colonel William Morrison, of Kentucky, government contractor, to supply the troops with provisions. Going to St. Louis, he took charge of several keel boats loaded with provisions. A large drove of cattle were also purchased and driven through the country. They started up the river and arrived at the mouth of the Des Moines river late in the fall, and concluded to stop there for the winter. In the spring of 1816, in company with Colonel Lawrence, in command of the Eighth regiment, United States infantry, they again embarked on boats and proceeded up the river. Arriving at the mouth of Rock river, they examined the country for a site for a fort, resulting in the selection of the lower end of Rock Island as the most suitable point. They landed on Rock Island May 10th, 1816, and here Mr. Davenport made his home until his death. His residence, a double log cabin, was near the foot of the island, where he subsequently erected a large two-story frame house.

“The Indians at that time were not very friendly to the Americans, but soon took a fancy to Mr. Davenport, giving him the name of Sag-a-Nosh, meaning ‘an Englishman.’ During the second year, with what little money he had saved, he purchased a stock of goods and began trading with the Indians. As an Indian trader he was remarkably successful, securing and retaining their good will and confidence, although for a time he had more or less trouble with the Winnebagoes, at one time narrowly escaping being massacred. In 1823 the first steamboat—the Virginia—arrived at the island, loaded



with provisions for Prairie du Chien, and Mr. Davenport was called upon to pilot her over the rapids. In 1825 a postoffice was established upon the island, with Mr. Davenport as postmaster. He held the office until its removal to the mainland on the organization of the county. In 1827 he visited his native land, after an absence of twenty-three years, returning in 1828.

“During this year the first settlements were made in this vicinity. As the people were poor, Mr. Davenport furnished many of them with provisions and groceries until they could raise a crop. When the Indians returned, in the spring of 1829, Mr. Davenport used all his influence to induce them to remove to the west side of the Mississippi river, and partially succeeded. Waupello removed his village to Muscatine slough, and Keokuk, with part of the Sacs, to the Iowa river; but Black Hawk and the remainder of the Sacs refused to go, claiming that they had never sold their land. During the Black Hawk war that followed, Mr. Davenport was appointed quartermaster-general, with the rank of colonel.

“On the organization of the county, Colonel Davenport was elected one of the first county commissioners, and served some two or three years. In the fall of 1835, in company with several others, he purchased a claim of Antoine Le Claire, across the river, in Iowa, and proceeded to lay out a town. To this town was given the name of ‘Davenport,’ in his honor. In the fall of 1837 he visited Washington City, in company with a number of chiefs of the Sac and Fox nations, and aided the Government in the purchase of a large portion of Iowa. In 1842, Governor Chambers made another treaty with the Sacs and Foxes. He told the chiefs to select any of their white friends they might choose to assist them in making a treaty. They selected Colonel Davenport as one of four. By this treaty the Indians sold all of their lands within the State of Iowa. Shortly after this Colonel Davenport withdrew from the Indian trade, and devoted the remainder of his life to the improvement of his property in Davenport and Rock Island.

“‘Colonel Davenport,’ says a well-known writer, ‘was of a very free and generous disposition—very jovial and fond of company. After retiring from the Indian trade, he spent the winters generally in St. Louis or Washington. Whether traveling on a steamboat or stopping at a hotel, he would always have a crowd around him, listening to his stories and anecdotes. He

never sued any one in his life, and could not bear to see any one in distress without trying to relieve him. He enjoyed excellent health and spirits, and had the prospect of living many years to enjoy the comfort for which he had toiled so hard, but was struck down by one of a band of robbers, in his own house, on the 4th of July, 1845. He died aged sixty-two.'

"The life of Colonel Davenport was a long and active one. 'Although of trans-Atlantic extraction,' says the writer already quoted from, 'he was a true type of the American, possessing indomitable resolution, a restless desire to progress, with an invincible determination to overcome obstacles and achieve success. Much as his courage, perseverance, enterprise and ability demand admiration, there is still something more than these commanding our respect and honor; something which is more lustrous than wealth, better than position or title; it was his humanity.'"

An interesting bit of reminiscence has been preserved to us from the pen of the Rev. S. S. Howe, who has already been mentioned in this volume as one of the pioneers of Presbyterianism in Iowa. It is as follows:

"In 1840, I tarried a few weeks in Davenport, and, with Mr. Strong Burnell, visited Antoine Le Claire, at his home, then the old 'Council House.' The city was very small. An eight acre lot could then have been bought very cheap. The pecuniary crash of 1837 had then reached Iowa. No money, no credit, no hope of business prevailed. Mr. Le Claire was then building his first hotel, and that almost swamped his credit, although afterwards business revived and the place grew. There was not probably more than five or six hundred actual settlers.

"The Indians came prancing down on the prairie, to visit Mr. Le Claire, and rode in a circle in front of his house. They got a barrel of flour and a large kettle. The women, headed by an aged, gray-headed Indian, were bringing sticks and brush from the bluffs above to boil the porridge, which the lubberly men were making, thus reversing the order of civilization. The Sacs and Foxes were after their annuities—to visit their old haunts and friends, Le Claire and Colonel George Davenport, the latter on Rock Island. The men and squaws were paddling their bark canoes across the rapids to see the colonel.

"Now, how changed is everything! A great city stretches over the then prairies and bluffs, where wild men, birds and beasts reveled. Some incidents of that early visit may be added. A young man, by the name of Gates, on a Wednesday, was seen building a skiff. He and others attached a mast and sails to the small craft. On Sunday they went down to launch and sail their boat. The wind was strong and the waves ran high. A negro waiter at the hotel where Gates boarded, ran down to the brink of the river and entreated him and those with him not to venture into the current, as they would certainly be drowned. They persisted, three of them. No sooner than they had reached the boiling current the boat over-set, and, by the action of the wind and current, the boat continued to go over and over, Gates, being a good swimmer, let go of the boat to swim ashore. But he soon sank and never rose nor was heard of more. The writer of this article was called upon to improve the sad event on Sabbath evening. He could not say, 'the better day, the better deed;' and that his distant friends would rather have had him die in that way on any other day of the week. Sad sight, a young man sinking into a watery grave.

"The writer also 'paddled his own canoe' over the Mississippi—or rather a borrowed one—visited Black Hawk's cave at the foot of the island. It took just twenty minutes by the watch, to return from Rock Island shore, then called Stevenson.

"With Mr. Strong Burnell, also, he visited Mr. Le Claire and solicited him to give a lot for a Congregational church, which he afterwards did. He said very pleasantly and smilingly, 'I have given the Catholics a lot, and, I suppose I must treat them all alike.' He was a very generous man, and often boasted that he was the first *white* man that ever came over the Mississippi. Half Indian and half French by descent, he was more tawny than white."

The Presbyterian work in Davenport was begun in the year 1838, and the first church was organized in February, 1839. It is thus the oldest organization in the city. The Rev. Michael Hummer was the main worker in the enterprise. This gentleman was pastor of our church at Rock Island at that time. In the organization of the church at Davenport he was assisted by Rev.

Thomas Pillsbury, of McComb, Ill., and Rev. Enoch Mead, who was just opening a farm for himself in the vicinity of the new city. The first elders of the church were Mr. Thomas Hoge and Dr. Donaldson; and in all there were ten charter members. Their place of worship was a small school-house, and very glad indeed were the people to assemble in those humble quarters to hear the word of truth. Mr. Hummer supplied them with occasional preaching during the time that he remained in Rock Island. Then, as now, it was necessary for Home Missionaries to occupy two or more preaching points that the widely scattered people might be fed.

In 1842 the church was reorganized, with Messrs. J. M. D. Burrows and F. S. Hoge as elders. There was no regular ministerial supply until 1843, when Rev. Samuel Cleland, taking charge of the Rock Island church, consented to preach, as occasion offered, on the Iowa side of the river. In 1844 the people were moved to build, and with great labor and self-sacrifice succeeded in erecting a building on Third street, between Main and Harrison streets. In 1853 a larger building was erected on the same site, and this was occupied until 1864, when the church moved into its present handsome and commodious structure which stands on the high ground overlooking the valley and the river.

The arrangement with Mr. Cleland continued until 1846. In that year there were but seventeen members. A Sabbath school was organized during this year, and toward its close the Rev. George S. Rea became minister and served the church two and a half years. After him the Rev. Erastus Ripley, of the Congregational body, was engaged as minister of the church for six months. Indeed, about this time our Congregational brethren seem to have been especially active in the neighborhood, and our history overlaps somewhat with theirs. It may be interesting, therefore, to quote a few experiences from the pen of Father Turner, given in the book from which quotation has already been made. They will serve



to show the hardships endured in an early day by those ministerial pioneers who labored in the vicinity of Davenport.

Dr. Magoun says that Mr. Turner's sermon at Fort Madison would have been accounted the first Congregational sermon in Iowa had the preacher not been at that time a Presbyterian! Things were a little mixed in that early day, but we who follow after may justly take pride in the services of the godly men whose hearts were one, whatever their ecclesiastical relations might be. Mr. Turner wrote as follows of his experiences in 1834 and 1835: "I preached at a place about eight miles above Davenport, where there was quite a little settlement, at the house of a Brother Chamberlain. There was talk of some explorers who had gone up as far as Wapsipinecon. Dubuque we did not then call a civilized place. True, there were some half-breeds, some whole breeds and a few miners, but 'it wasn't anything, anyhow.' All the West lay spread out just as the Lord made it in all its primitive beauty. Muscatine had been disfigured by one cabin." "The night we reached there (Muscatine)," he said once at General Association, "we occupied the whole place for sleeping—an uninhabited cabin of one room." Some time before Mr. Turner's visit, it seems, Mr. Chamberlain had written from "Rock Island Rapids, Mo. T.," that "the country for a hundred miles or more along the west bank of the river is entirely destitute of preaching. I think a church might be soon organized of fifteen or twenty members."

Of Davenport, Mr. Turner wrote: "In the center of what now is the town was a cow-field; a cabin had grown up to the eaves, but was minus a roof and gable ends. Le Claire's cottage stood about where his house does now, a field enclosed it around, and a young orchard gave promise of future fruit. Some two thousand Indians were encamped on the ground to receive their pensions from Rock Island fort. As we came from the south into town, we met a number of young warriors try-

ing the speed of their Iowa Morgans. But our rushes and cottonwood bark during the winter had not put energy enough into their muscles to make their speed dangerous." In another letter, Mr. Turner continues: "General Street, Indian agent, occupied Fort Armstrong on Rock Island. There were a few cabins in the town. I crossed the river, and made my way down the east side, forded the wider part of Rock river, and as the water was deep (within one foot of my little borrowed pony's back) got quite wet. The sun was just going down as I got to the south bank. There was a house nine miles below, which I hoped to find, and with it supper and bed, but missed my way; took the dragoon track with the moon as my guide, keeping the right hand of this, and struck the timber in the morning, opposite the mouth of the Iowa river, forty miles from my fording place."

That morning he found a cabin in the timber, standing on the present site of New Boston. There were sixteen persons in it already, but in those days, as Dr. Magoun remarks, a log cabin was never full. Of his experiences there Mr. Turner wrote: "The cabin was about twelve feet square. The woman had three children in her bed, and two in a bed supported by sticks driven into auger holes in the wall. She got up and took one child off the floor to her bed, and the other to the patent bedstead, to make room for Brother Kirby and myself to lie on the floor. This was Saturday morning. I had an appointment at Yellow Springs, fifteen miles west, for the Sabbath. The ferryman refused to take me across the Mississippi river until five or six others should come and want to cross. I offered him five dollars, told him I must get over to preach; he still refused. I hired a skiff, took my saddle, found a house and horse three miles the other side, and fulfilled my appointment." These glimpses of trials and hardships in what is now a bridged and railroad-girded country need to be borne in mind if we are to understand the early work.

On the first day of November, 1849, the Rev. J. D. Mason was installed pastor of the Presbyterian church at Davenport. The membership at that time was thirty and the salary promised was \$750. At the close of Mr. Mason's pastorate of nearly ten years there were two hundred communicants enrolled. These ten years mark the period of struggle and anxiety. The people were rapidly coming in, and all Mr. Mason's energy, consecration and zeal were taxed to the utmost to meet the changing conditions. The next pastor was the Rev. Dr. S. McAnderson, who began his work in 1860, and continued until the close of the year 1869. His successor was the Rev. J. B. Stewart, D. D., who served the church from the spring of 1870 to the fall of 1872. On January 1st, 1873, Dr. C. D. Nott began work with the church and continued his pastorate until 1880. His successor was Rev. Dr. N. M. Clute, whose services commenced in May, 1881, and closed in May, 1885. The present pastor, Rev. J. B. Little, entered upon his services in April, 1886, and with great tact, earnestness and ability has conducted the work founded in such prayer and hardship to its present power and prominence. The membership is upwards of three hundred, and all the societies for definite work are in active operation.

A wise system of church extension has been practiced in Davenport. Under the direction of the Rev. J. D. Mason, what is now called the Second Presbyterian church, was started. The Rev. Robert Edgar is the pastor of it and a useful work is being done. There has also been erected, through the generosity of Mrs. T. D. Newcomb, one of the wealthy and efficient members of the First church, a very comfortable edifice for Sunday-school purposes in the western part of the city. Upon this lady its maintenance has largely devolved, but she is more than repaid for the outlay by the good work that is being done. The population of Davenport is largely sprinkled with Germans and foreigners, and this makes evangelism rather difficult, but the noble and loyal Pres-

byterian hearts in the churches are doing heroic work, under their efficient pastors, to leaven the beautiful city with gospel truth. Their fathers have left them a glorious heritage of toil and sacrifice, and they are more than willing to continue the same policy for Christ's sake.



## CHAPTER XXII.

## CITY WORK—BURLINGTON.

The name of this city is probably more familiar to Eastern ears than that of any other in Iowa, because it has been taken as the short title or *nom de guerre* of a great railroad system. At one time it was the terminal point of that railway, but now it is only one of its principal stations and the location of one of its great shops and freight yards. As to situation Burlington compares very favorably with the other cities on the western banks of the Father of Waters, and its bluff heights are crowned by substantial and elegant homes. The population is about 30,000 souls, and the business is becoming more and more that of manufacturing.

It is stated in Dr. Magoun's *Life of Asa Turner* that the first religious work at Burlington was done by the Methodists. "In the autumn of 1833-34," says Dr. William R. Ross, first surveyor, first clerk and first postmaster at Burlington, "I wrote to Rev. Peter Cartwright, on his route north, to send me a preacher. He licensed Barton G. Cartwright, who came to my house on my claim in March, 1834, with an ox-team and plow to break prairie through the week and preach for us on Sunday. He was the first to preach there. But in May Peter Cartwright and other Methodist leaders held there the first camp-meeting in Iowa, two days, and formed a 'class' of six." Dr. Magoun also says: "Rev. J. A. Clark was the first Home Missionary preacher at Burlington, October, 1838. The place was a bar-room; the text Ezek., 33:11."

Through the kindness of Rev. J. C. M'Clintock, D.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Burlington, we

are able to give a rather detailed history of the work in that city. We are convinced that it will have more than a local interest, as furnishing a complete idea of how growing Western cities are captured for Christ. Says Dr. M'Clintock, in an address on leaving the old church in 1886:

“Although our church is called the First Presbyterian church of Burlington, we are not the first in point of time. There was a Presbyterian church here seven years earlier. In trying to get at the facts of the history of this first organization, I have been forcibly reminded of the obliterating power of the hand of time. It is hard to trace any stream back to its first fountain. It is hard to get at the exact facts which form the beginning of any chain of events. Often no records of the first steps are kept. The first actors pass off the stage, and an uncertain tradition is our only remaining resource, often silent or contradictory. If any records of the first Presbyterian organization in our city were kept, they have long since been lost. But from the recollections of some of the older citizens, and from a few incidental references in the Minutes of the old Presbytery of Iowa, several points are made fairly certain.

“Those of you whose memory of events in Iowa and the West carries you back twenty-five years or more, recall a man of God familiarly known in all this region as Father Bell. A man rather under the average stature, spare and wiry frame, prominent forehead, features strong, but pleasing, and manners gentle and quiet as a lady's, he was a well-known and welcome guest all through the young settlements of this new Territory. He was a man of the most devout piety, simplicity of mind, apostolic devotion and zeal. No one could meet him, even casually, without feeling impressed that he was a true man of God.

“It is now something more than fifty years since Father Bell came from Tennessee, and engaged in the pioneer work of exploring the new settlement forming so fast on the fertile and beautiful prairies of western Illinois and southern Iowa. In the records of the first meetings of the Presbytery of Iowa, Father Bell bears the rather formidable title of Bishop Launcelot Graham Bell; but he deserves the titles, for he was a true spiritual father and bishop to the infant Presbyterian church of all this region,

and it is his honor to have done more than any other man in the planting of Presbyterian churches in Iowa.

"Some time in 1838, Father Bell organized a church in Burlington. It had no house of worship, but was evidently a promising church, as I find it reported to the General Assembly in 1842, with thirty-two members. Rev. John Mark Fulton was its stated supply for several years. A difficulty between a member of the session and Mr. Fulton, which culminated in a trial in Presbytery in 1842, was the occasion of Mr. Fulton's resignation of the charge here. The church was dropped from the Assembly's roll in 1844, and in the records of the Presbytery of Iowa, date of April 2d, 1845, I find a minute stating that the Presbyterian church in Burlington had sometime before become extinct as a Presbyterian church.

#### THE PRESENT ORGANIZATION.

"Two or three persons who had belonged to this organization, with a few others who held to the Presbyterian faith and order, were organized in February, 1845, by the Rev. Charles P. Cummins, D. D., assisted by Rev. William L. McCalla, a visiting minister, into the First Presbyterian church in the city of Burlington.

"The charter members of this church were: Mr. David McIntyre and Sarah Jane McIntyre, his wife, Andrew Pierce and wife, Mrs. John C. Fletcher, Mrs. Jerry Lampson, and Miss Mary Calkins, seven in all.

"David W. McIntyre was elected and installed the first ruling elder; and on the 29th of July, 1846, the session was enlarged by the election and ordination of Mr. David Rice.

"The church was incorporated under the act of Iowa Territorial Legislature.

"After the organization of the church in February, 1845, it was supplied with preaching for a few Sabbaths by Mr. McCalla, who then returned to the East.

"The services were in the school room of Miss Mary Calkins, one of the original members. There is a row of three two-story brick house, on Third street, just opposite the opera house. It was in the middle house of this row, and in the room upstairs that these first services were held, and this infant church had shelter until it secured a home of its own.

"In the autumn of 1845 the first communion service was held in the school-room, conducted by Rev. Aaron L. Leonard.

"During the winter of 1845-1846, the Rev. Thomas

Bracken supplied the pulpit, and the membership was enlarged by several additions.

"Mr. Bracken left Burlington in the spring of 1846, and the Rev. William K. Stewart, pastor of the church at Macomb, Ill., engaged to supply the church once a month, when the roads and river would permit.

"About this time our neighboring church of Spring Creek was a large and thriving organization, reporting forty-eight members, while Burlington had, all told, but thirteen. Rev. James Gallatin, a young minister, had been ordained and installed pastor of our flourishing neighbor church, and occasionally favored Burlington with a sermon—just as in later days Burlington has ministered to Spring Creek.

"The flavor of Mr. Gallatin's theology, and the ministerial and personal qualifications of the man were so acceptable to the members here, that they conceived the somewhat covetous design of taking him away from their Spring Creek neighbors and installing him as Bishop of Burlington. A call was accordingly made out and the Presbytery petitioned to remove Mr. Gallatin to Burlington. At a meeting of the Presbytery held at Spring Creek, April 18th, 1848, this application was heard; but Mr. Gallatin and the Spring Creek people united in objecting to this moving, and declared their unwillingness to have the relations existing between them dissolved. Accordingly the Presbytery denied the application, and directed, instead, that Brother Gallatin, in view of the condition of the Burlington church, supply it with preaching as often as he consistently could.

"On October 27th, 1847, the church was happy in the presence of a pastor-elect, in the person of Licentiate James G. Shinn, who had but recently graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary, and had been introduced to the church by Rev. C. C. Cuyler, D. D., pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, who had visited Burlington in the early summer of '48. Doctor Cuyler's representations on his return to Philadelphia induced Mr. Shinn to visit Burlington, and the result was a call to the pastorate, which he accepted. His ordination took place on Saturday, November 4th, 1848, at an adjourned meeting of the Presbytery held here for that purpose. The Moderator of Presbytery, Rev. James D. Mason, preached the ordination sermon. Rev. Salmon Cowles presided, proposed the constitutional questions, and delivered the charge to the pastor, and the



Rev. John Hudson delivered the charge to the people.

"Mr. Shinn had conducted special religious services for a week previous to the ordination, and a communion service was held on the Sabbath following, at which sixteen persons were received to membership.

"The pastorate of Mr. Shinn was eminently successful. He preached with great faithfulness and power the doctrines of grace, and was bold and earnest in rebuking sin. In his private life he manifested the greatest modesty and humility, and his personal character as well as his official work endeared him to his congregation, and won for him the respect of the community.

"A single incident, told me by one of the actors in it, illustrates well his conscientious faithfulness and watchful zeal over the church.

"He had but just arrived in Burlington. There was an entertainment given by the congregation, for the benefit of the church funds, in the basement room. Some large cakes had been baked, in which gold rings had been placed, and the cakes had been sold at ten cents a slice—in the expectation of netting a considerable sum, but without any thought of the objectionable chance feature.

"Mr. Shinn ascertained what was going on, and at once paid the sum out of his own pocket and withdrew them from sale, unwilling to have any thing done that could, in the slightest degree, bring a suspicion or shadow upon the church or the cause of Christ. I think I am safe in saying that from that day to this the ladies of our church have, with scrupulous care, excluded from all their plans of making money, everything of questionable propriety, and that they have won for themselves an honorable and enviable reputation for giving full, honest value for all they have received.

"In the autumn of 1851 Mr. Shinn was compelled to return to the East on account of the serious illness of his wife, and in November of that year he forwarded his resignation of the pastorate, which was accepted by Presbytery at a meeting held in West Point, on the 22d of December, 1851. In these three years eighty-five persons were added to the church, of whom thirty-one were on profession of faith in Christ.

"We must go back a little ways in our history, and note the struggles made by the little handful of members, to secure a church building—struggles which resulted in the erection of this house which has so long sheltered us, and been the center of our church activities.

“It is a matter of regret that no written account was kept of the beginning of the work. Many things that would be of deepest interest to us now, are beyond reach, since the men and women who were the actors have all passed off the stage. I may be pardoned for expressing the hope that those who are in charge of our new church building will carefully put on record, in a shape that shall secure permanency, everything of interest connected with the work. We may know all the facts before our eyes, but we will not be here long—and those who come after us will be deeply interested in the particulars of the work we are doing.

“The movement toward securing a permanent place of worship must have commenced early in the first year of the church, for the lot was purchased in the summer of 1845, for the sum of \$400. The bond for the deed was executed August 12th, 1845, to Mr. David McIntyre, with an indulgence extending for one year. Mr. McIntyre held himself responsible for the payment for the lot, and spent the winter of 1846-7 in Kentucky, collecting money for this purpose.

“The foundation was put in before the winter of '45, and was then boarded over until the following spring. One of the present members of the church, who was then a child, tells me of finding a splendid play-ground on these boards covering the basement during that winter and the following spring.

“The house was enclosed, and the basement occupied during the season of 1846.

“Mrs. M. B. Robertson writes to me from Louisville, that the soliciting committee received subscriptions in anything that was offered. Their list comprised donations of shoes, dry goods, queensware and trade, labor, hauling, anything and everything. The various articles of trade were used in paying the workmen.

“The original building contains 107,000 bricks. This is exclusive of the addition for the vestibule, which was erected in the year 1865, at a cost of \$2,543, including various repairs on the building. The original pews had doors and cost less than \$200. The pulpit cost about \$50. The entire cost of the house with furnishing, was \$3,556, which, with the \$400 paid for the lot, and some interest, swells the amount expended to about \$4,000. Some two thousand dollars of this were raised by Mr. McIntyre, from friends and churches in the East. We do well to remember this fact, when we are called on now to help

weak and struggling churches. But for the kind and Christian assistance given to us in the time of our weakness and need, it would have been well nigh impossible to have secured this building, which has served us so long and so well. Such sympathy and help as this church then received is simply invaluable, and we ought to seize gladly every opportunity to pay off the interest on this debt of love by extending like help to those who need it.

“The lamps that first lighted the house, and this old pulpit Bible were presented by friends of Mrs. Lucy S. Henry’s, in Doctor Rice’s church, Cincinnati, Ohio. Before these lamps were secured, the church was lighted in the still more primitive way, by tallow dips, which the members brought and placed in tin candlesticks on the wall, or held in their hands. The church was heated with stoves, and occasionally a foot stove, filled with hot coals, was resorted to in extreme weather, to enable their fortunate possessors to sit through the service in comparative comfort.

“With all the aid from abroad, the church had a hard struggle to clear itself of debt, and was obliged at one time to secure a loan of \$800, in order to save the property.

“Those were days of real self denial and sacrifice—giving until it was felt; and labor until backs and fingers and eyes ached for weariness. As always, the women of the church were foremost in their devotion, and their society was the worthy predecessor and example in good works, of the similar societies that in recent years have been working for the new church. If time permitted I would tell the story, how they pieced quilts, and baked, and served tables and knit, and stitched with busy hands—how one of them—with us to day—to save the church expense, undertook to ply the painter’s trade, and do over the green venetian blinds that shaded the windows, and how the heat softened the paint, and the slats stuck together even closer than the members of the churches usually do.

“All honor to the faithful devotion and unwearying self-sacrifice that laid the foundations and carried the work through to completion. Let us not allow the lesson to be lost on us. What we have undertaken is a light burden, considering our numbers and strength, compared with what they carried, in building and caring for this venerable sanctuary.

“Upon the resignation of Rev. J. G. Shinn, in December, 1851, the Rev. Joshua Phelps, D. D., was invited to supply the church for one year. The invitation was accepted, and Dr. Phelps entered upon his ministry here, on the 27th of May, 1852, at a salary of \$700 and a promise of \$100 additional if it could be raised. Previous to this time the church had depended on the Board of Home Missions, and had received aid to the amount of \$200 annually.

“At the close of the year Dr. Phelps was called to the pastorate, but declined it to accept the presidency of Alexander College at Dubuque. Thirty-eight persons were added to the church during this year, of whom eight were upon profession of faith.

“Dr. Phelps was succeeded by Rev. W. E. Larkin, of Rock Island, Illinois, who was invited to supply the church for four months. Just before the invitation to Mr. Larkin, the church invited Rev. William M. Paxton, of Pittsburgh, now one of the professors in Princeton Theological Seminary, to visit Burlington with a view to settlement, and at the close of Mr. Larkin's four months a call was voted to Rev. I. N. Candee, D. D., of Lafayette, Indiana. Both these attempts to secure a pastor were without success.

“Some difference that had grown between members of the church and the session culminated, about the time Mr. Larkin's engagement expired, in an appeal to Presbytery for advice. The Presbytery sent Revs. S. Cowles and Robert McQuigan to give counsel and help the church out of its difficulty. Their judgment was that the existing session ought to resign, and that a new session, acceptable to the majority, be elected. The advice was followed.

“The change of administration did not result in the harmony hoped for. The day after the installation of the new session, as its first official act, it granted letters of dismission to twenty-three persons, who organized the Second Presbyterian church of Burlington. They were supplied for a time by Rev. Mr. Jennings, followed by Rev. Tracy M. Oviatt. The brick church, on Third street, now known as St. Paul's Catholic church, was built by them, but after struggling a few years under a debt of \$7,000, the organization broke hopelessly down.

“It was at once followed by another, in connection with the New School Assembly, known as the Westminster Presbyterian church, which occupied the house and



attempted to pay the debt. Disappointed in their expectation of aid from abroad, they, too, were compelled to abandon the struggle, and the house was finally sold for debt to its present owners.

“Returning now to the close of Mr. Larkin’s ministry, we next have the Rev. Jephtha Harrison, D. D., pastor from September 27, 1854, to October, 1857.

“Doctor Harrison has been described to me as a man somewhat advanced in years, wholly absorbed in the duties of his calling, and with but little knowledge of men or things outside of it. His style in preaching was earnest, and his sermons less burdened with doctrine than exhortation.

“The church prospered under his ministry. Fifty-five new members were received, sixteen of whom were on profession of faith. Extensive repairs were made on the church building, the salary was raised to \$800, and the church freed from debt.

“For a year succeeding Dr. Harrison the church was supplied by Licentiate W. L. Mitchell, who twice declined the call to the pastorate. (1858).

“The Rev. James Harvey Clarke began labor as a supply in 1859. In September of the same year he received a call, and was installed pastor. He remained two years and one month, when he accepted a chaplaincy in the Seventeenth regiment, Iowa volunteers.

“These were times full of excitement in State and church, and the spiritual condition of the church suffered.

“Mr. Clark was followed by the Rev. W. E. Westervelt, who became Stated Supply in August, 1861, and continued until the spring of 1864.

“He was succeeded by Rev. George D. Stewart, D. D., who had been laboring successfully at West Point and Sharon, in Lee county. Doctor Stewart ministered to the church as Stated Supply for six and a half years. The difficulties that for years had checked the growth of the church were gradually surmounted by his prudent and zealous efforts. One hundred and six persons were added to the church; the salary was raised from \$800 to \$1,500; and the building was enlarged and beautified at an expense of \$3,500, and the financial condition of the congregation was brought into a healthy state. Many of the present members of the church sat under Doctor Stewart’s ministry, and all of you have enjoyed the privilege of hearing him preach, and you know him as one of the foremost of our Iowa ministers in ability and influence.

"He left Burlington in the autumn of 1870, to accept a call to the Second church of Omaha, and more recently has been the successful pastor of the church at Fort Madison, where he now resides.

"Your present pastor received your call on the 5th of December, 1870, and was installed on the 19th of January, 1871, making a continuous pastorate of over fifteen years. Of the work of these fifteen years I shall not attempt to speak in detail at this time, further than to say that they have been years of delightful service, cheered by many tokens of Divine blessing, and brightened by the kind sympathy and cordial coöperation of the beloved members and officers of the church.

"It would be a seriously defective account that should fail to make distinct mention of that element which has always been the majority in numbers, the most untiring in labors, the most hopeful under trials and discouragements, the strongest in faith in the future of the church—ever ready to respond to demands for labor, whether in Sabbath school, the aid society, the social work of the churches, the mission cause, or the relief of the financial condition of the church. I mean the godly women who have been our faithful co laborers in establishing and building up the church, and of whom it is exact truth to say, as Paul said of Tryphena and Tryphosa and the beloved Persis, that 'they have labored much in the Lord.'"

At the present time the church at Burlington, under its efficient and scholarly pastor, is recognized as a spiritual power all through Iowa. Every department is soundly organized and thoroughly equipped. The membership is 334. There is also a German Presbyterian church in the city, doing a good work among the large population speaking that language. Doubtless the eastern friends, who contributed to the support of the first pastors, and to the building and furnishing of the first edifices, are filled with joy as they look down from Immanuel's Land upon the present efficient service being rendered by the church they were moved to aid in its infancy and struggle. To plant a church in a growing western community is one of the grandest things a man or a set of men can set hand to, and surely a diviner happiness comes in eternity to those who have used their earthly life for this purpose.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## CITY WORK—KEOKUK.

The city of Keokuk perpetuates the name of an Indian orator and warrior, whose exploits will long be rehearsed around the firesides of Iowa. Photographs of the sturdy old man show a strong and not uncomely face, with clear, piercing eyes, decided mouth and jaws, and an expansive brow. He loved to have his picture taken in true Indian costume, the necklace of bear's claws about his neck, his gorgeous blanket wrapped around his shoulders, and his ornamented, hair-bristling war-bonnet on his head. In every way he was a remarkable man, and the items of his life ought to be preserved.

The name, Keokuk, signifies the "sly fox;" or, more literally, the "doubling fox," from that animal's habit of turning back on the track when pursued, in order to outwit those engaged in the chase. He was a member of the Fox tribe, and was born on Rock river about the year 1780. He was not a chief by birth; that distinction he gained for himself by a piece of Indian valor. In his youth, mounted on horseback, he killed a Sioux with his spear, and for this action he was promoted from the ranks of the braves to all the rights and privileges of a chief and to a public feast. He was rather apt to make boasts of his bravery. It is related that when the Peoria Indian village was destroyed, by the authority of the United States, Keokuk presented himself suddenly to the distracted braves and squaws as they mourned over their ruined homes and cried: "Make me your leader, and let the young men follow me, and the pale faces shall be driven back to their towns!" Happily this challenge

des not seem to have resulted in any real trouble to the whites, the Indians probably having learned that it is better to suffer in silence than to take up with the inflammatory suggestions of young braves and headstrong chiefs.

Keokuk figured in several successful encounters with the Sioux, the powerful and greatly-feared enemies of the Sacs and Foxes. The Sioux are the Ishmaelites of the western plains, their hands have for generations been against all other red men, and all tribes have made common cause against them. The Sioux are superb horsemen, and Keokuk was wily enough not to attempt to fight them after their chosen fashion of mounted and swiftly-maneuvering warfare. He would dismount his men, form them into a close circle behind their horses, and then the superior marksmanship of the Sacs and Foxes rarely failed to gain for them the victory. On one occasion the shrewdness of the "Doubling Fox" shone out with conspicuous brilliancy. With a small party of his tribe, Keokuk was riding quietly along, when suddenly they found themselves upon a large Sioux camp. They were too near to retreat unperceived, and a precipitous flight would be fatal to the members of the band, who were mounted on the slower ponies. Keokuk's ready wit came to his assistance. Without a moment's hesitation he dashed straight into the camp of the enemy, alone and apparently unarmed, and rode up to the chief, saying: "I have come to let you know that there are traitors in your camp; they told me that you were preparing to attack our villages. I know they told me lies, for after smoking the pipe of peace you could not be so base as to murder my women and children in my absence. None but cowards would be guilty of such conduct." While the Sioux gathered in amazement around the intrepid speaker the members of the Sac and Fox party were able to steal away and make their escape. But soon Keokuk found that his enemies were recovering their heads. They gathered about him and began to catch at his legs



and arms, and then he added with a loud voice: "I suppose they told me lies; yet, if what I heard is true, then the Sacs are ready for you!" Pushing the nearest of his enemies aside, and putting spurs to his spirited horse, he brandished the tomahawk that had been carefully concealed under his blanket, made the air ring with his war-whoop, and soon distanced his pursuers. The ready resources of the "Doubling Fox" had saved his band.

But Keokuk's chief influence was through his eloquence as a counselor rather than his bravery as a warrior. It is related of him that in a conference with the Menomnies at Prairie du Chien, where General Street had assembled the tribes, he did a service which no other could have done. It seems that some of the Sacs had slain certain unarmed members of the Menominy tribe. The offenders had come to the conference for the purpose of making all possible restitution and greatly desiring peace, but the Menomnies were sullenly irreconcilable and disposed to fight. General Street could do nothing, and it seemed that the meeting would certainly result in bloodshed and further misery. Then Keokuk arose. In an eloquent appeal, which won even the admiration of his enemies, he laid the advantages of forgiveness and brotherly kindness before them, concluding his harangue in these words: "I came here to say that I am sorry for the imprudence of my young men. I came to make peace. I now offer the hand of Keokuk. Who will refuse it?" Each one arose as he approached; they all shook hands, and the terms of peace were speedily agreed upon.

After the first injudicious boast that he was willing to lead the Indians against the whites, referred to above, Keokuk never again took sides against the settlers. On more than one occasion he was compelled to use all his eloquence and all his authority as a chief to keep back his impetuous and whisky-crazed young men from war and massacre. Once, when it was proposed to leave Iowa, go over into Illinois, where the Sacs and Foxes

had once resided, and there do battle against the settlers, Keokuk stilled the tumult by exclaiming, dramatically: "First put all your women and children to death before crossing the Mississippi, and then resolve to perish amid the graves of your fathers!" Well did Keokuk know what war with the whites inevitably means; and to his pacific measures the early settlers owed many a peaceful day. By his friendship for the whites he at last lost prestige among a certain portion of his tribe. He was deposed by vote from the office of chief, and a young man was chosen in his stead. But Keokuk harbored no resentment; he was the first to hail his successor as chief, and was ever foremost in obedience to him. But time wrought out the old man's revenge. The new chief was not able to rule the turbulent tribe, and so he gradually sank into insignificance and obscurity, while Keokuk was asked to resume command.

A very touching incident in Keokuk's life has been preserved to us, showing not only the Indian's nobility of soul, but also a glimpse of the uniform cruelty and hardness with which the United States have dealt with its wards. A Mr. Martin had been murdered in Warren county, Illinois. It was ordered that the perpetrators of the deed be produced within a specified time, or war would be made upon the Sac and Fox tribes. This is the usual method of dealing with tribes as if they were units, the innocent among them being held equally responsible with the guilty. Keokuk deprecated the rash act as much as any white man would, and earnestly endeavored to discover the culprits that he might hand them over to justice. But when this was impossible he bethought himself of a plan by which to avert the threatened war against the innocent babes and women of his people. He took his own nephew and four other innocent young men, laid the matter plainly before them, urged upon them the duty and nobility of a self-sacrifice that would save their people alive; and then, with their free consent, he sent the five volunteers to the United States authorities to

be punished in the stead of the guilty parties. The fact that these young martyrs were red men should not make their action ignoble in our eyes. They suffered heroically for their people, if ever men did.

Many other wise acts did Keokuk, among the rest restraining the majority of the Sacs by his influence and eloquence from engaging in the Black Hawk war. His style of speaking was bold and strong. When representing his tribe at Washington, a Sioux chief said: "My father, you cannot make these people (the Sacs and Foxes) hear any good words, unless you bore their ears with sticks." Another Sioux said: "He would as soon make a treaty with Keokuk's little son, as with a Sankie or a Musquaquee." Keokuk retorted: "They tell you that our ears must be bored with sticks; but, my father, you could not pierce their skulls in that way—it would require hot iron. They say they would as soon make peace with a child as with us. They know better, for when they made war with us they found us men." Thus, his quickness of retort, and manly eloquence, and stately gestures, were universally admired, and his speeches everywhere applauded.

In stature Keokuk was short and thick-set. His horsemanship was excellent, and it was his pride to own and ride the fastest and finest horse in Iowa. Unfortunately he became dissipated and extravagant in his old age, and died under distressing circumstances, which led some to believe that he had been dealt foully with by the sons of Black Hawk. Thus perished the most eloquent orator among all the Northwest tribes. But he has left substantial memorials behind him in one of the richest counties of the West and in one of the pleasantest and most active cities on the Mississippi river. This latter stands upon the spot where the old Indian orator loved to linger, and connected with which are some of the most interesting of his exploits and those of his tribe.

The city of Keokuk, sometimes called the Gate City of Iowa, is situated in the extreme southeastern corner

of the State. It would seem more natural to include it in the State of Missouri, but by some strange freak of engineering the line of Iowa is made to swerve to the southward to embrace it. It has long been the boast of the enthusiastic citizens of Keokuk that its anomalous, and, in a sense, cosmopolitan position, proves that it was designed by both nature and Providence to be the coming capital of the United States. However that may be, it may be justly called one of the most beautiful cities on the western bank of the Father of Waters. It is located at the foot of the Rapids, and consequently may be called the practical head of large steamboat navigation. The Government has constructed a canal around the Rapids at a cost of something like four millions of dollars, which will prove not only a great advantage to Keokuk but also to the whole upper Mississippi country. One of the National Cemeteries is located at Keokuk, and within its well-kept grounds a large number of soldiers sleep, and among them there are many confederates. A neat marble headstone bears the name of such as have been identified.

Connected with the early settlement of the city are several unique facts and incidents. That the spot was selected for a village at all was due to the uxorious loyalty of a certain sturdy Scot, Dr. Samuel C. Muir by name. He was a surgeon in the United States army in an early day and was stationed at Fort Edwards, now Warsaw, Ill. He was a native of Scotland and was educated at the Edinburgh University, graduating as an M. D. Shortly after completing his course he emigrated to this country and proffered his services as a surgeon to the military department. He was accepted and assigned for duty upon the extreme frontier, where he formed an attachment for an Indian woman of the Sac tribe, by whom he had five children. His duties required frequent removals from place to place, and, as this occasioned great inconvenience to his growing family, he determined to erect a cabin at some suitable place and take up a permanent residence. In the year 1820, he



chose a spot known to the Indians as *Puck-e-she-tuk*, "foot of the rapids," and there built his humble home. The place is now Keokuk. During his engagement with the army, and while stationed at Fort Johnson, or Edwards, orders were issued by the war department that all officers and attaches of the United States army should at once abandon and refuse to harbor "any and all Indian females resorting around the military posts." Upon this announcement being made known to Dr. Muir, he at once tendered his resignation; and before it was accepted many flattering inducements were offered him by his associates to abandon his wife and remain with them. His only reply on such occasions was by holding up his first born babe and exclaiming, "May God forbid that a son of Caledonia should ever desert his child or disown his clan!" One result of his fidelity is the beautiful city of Keokuk wherein family life ought surely to be characterized by genuine trust and affection.

Alongside of Dr. Muir's cabin were built certain rough-hewed log huts, in which for many years the American Fur Company had its headquarters. As population increased, the competition in trade became so sharp that the fur company's agents determined to remove to more advantageous ground. A Mr. Isaac R. Campbell, of *Ah-wi-pe-tuk*, "commencement of the Rapids," now Nashville, associated himself with Dr. Muir, and together they became the successors of the fur company, owners and occupants of their buildings, and caterers to the Indians, half-breeds and whites in all those things which are regarded as the necessities in a frontier society. In connection with merchandise, Campbell furnished entertainment for travelers, and towed and lightened around the Rapids for steamers. His building had its many uses, being, as in all frontier settlements, hotel, church, court-house, grocery and saloon, at that time the latter being most popular of them all.

Up to the year 1835, the settlement at the foot of the

Rapids had been without a distinctive name, other than the Indian appellation already referred to.

“It was finally proposed by a number of steamboatmen, while detained here in lightening over the Rapids, that it should commemorate the name of the peace chief of the Sac tribe of Indians, owing to his fidelity and friendship for the white people. From this time the name of Keokuk was adopted. In the spring of 1837, the village was platted by Dr Isaac Galland, who was then agent of the New York Land Company, and under his supervision the town in embryo was formally inaugurated and recorded as Keokuk. The ensuing June a public sale of town lots was held and attended by a very large crowd. One boat was chartered in St. Louis and numbers came up on other boats. Only two or three lots were sold, one on the southwest corner of Main and Levee, and one or two contiguous. The corner lot sold for \$1,500. In 1840, the main portion of Keokuk was a dense forest, and where Main street now is was thick timber and underbrush, and about a dozen cabins comprised all the improvements. In the spring of 1847, a census of the place gave a population of 620.”

The population was such as is always to be found in a river town, and the first seeds of religious truth were truly sown on thorny soil. A decidedly breezy account, written by an eye-witness, is preserved to us, and it will give an idea of the class of people among whom some of the pioneer ministers of Iowa were compelled to labor. It is as follows:

“In the early pioneer days there was not the reserve or restraint in society that there is at the present day. When their red friends presented them with a painted stick, they asked for no explanation, but followed them to their wigwams and fared sumptuously on dog meat. Their amusements in winter were the commingling of whites and half-breeds in the mazy dance—their favorite dancing tune being original—was called ‘Guilmah, or stump-tail dog.’ Those who did not participate in the dance could be found in an adjoining room engaged at cards. The favorite game was ‘bragg,’ played with three cards, and any one who was so stupid as not to understand or appreciate its beauties was considered ineligible to the ‘best’ society. Horse-racing was an-

other great source of amusement. In this sport the Indians were ever ready to participate, and at times lost on the result every article they possessed on earth. After this ceased to be entertaining, they called on their pugilistic friends to further enliven the scene by a friendly exhibition of their prowess by knocking down and dragging out a few of the uninterested spectators. They had no prize belt to award the victor, as the science and courtesies of the ring had not then arrived at the perfection they have since. Before this era civil law was unknown, and their only salutary mode of punishment for crime was by prohibiting the criminal from the use of intoxicating liquors, this being the greatest punishment that they could inflict. As they had no churches or church members, when the missionary visited them, Isaac R. Campbell welcomed him in behalf of the citizens, and tendered him the use of a part of his house for church services, and, in the capacity of warden, he would announce in his bar-room, to the loafers who were to compose the audience, the hour of service. The first school was taught by Jesse Crayton, in 1833. As his pupils were few, he was enabled to devote a large portion of his time to the mending of boots and shoes, his legitimate occupation."

As might be expected, from what is said above, the manner of conducting church affairs in Keokuk for the first period of religious activity was decidedly unconventional. It is shown by the New School sessional records, still preserved, that there was a Presbyterian church of that branch in the place as early as August 1st, 1843. The Rev. Daniel Jones, a Presbyterian minister, was in charge of it, and had his residence in Keokuk. On December 8th, 1843, this congregation, at a meeting moderated by Mr. Jones—

*"Resolved*, First, that our connection with the First Presbyterian church of Keokuk be and the same is hereby dissolved.

*"Resolved*, Second, that we proceed to organize ourselves into a new church, to be called the Congregational church of Keokuk."

The reasons for this summary action are not given, but the meeting was evidently in earnest, for a committee was then and there appointed to prepare an abridged

Confession of Faith, and order of church government. This committee reported at a subsequent meeting, their report was adopted, and the Confession was signed by the members, five names in all. This Congregational church was under the charge of the Rev. Daniel Jones, above named.

At a meeting of the congregation, held February 6th, 1845, the following resolution was adopted:

*"Resolved, That we consider it expedient to lay aside our present organization and adopt the Presbyterian form of government, under the name of the First Presbyterian church of Keokuk."*

Thus easily did the church pass back to its first alliance. It continued to be known by that name, and was connected with the New School branch of the church until the union with the Old School church of the city, in February, 1870. Since that time the united church has borne the name of the First Westminster Presbyterian church.

This Old School church had been organized by the Rev. James Sharon and the Rev. J. G. Wilson, a committee of the Presbytery of Iowa, and was constituted with fifteen members. Of these charter members all but five have finished their labors on earth, and have gone to receive the reward which the Master bestows on his good and faithful followers. Colonel William Patterson, one of the fifteen, was the first ruling elder, and up to October 23rd, 1889, was the sole male survivor of the little company. At that date he ceased his labors, and fell asleep. Colonel Patterson has already been referred to in this volume, as having been present at the organization of the first Presbyterian church on Iowa soil. As he was, in a large sense, a representative character, it is proper to append here the following extract from the "Westminster," a monthly church paper published by the Keokuk church, showing the estimation in which this good man was held by the community:

"In the September number of this paper, in connection with a historical reference to the eldership of our



church, attention was called to the fact that death had never fallen upon a ruling elder in Westminster congregation in active service. That record was very remarkable, running back, as it did, through the collateral branches forming this organization across a period of more than forty years. It is now broken by the death of Colonel William Patterson who took his place with the eldership above on October 23d, 1889.

"Colonel Patterson was the first Presbyterian elder in the State of Iowa, the first elder upon the soil now included in the commonwealth of Iowa. He stood for all that was staunch and unshaken in the faith of the Presbyterians of this region. He was known far and wide as a patriarch in the church. His counsel was constantly sought and his assistance appreciated in every department of Christian effort and well doing.

"While we wish we could give the story of his life, we feel that it is for this paper to emphasize his connection with the kingdom of the Master, his life having been sketched in the daily press. Whatever of success has come to Westminster, a large part should be credited to his effort and aid. Whatever respect the community may feel toward our church as a power for good, he shares. That the church feels this is confirmed by the large numbers who assembled last Saturday afternoon in the church he loved so well, to hear the tributes paid his memory by Dr. Craig, his pastor for twenty years, and by Rev. Mr. Worrall, the tender counselor of his dying hours.

"How often, as we stand beside the grave, do we secretly feel that words of eulogy are extravagant, or are misplaced. How seldom do they seem appropriate. On this occasion how different, how fitting! The prosperity of Zion had long been, to this departed patriarch, his chief joy; even surpassing the joy of his domestic life. Every place of ecclesiastical difficulty had been to him a cause of anxiety and watchfulness. Every one felt we were, in truth, laying away the dust of Westminster's staunchest friend. His sheaf was full of years. We would not call him back, if we might. He was glad to be released. The solemnity of the hour was in recalling the magnificent lesson of his eighty-seven unflinching years, and comparing his rugged, humble, steadfast, useful service, with the weak and staggering gait in which many of us make our pilgrimage.

"Is it not true that he chose wisely? Though re-

membered as legislator, and mayor, as business man, and founder of a family, yet in his devotion to the cause of Christ he is more remembered than in aught else. The *great* thing of his life was that he, in some measure, was able to comprehend the length and breadth, and depth, and height of the love of Christ—a love now known to him in his unutterable fullness.”

In the resolutions adopted by the session on this occasion occurs the following historical references of general interest:

“The death of Colonel William Patterson has taken from this session its senior member, a man ordained to the high and sacred office of ruling elder more than half a century ago in the first Presbyterian church organized in the then Territory, now State of Iowa, and whose constant service in that office in this church dates from its organization in 1851, a period of over thirty-eight years; whose career from early manhood to a venerable age of near four score years and ten was adorned with the crowning grace of a devout Christian life; who was an earnest worker and liberal supporter of the church of his beloved Master, and whose daily life was a living sermon.”

The ministers who have been in charge of this church before and since the union of the Old and New School branches, so far as can be ascertained from the church records, are as follows:

NEW SCHOOL CHURCH.

Rev. Daniel Jones, pastor, August 1st, 1843, to June 12th, 1847.

Rev. Glenn Wood, pastor, October 26th, 1847, to October, 1850.

Rev. W. H. Williams, pastor, December 1st, 1850, to March, 1852.

Rev. S. K. Sneed, pastor, January 1st, 1853, to June 26th, 1855.

Rev. Ira DeLong, supply, April 1st, 1856, for six months.

Rev. J. J. Marks, supply, April 1st, 1857, for six months.

Rev. Judson Aspinwall, supply, June, 1858, to April, 1859.

Rev. Silas Hawley, pastor-elect, October, 1859, to January, 1860.

Rev. Isaac E. Carey, pastor-elect, September, 1860, to August, 1862.

Rev. E. J. Gillette, supply and pastor, September 14th, 1862, to June, 1865.

Rev. I. N. Crittenden, supply and pastor, January 1st, 1866, to December 26th, 1869.

#### OLD SCHOOL CHURCH.

Rev. John Cummings, licentiate, July, 1851, to February, 1852.

Rev. J. C. Umsted, supply and pastor, October, 1852, until autumn of 1858.

Rev. J. L. McKee, supply, June to August, 1859.

Rev. A. D. Maderia, supply, part of 1861-'62.

Rev. Willis G. Craig, pastor from April, 1862, till union of churches.

#### THE UNITED CHURCH.

Dr. Willis G. Craig, pastor from union in 1870, to May, 1882.

Dr. Thomas H. Cleland, pastor from July, 1882, to July 1st, 1888.

Rev. John B. Worrall began his pastorate March 1st, 1889.

Soon after the union of the two congregations steps were taken for the erection of a larger church edifice. These measures resulted in a beautiful and commodious stone building costing \$45,000, one of the substantial and elegant features of the present city of Keokuk. The dedication services were held on Sabbath, January 28th, 1872, the venerable Dr. Leroy J. Halsey, of Chicago, preaching the sermon. Ever since the beginning of Dr. Willis G. Craig's pastorate this church has enjoyed great temporal and spiritual prosperity. The twenty years of Dr. Craig's ministry in this field are one of the bright spots of Iowa Presbyterianism. Under him this church grew to be a power in the whole State, and remains a conspicuous example of the advantage of long pastorates and their special need in the foundation period of Western growth. This influence the church continued to exert under Dr. Cleland's wise and judicious ministry, and recently large accessions have come to the membership under their present young and enthusiastic leader, the

Rev. John B. Worrall. The present enrollment of active members is about five hundred. In every way the church is grandly equipped for service, having missionary societies and conducting two mission Sabbath schools in addition to the home school, and in every way there is prospect of abundant harvests for the seed sown in prayer and toil in the past. The fitting motto of their church paper, as of the church itself, is: "Prepared unto every good work."



## CHAPTER XXIV.

## CITY WORK—DES MOINES.

The city of Des Moines, now the capital of the State of Iowa, is located at the confluence of the Raccoon and Des Moines rivers. As to the meaning of the name there seems to be some difference of opinion. There lived a certain Father Pelemarques, until recently, at Davenport, who contended that the word means, "Of the Monks," and that the stream was long called the River of Monks. A convent had stood upon its banks, and Father Pelemarques claimed to have seen an old Frenchman who distinctly remembered visiting the ruins of it.

On the other hand, Mr. Antoine Le Claire, the recognized authority on Indian words in Iowa, was as positive that the name means "The Less." Of this he writes as follows: "In regard to the definition of Des Moines, the name was given by the Indians; that is, the Indians living on this side of the river were a large tribe, and those on the other side few in number, and these took the name of *De Moins*, meaning the small tribe of Indians." This derivation seems to have the weight of scholarship in its support.

On the spot where the city now stands Fort Des Moines had been established in early times, as a sort of breakwater against the savagery of the Indians. It was not a very extensive military post, but large enough to be titled as above. In 1846 a small settlement gathered about the Fort. As the population grew apace the village was incorporated, in 1851. Six years later, in 1857, the capital of the State was located here, the village having grown to an incorporated city. In 1860 there were

nearly 4,000 people in the city, which now has a population of about 50,000 souls.

Through the kind assistance of the Rev. S. E. Wishard, D. D., until recently pastor of the Central Presbyterian church of Des Moines, the following account of the work in the city has been prepared: The Presbyterian church began work here in a sort of double-headed way. Rev. Thompson Bird, a member of the New School Presbytery of Indianapolis, exchanged horses with his classmate, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, then pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Indianapolis, and harnessed his team for a journey to the West. With his wife and small family he drove across Indiana, Illinois, and into Iowa, reaching Des Moines in 1847. He organized the Central Presbyterian church, New School, on the 4th of June, 1848, with five members, in one of the block houses occupied by the soldiers. On the same day Rev. Salmon Cowles organized an Old School Presbyterian church, of thirteen members, and called it the First Presbyterian church of Des Moines. Some time after the organization of the First church it was supplied by Rev. Mr. Swan. In 1853 Rev. Mr. Lippencot took charge of the church, and continued for a year. He was followed by Rev. Robt. Drake, from Lebanon, Ohio, who remained about three years. Later in the history of the church Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Winterset, gave part of his time to the church here. He was followed by Rev. D. L. Hughes, who served the church for three or four years. The congregation began building a house of worship in 1856, which was occupied as soon as enclosed. The house was on Locust street, between Seventh and Eighth streets, and was occupied in 1858. Rev. Mr. Scribner succeeded Mr. Hughes for a few months, and was followed in turn by Rev. Mr. Dinsmore, who rendered effective service. The congregation had grown, and the membership had greatly enlarged. Rev. W. J. Gill succeeded Mr. Dinsmore and continued his services until the churches united.

The Minutes of the General Assembly, New School,

show that the Presbytery of Des Moines (New School), in 1852, consisted of four ministers: Rev. John H. Shields, at Centreville; Rev. John C. Ewing, at Troy; Rev. Asa Martin, at Bloomfield, and Rev. Thompson Bird, of Des Moines. There were eight churches in the Presbytery. The Central church of this city, of which Rev. Mr. Bird was stated supply at that time, reported eleven members. The maintenance of the gospel cost a severe struggle, divided, as the Presbyterians were, into New School and Old School. Mr. Bird was obliged to be minister, elder, deacon, trustee, and financier in general, so far as any finances entered into the life of the little church. Ten years later the Presbytery had five ministers with ten churches. Pastor Bird's little flock had grown from eleven to seventy-eight. It was then the largest church in the (New School) Presbytery. After worshipping in the cabins of the different members, the court house was opened to the church in 1850. A small frame church was built, and the congregation began to use it in 1853. Mr. Bird's ministry had been long, laborious, and faithful. His health failed and he was released from the pastorate in 1864. His health continued to decline, and after a long illness he passed to his reward in 1867. Rev. Mr. Wetmore served the church during 1864 and 1865. He was followed by Rev. T. O. Rice, who continued his labors until 1871. During his ministry plans for a large house of worship had been projected. The building on Fourth street had been sold, but was still used by the congregation. In the meantime foundations for the new house had been laid on the corner of Eighth and High streets. The house on Fourth street was unfortunately burned, with all the records of the church and Sabbath-school, in 1867. Under the pressure of this calamity the new house was pushed to completion, during the ministry of Mr. Rice. The building was dedicated in 1870, and Mr. Rice's ministry terminated in 1871. The membership had grown to one hundred and forty, while that of the First church was somewhat larger. Rev. M. L. P. Hill suc-

ceeded Mr. Rice in the Central church in 1872, and continued to labor successfully until 1875. During that year negotiations were entered into for a union of the two churches. The Presbyterian church had been happily united for several years, and the dangerous horns (Old School and New School) had been shed. The two Assemblies were one, cordially and thoroughly. The two churches in this city found it difficult to support two ministers. The Central church congregation had a large house of worship, and were somewhat embarrassed for the building. Finally arrangements were made for a union of the two bodies. The First church sold their property and put it into the Central church property. The two pastors, Revs. Mr. Hill and Mr. Gill resigned to open the way for a new pastorate. Afterward Rev. Mr. Gill was chosen pastor of the United church and continued his labor until 1878.

Rev. S. H. Thompson succeeded Mr. Gill in 1879, and remained a year or more. The church was then known as the Presbyterian church of Des Moines, having given up the distinctive names of both the former churches. There was a vacancy after the close of Mr. Thompson's pastorate until Rev. Dr. J. B. Stewart, of Milwaukee, was called to the church in 1881. He came as pastor-elect and entered upon his work without installation. His health had not been very firm for some time, hence he declined installation. As his work proceeded the congregation grew. He exerted a wide influence in the city, the Presbytery and the Synod. He was genial, original, and widely popular as a preacher. By taking occasional rests from work he was able to continue his labor until the spring of 1887. During his six years' connection with the church there were added to the membership fifty on profession and one hundred and eighty-five by letter. After Dr. Stewart's departure the church was vacant until the Rev. S. E. Wishard, D. D., was called. He began his work on the 22d of October and was installed pastor in the next month, November. His work extended some-



thing over two years, during which time eighty-two members were received on profession of their faith and one hundred and fourteen by letter. At the annual meeting of the congregation in 1888, the corporate name was changed to The Central Presbyterian church.

The East Des Moines Presbyterian church was organized June 21st, 1877, by Rev. W. J. Gill, then pastor of the United Church on the West Side, which was known as the Presbyterian church. In November, Rev. Wallace W. Thorpe was invited to supply the church. He accepted the invitation and began labor on the 8th of November. He continued with the people until August 1st, 1880. The growth of the church during his ministry is indicated by the fact that 150 members were reported in the Minutes of the General Assembly in that year. Mr. Thorpe was succeeded immediately by the Rev. Wm. J. Young. He gave three years of earnest work on this field, and with the coöperation of the people a house of worship was built, which amply accommodated the people. Mr. Young closed his work August 15th, 1883, leaving the church comfortably housed, and with a membership of 160, and paying \$4,400 congregational expenses.

On October 15th, 1883, Rev. Wm. M. Bartholomew began his ministry with this church on invitation of the people. He has served the church seven years and is still the pastor. The church has had a healthy and steady growth under his ministry. In the year 1889 thirty-one members were received to the communion of the church, and \$1,669 were given for benevolent work, more than the people expended on themselves.

The South Des Moines Presbyterian church was organized in the southern part of the city in Pierce's Hall, on a Sabbath evening, March 3d, 1879. Rev. J. H. Malcom, now of Chicago, spent five months on the field, before the church was organized, as stated supply. Several members of the Central church were dismissed to form the organization, which was an outgrowth of a Mission Bible school. Mr. Malcom remained a year after

the church was organized, making a service of nearly a year and a half. A vacancy of several months occurred until Rev. Alexander Scott took charge of the work in September, 1880. He remained for about two years, and was succeeded by Rev. Wm. J. Young, who served the church two years in connection with other work in the city. On May 1st, 1885, Rev. S. Ollerenshaw took charge of the work by invitation and is still holding the fort. The house of worship which was built several years ago has been put in repair. A convenient parsonage has been built, as the result of Mr. Ollerenshaw's persevering self-denial. He now reports eighty members in earnest working condition and two hundred and forty members of the Bible school. His work is reaching a part of the city and a class of people reached by no other religious influences. The church, while not strong, is doing an excellent work, with large promise for the future.

The Westminster church, on West Twelfth street, between School and North streets, was organized in the home of Mrs. Edwards, in that immediate neighborhood. The exact date is not at hand; but it was during the year 1884. It was enrolled that year for the first time on the Minutes of the General Assembly, with a membership of fifty. The organization grew out of a Bible school, which Mrs. Edwards had collected in her home for instruction. Rev. W. J. Young organized the church, the Central church contributing some of its excellent members to the organization. Mr. Young continued to minister to the church until 1887. In the meantime, by the most persistent effort on the part of pastor and people a house of worship was secured, and the organization was put in condition to grow and do its work. The last year of Mr. Young's work, he reported the church as having 110 members, and 200 persons in the Bible school. In October, 1887, Rev. G. N. Luccock was called to the pastorate of the church, and a few weeks later was installed by the Presbytery. His ministry has been greatly blessed to the people, both in

instructing the congregation and in gathering others into the church. He has received ninety-two members, the building has been renovated and improved, the church has become self-supporting, and has advanced the pastor's salary \$200.

The Bethany church was organized in the year 1888. A flourishing Bible school was organized in the Fourth ward, and put in charge of Mr. W. A. Cooper, of the Central church, more than a year before. Rev. S. W. Pollock was engaged to take charge of the Mission Work in that part of the city. Vigorous efforts were at once made to secure a house of worship. The effort was successful, a lot was obtained and a house of worship was erected. Following the dedication of the house, a meeting was held by Mr. Pollock, resulting in the organization of Bethany church, with between twenty and thirty members. Mr. Pollock was succeeded at the expiration of the year by Rev. Mr. Black, who is now on the field ministering the gospel in the midst of a population of several thousand people.

The Sixth Presbyterian church is located in the western part of the city, on Twenty-fourth street, at the intersection of Cottage Grove avenue. Rev. W. J. Young, residing in that part of the city, gathered a Mission Bible school on Twenty-second street, last winter, rented a vacant store house, seated it and began preaching services, which were kept up through the winter.

As a result of a series of meetings held in the spring of 1889, a church was organized. Twelve or more members were dismissed from the Central church, several from the Westminster, and others united on profession of their faith, making an organization of about thirty members, to which others have been added at each communion. There are now about fifty members. Lots have been secured, a house of worship erected and enclosed, the basement has been finished and is now occupied. It furnishes an excellent audience room, and ac-

commodations for Bible school work. The church, when completed, will cost between six and seven thousand dollars and will be a valuable addition to a growing part of the city.

Highland Park Presbyterian church, when organized, as it will soon be, will be the seventh Presbyterian church in the city. A syndicate of gentlemen have platted a large tract of land north of the city at the terminus of the steam motor line, a mile and a half, or more, from the central part of the city. They are just completing a large college building, at an expense of \$100,000, and are planning to open it for instruction at an early day. That part of the city is being rapidly improved. Many families are already on the ground, and among them several Presbyterian families. The gentlemen interested in that part of the city have put up an elegant church that, when completed, will be worth four or five thousand dollars. Our Presbyterian churches have contributed and will contribute a thousand dollars or more to the enterprise, which has been given to us to carry on the work of a Presbyterian church. Rev. S. W. Pollock has had charge of our work in that part of the city since last June, and is now conducting a Bible school and preaching. It is confidently expected that the house of worship will be completed within two or three weeks, when a church will be organized, and our seventh church will be enrolled.

Our work is in a healthy condition in Des Moines, and while the stronger churches are feeling somewhat the burden that is laid upon them in the present, we realize that it is a healthy burden. The task of carrying forward all this work brings more strength to those who are toiling. It is life to the living and resurrection to the dead. The value of multiplying our forces is seen in two directions. First, our work is more fruitful. Nearly three hundred (298) souls were added to our churches in the year 1889, and \$12,837 were given to carry forward this work. One or two churches in the city could not have ac-



complished so much without these varied centers of influence. Second, we now have seven centers of influence, seven districts in the city in which we are preaching the gospel. These are centers of growth and power that are to help carry our city over to the ranks of those who are loyal to the great Captain. We are in the beginning of this work, and are trying to lay broad and safe foundations for the coming growth of Des Moines. Our Synodical Missionary, Rev. T. S. Bailey, looking about our city a few days ago, and investigating the plans and prospects of Presbyterianism in Des Moines, wrote the Central West: "The whole work of our city is in good hands, and God seems to be giving His favor to all." The pastors of Des Moines are proposing to push the Master's work, and trust they may not disappoint the just expectations of their brethren in the State.

The progressive and enthusiastic methods adopted by the Des Moines brethren in their work of church extension surely furnish a valuable example to others similarly situated. It is a very fair sample of a whole city taken for Christ and the church by the push and enterprise of those who live in it during its foundation period. All these seven churches, and there will be more to follow, will undoubtedly grow, and in fifty years thousands of hearts will praise God that beginnings were made in the day of small things. If the chapter of their untiring devotion is an inspiring one for us to read, with what joy will the story strike the hearts of the great Presbyterian host which is to come after us to occupy the prairies and villages and cities of Iowa!

## CHAPTER XXV.

## CITY WORK—CEDAR RAPIDS.

The progress of our church in Cedar Rapids shows the adaptability of Presbyterianism to still another class of individuals. We have already seen that our system of doctrine and polity avails to attract minds and win hearts and mould lives in the rough river towns, in the railroad centers and in the manufacturing cities. It is quite true that human nature is practically the same everywhere, yet it is profitable and interesting to notice its variations in details and the capacity of our historic faith to meet its changing wants. In the briefest sketch of Cedar Rapids we will see what Presbyterianism can do for the wealthier and more cultured classes, the people who naturally congregate around institutions of learning and engage in the quieter business life and higher social life of a staid, respectable inland town.

Cedar Rapids is in the center of the most wonderful region, even, of our wonderful country. A circle with a radius of 300 miles drawn around it includes such cities as Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Milwaukee. The original town plat of this model Western city was filed for record April 3d, 1843, and on the 12th day of July, 1856, the sixth General Assembly of the State of Iowa approved the city charter. The city is, therefore, very young, and its speedy progress to its present proportions is a very fair sample of the solid prosperity of the great State of Iowa. Cedar Rapids is situated on both banks of the Cedar river, on the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, eighty miles west of the Mississippi river, and 220 miles west of Chicago,

and is an important point on the great trans-continental route from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Five railways, besides the line already mentioned, center here. It is in the midst of the great corn belt of the State, has direct railway communication with the coal fields of Iowa and Illinois, is almost surrounded with forests extending for many miles along the river, thus giving fuel at its minimum cost. The growth of the city for the last twenty years has been constant, and notwithstanding the exceeding hard times from 1873 to 1879 it has rapidly increased in wealth, population, commerce, manufacturing interests, railroad communication, and everything that contributes to the material welfare of a thriving city. The population of the city is about 12,000 souls. Here is located Coe College, a description of which has already been given.

The Presbyterian work in Cedar Rapids was begun on the 9th day of July, 1847, when the First Presbyterian church was organized with nine members. The sermon on that occasion was preached by the Rev. Julius A. Reed. The Rev. Bennet Roberts was also present and acted as moderator of the meeting. Two elders were elected and the work was auspiciously inaugurated. The church was a flickering light in the far-off Western darkness, and no one could have guessed how bright would be its radiance and how permanent its influence in the present. The people of the infant organization were united together by the most indissoluble of bonds—a consecrated purpose to build up our Lord's kingdom in a new land. Though they had no regular preaching for eighteen months, being ministered to as times and circumstances admitted, they held together and held on until their faithfulness was rewarded by the advent of a pastor.

In the early part of 1849 a congregational meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. B. Roberts, at which a call was made out for the pastoral services of the Rev. Williston Jones. Mr. Jones accepted the call and be-

came the first pastor of the church, and his memory is cherished with the warmest affection by the older members of the church which he founded so broadly and wisely. In the review of Iowa Presbyterianism we have been making in this volume, we have met with the name of Williston Jones more than once, yet so deep is the impress left by him in the State that some further particulars, especially of his work in Cedar Rapids, ought to be given here. The following paragraphs are taken from a paper read by the Rev. Geo. R. Carroll, Mr. Jones' pupil and friend, at the services connected with the fortieth anniversary of the Cedar Rapids church:

"It was not long before he had marshalled his forces and begun aggressive work. The first thing to engage attention was the erection of a house of worship. True, the number of workers was small and their worldly means very limited, and there being no railroad, building materials were scarce and the homes of the people themselves were not very commodious or comfortable.

"But, nevertheless, here was a little church that was without a home, and it needed a shelter and must have it. And so Mr. Jones faced all these obstacles and began the work. Those of us who knew Mr. Jones, knew very well that every stone in that old church was laid in faith and cemented by prayer. I said the building materials were scarce, a fact which now, with all the resources for building at hand, is difficult for us to realize. There was no good building stone within reach, and very little, if any, pine lumber to be had. There was, however, plenty of limestone, and nearly the whole town was underlaid with little thin layers of stone, and there was sand in abundance.

"It was found out by some one that these materials could be utilized for the building of houses, and it was not long till it was decided that the church should be built of 'cement,' as it was then called. It required an immense amount of material and a great deal of hard work, but this afforded an opportunity for those who were not able to pay money, to work out their subscriptions on the church.

"It was in the autumn of 1849 that it was my privilege to become indented with this church as a member, and to enter into an intimate relationship with its pastor,



who, in many respects, was one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. To him and his devoted wife I am personally indebted for the shaping of my life, more, perhaps, than to any other persons with whom I have been thrown in contact.

“The first church building of this church and of Cedar Rapids was dedicated the second Sabbath in January, 1851, Mr. Jones preaching the dedication sermon from the text, Psalms 84; 1-4. ‘How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.’

“He closed an impressive sermon with these words: ‘In the good providence of God we are convened at this time to dedicate this building to the worship of Almighty God. Amidst great poverty and great discouragements we have toiled on, seeking to obtain a place for His worship, until at last we are permitted to see the work accomplished. One year ago last August this building was commenced. What was done in great weakness and trembling, God has enabled us to complete, and to His name be the praise. It is no spacious, costly building, with lofty dome and gilded spire towering to heaven, that we have been enabled to rear; but only a small, plain, unpretending house, having nothing but the most simple furnishing which the necessities of the house of God require. And yet it is dear to our hearts. We value it because it has cost us, in our deep poverty, no small effort to build it. We value it, because it furnishes us a place for religious meetings—a religious home; and we value it because it is God’s house—erected for His worship and consecrated to Him. And it is the strong desire of our hearts, and our prayer to God that here He will display his saving grace in the salvation of sinners, and that this house may become the very gate of heaven to many souls—that here the wandering may be reclaimed, the desponding cheered, the fainting strengthened, the languid quickened, the slumbering aroused; and that Christians may here grow in grace and ripen for heaven, and God be glorified. And now, trusting that God will graciously accept the humble offering for His Son’s sake, we solemnly dedicate this house to the worship of the Triune

God—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. And under God we dedicate it to the interests of our holy religion—to the defense of the truth, to the promotion of human liberty, to the protection of Protestant Christianity, to the advancement of education and morals, to the cultivation of evangelical piety, to labors for revivals of religion, and to the triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world. "Arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting place, Thou and the ark of Thy strength. Let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with Thy salvation, and let Thy saints rejoice in Thy goodness." While this building continues may it be used for the honor of Thy name. And when, through the increase of worshippers or other cause, it shall fail to meet the object for which it was erected, may others, more spacious, more beautiful and enduring, continue to take its place till time shall be no more; and Thy toiling church below shall all be gathered home and meet for Thy worship in Thy glorious temple above. Amen.'

"The secret of Mr. Jones' rapid movements and his intense activity was that he always had an object in view. He was doing business for the King and it required haste. In many respects he was a model pastor. Whatever else he had to do with men, he never forgot that the soul and its interests were paramount. Every house was visited, no matter how poor and humble its occupants, and every member of his congregation was faithfully dealt with. He reproved, rebuked, exhorted, questioned, urged, entreated, encouraged, sympathized with, and in every possible way tried to get men and women to live for Christ and Him alone. In season and out of season, he presented the subject of religion and urged men to accept of the Saviour. Sometimes people were offended at the unseasonableness of the time he would take to talk with them about their souls. But it mattered not to him, for he believed that the religion of Christ was the most important of all subjects, and, therefore, that it was always seasonable and proper to talk about it and act in view of it. He believed that it was far better to talk with men about their souls at seasons that seemed a little inopportune than to neglect it altogether, as some of us are too apt to do. If he met a man in the road, and stopped to inquire the way, he would generally close the interview with the all-important question as to his soul's eternal welfare.

"Mr. Jones was eminently a man of prayer. The

worship of God in his own family was to him a matter of very great importance. It was not a hasty reading of a few verses in the Bible, and a few words of prayer, and away to the world and its exciting scenes. It was a sacred season of worship. It was indeed a church in the house. Singing was always a prominent part of the daily worship, and then a short prayer of invocation, as all were seated around the family circle, then came the reading of the Scriptures with appropriate remarks and explanations, and then all knelt at the altar of prayer, and not unfrequently, several prayers were offered by the different members of the family circle, instead of one by himself.

"And then he had a great interest in the weekly prayer-meeting. Sometimes there would be only a bare quorum, two or three, but the good pastor was always present and always deeply interested. A small number with him did not always mean a short and uninteresting meeting. I can recall very vividly one night when but two were at the prayer-meeting besides the pastor. He was deeply concerned for the spiritual welfare of the church, and he greatly desired a revival of God's work. That meeting continued the entire night through, and only broke up at the break of day. All night long that little company prayed and sang praises to God. One of that trio, many years ago, passed over the dark river, and the good pastor has long since rested from his labors on earth, and only one remains behind to thank God for the hallowed memories of that night of prayer.

"In traveling over the country as he did, Mr. Jones always endeavored to scatter the good seed by the wayside. If he spent the night at a farm-house, he always endeavored to converse on the subject of religion as far as possible with all the members of the family before he left. If it were at all possible he always requested the privilege of holding family worship, unless previously invited to do so. He felt quite at home in a Christian family, no matter what the denomination was.

"On one occasion before engaging in family worship he asked the lady of the house if she had a hymn-book; she replied 'Yes, but it is a Methodist hymn book.' 'That will do,' said Mr. Jones, and then in a vein of pleasantry he inquired, 'Have you a Methodist Bible?' The Bible was brought with a pleasant smile and he proceeded to lead the family devotions.

"Mr. Jones was in the habit of constant secret prayer.



And often when traveling by the way he would spend much of the time in prayer. If he had a companion with him, first one would lead in prayer and then the other, the one not engaged driving the team.

Mr. Jones had a peculiar tact in dealing with young Christians so as to bring them out and develop their character. I have in mind this case: A young Christian of only a few months' standing, very timid and weak in prayer, comes into the church by letter from a neighboring State. He is warmly welcomed by the pastor and assured of the love and sympathy of God's people. In a moment more the young brother is asked to lead in prayer. It is a very heavy cross, but he endeavors to bear it as best he can. And this practice is kept up in subsequent meetings. Then a series of meetings are inaugurated in the neighborhood of what is now known as Kenwood Park. That young man is at once harnessed into the service, and with the pastor is taken from house to house and is asked to lead in prayer a great many times a day. You can easily see that under such schooling the ice would soon be broken and the natural timidity would be overcome to a great extent.

"Mr. Jones was a great lover of sacred music and a most excellent teacher of its elementary principles. He often had large classes which he taught with great skill and marked success. He generally had a good choir of singers around him composed of his own pupils. In this department of labor he was very enthusiastic as well as in everything he undertook, and by this means the way was often opened up for him to accomplish a great deal of good. It brought him in contact with the young and gave him an opportunity to sow much of the good seed, as he commented on the sentiment of the hymns that were sung. And these gatherings were always opened or closed with prayer.

"After eight years of faithful service with this church, Mr. Jones removed to Iowa Falls, where he pursued his ministerial labors with unabated zeal for seven years. The country was then new, but it afforded ample room for the exercise of his missionary spirit, which was a marked characteristic of his life.

"He made his influence felt all over that region of country. He appeared to be as nearly omnipresent as it was possible for a mortal man to be. No matter where night overtook him he was about his Father's business. Very often the neighborhood or hamlet where he stopped,



no matter what day of the week, were summoned together, and he delivered to them the gospel message. The poor body, never very strong, was taxed to its utmost tension; but he never wearied in telling the story of Calvary. In that new country it was often difficult to find convenient places in which to hold a series of meetings. The school-houses were small and often occupied, so as to interfere with religious services. In order to overcome that difficulty, Mr. Jones procured a large tent that would accommodate an audience of 100 or more, and with his own team would take it from neighborhood to neighborhood where he would hold meetings for days and weeks at a time, assisted by such ministers as he could secure from neighboring fields. This tent he called the 'Tabernacle,' and if asked how long it would remain in the community, he would reply, 'while the cloud rests upon it.' And I can assure you that the cloud did often rest upon it for days at a time. Under the cover of that tent there were mighty displays of Divine power and many souls were brought from darkness to light. Many, I have no doubt, will always look back with gratitude to that tent as the true tabernacle of God, in which their souls found rest. Under that tent the Presbytery of Iowa Valley held its meetings, and under it, I think of one at least, who was examined and licensed to preach the gospel.

"In March, 1865, Mr. Jones left Iowa Falls, and, for a time, was engaged in the work of the Christian commission. He was in the army of the Potomac when Richmond was taken. About this time I remember to have seen a little notice in the New York Evangelist, I think it was, in which attention was called to Rolla, Missouri, as 'a promising field of labor for some faithful minister who was not afraid of hard work and self-denial.' I said to myself, Mr. Jones will take that field. It is just the kind of notice that will secure his attention and enlist his services. And, sure enough, in a little while notice came that he had gone there and entered upon the work. This was in May, 1865. This proved to be his last field of labor, and up to the very last his whole heart was in the work. She who knew better than any one else ever could know, said afterwards, 'He enjoyed every hour of his labors here and never had a field he liked better.' Of the close of his life Dr. A. T. Norton gave this account: 'The Presbytery of St. Louis met in Rolla October 30th, and special meetings were held during the session and for many days after their adjournment. Much religious interest was

felt in the community, and Mr. Jones was surpassingly earnest in the cause, laboring incessantly. In the midst of these labors, and of the special interest attendant upon them, he was stricken down by sickness, two weeks before his death. He had just purchased a residence in Rolla, and after he was prostrated by disease was carried on his bed to his new earthly home, from which he was so soon to ascend to the heavenly. It was on the 20th day of November, 1865, that he laid down his armor to take up the crown. Dr. Henry A. Nelson, then of St. Louis, preached the funeral sermon from the words 'He being dead yet speaketh.' The funeral was attended by a large concourse of sorrowing people. On the same day at a public meeting, in which not only the church, but many of the citizens participated, a series of resolutions were passed, the first of which reads as follows:

" 'That we bear united testimony to the consistency, the fidelity and piety exemplified by Mr. Jones during the six months of his residence among us, and also to the earnestness, fidelity and ability with which he preached the Gospel publicly and from house to house; to his energy and diligence in behalf of temperance, virtue and good order; and to the tenderness, earnestness and constancy with which he prayed and labored for the salvation of souls.'

" 'Thus ended the earthly labors of the first pastor of this church. I have never met in all my life, a man to whom the words of the Psalmist would more fittingly apply: 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.' Mr. Jones was not what would be called a talented man, nor did he ever claim to be perfect, nor did any one claim it for him, but those who knew him best, loved him most. And I think the universal testimony of all who knew him here, both in the church and out of it, would be that Mr. Jones was a man of God, and that the great purpose of his life was to do good to men and bring honor to the name of his Divine Master."

What an inspiring example of a Home Missionary do we have in the life of this man ! The great First church of Cedar Rapids and the influential Coe College, and indeed the whole Presbyterian host of the city, owe their start and consecrated direction largely to this man's passion for souls. Would that all toilers at the foundations might learn of his life and be inspired by his hopeful, earnest spirit !

The second pastor of the First church in Cedar Rapids was Rev. La Fayette Dudley. He began his labors July 18th, 1856. The report of the church to the General Assembly in April, 1857, tells of a membership of fifty-one and benevolent contributions of \$150. Mr. Dudley's pastorate lasted about two and one-half years and was terminated in 1859 by his resignation.

From the very eloquent discourse of Rev. E. R. Burkhalter, D. D., the present pastor of the First church, on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the church, the following interesting items are taken:

"During the vacancy which followed the resignation of Mr. Dudley, the church was visited by a commission of the Presbytery of Iowa City with which it was connected, in order that its energies and courage might be revived. A series of meetings was held by these brethren, and at the close of them the church with rekindled hopes proceeded to elect a new body of elders to watch over the flock, and be ready to assist the new pastor when he should be called and begin his labors among them.

"On or about the first of June, 1859, Mr. Isaac Atherton reached this city to answer the call of this church to serve it in the Gospel ministry. Mr. Atherton was at the time a licentiate of an Eastern Presbytery, and a recent graduate of Auburn Theological Seminary. On arriving in the city he was encouraged to undertake the work. During his ministry came the civil war. This still further weakened the feeble church and distracted its thoughts and energies. No one thought of much else than the struggle for national existence, and the friends and kindred fighting our battles at the front. Hearts and hands were busy also at home in preparing and forwarding hospital supplies, and doubtless the war with all its accompanying experiences was a constant theme of prayer and sermon in the pulpit and at the prayer-meeting. That is to say it colored all the pastor's words of counsel and cheer, all his exhortations and suggestions of comfort and refuge in the Most High.

"In due time Mr. Atherton was ordained to the ministry and installed in the pastorate. Amid his arduous and anxious labors, his zealous and careful preparation for the pulpit (this being his first charge) his health failed, and he was compelled to seek release from his office.

This was in the fall of 1863. Very reluctantly was his request granted. At the time of his leaving his charge, there existed in this city by the side of this, which was the New School Presbyterian church, an Old School church (now the Second Presbyterian) and a Congregational church. All three societies were weak and struggling, and all three were drawing aid from their respective Mission Boards. Mr. Atherton's parting counsels to the church were not to think of calling another pastor before they took every step in their power to bring about a union of the three churches. His advice was taken and overtures were made. The Congregational church was willing to unite, but when it came to the Old School church, insurmountable obstacles to the union appeared from the impossibility of arriving at an agreement as to which Assembly (Old or New School) the united church should join, nor could agreement be reached as to any method by which this matter should be settled. Therefore the whole movement fell to the ground, although it had involved a lengthy and voluminous correspondence which, with many interviews of the different commissioners, occupied a period of six months, through the winter of 1863 and 1864. The hand of God can now be clearly seen in this whole matter, for this failure has resulted in two strong Presbyterian churches in this city instead of one, and this failure became the principal means of spurring our church to new endeavors and really of developing its hidden and untouched possibilities. Truly it has been said, 'It is darkest just before dawn.' At least this adage seems often true in things moral and spiritual. From those days of dark discouragement, and almost despair, which followed the departure of Rev. Mr. Atherton, have begun the years of brightness and sunshine which have gladdened these more recent times. The attention of the church was drawn to Rev. James Knox, then pastor of our church at Clinton, Iowa. He was invited to come and look over the ground. On coming and getting acquainted he expressed his willingness to take up the work, with the understanding that the church should cease to draw aid from the Board of Missions, and should become self-supporting. This was an act of heroic faith and courage. The brethren in the eldership and membership nobly endorsed this proposition and signified their willingness to coöperate with him. On this basis Mr. Knox was called to the pastorate and entered upon his labors in the early summer of 1864. And almost from his hour the new era in the church's prosperity began."



Under the pastoral care of Mr. Knox the church grew to prominence and great usefulness, frequent revivals visited them, a handsome stone structure was built in which their services are still held, though now the building is enlarged, and it was with the most painful regret and sorrow that his loving people awoke suddenly to the consciousness that his health was failing and he had not long to live. He died peacefully and was laid away by a devoted church which still cherishes his memory.

After him came Dr. E. R. Burkhalter, the present pastor. It is not within the province of this volume to speak in detail of the younger Iowa brethren who are alive and remain. It is sufficient to say that under his scholarly sermons and very judicious pastoral care and management the church has made sturdier strides than ever before. Up to the close of the year 1887 there had been received into the church a total of 1,101 persons, of whom 180 were received before Mr. Knox's time, 347 during his pastorate, fifty-one in the vacancy which followed his death, and 523 since the present pastoral relation began. During the eleven years of Dr. Burkhalter's ministry, up to the close of 1887, \$131,000 had been reported to the General Assembly as a total sum of all contributions, an average of \$12,000 a year, or \$1,000 a month. Of this sum \$81,000 were devoted to home uses, the balance, \$50,000, was disbursed through the various Boards; \$24,000 to Home Missions and \$14,000 to Foreign Missions. What a splendid example of the wise business policy of helping the struggling churches of the growing West, that they may in a few years return a hundred-fold into the treasury of the Home Board.

Alongside of this progress in the First church the equally notable and encouraging work of the Second church has gone. This church has enjoyed the pastoral services of the Rev. A. K. Baird and other eminent men, and is served at present by the Rev. John K. Fowler, D. D., whose eloquent sermons and consecrated efforts have been signally blessed to the conversion of

souls and the upbuilding of the church on its most holy faith.

There is also in Cedar Rapids a Third Presbyterian church, recently organized, whose history has been very interesting. It was begun as a Mission Sunday-school by Mr. T. M. Sinclair, an elder in the First church, and one of the grandest men the West has known. Though the head of a great-packing house Mr. Sinclair had time for personal Christian work, for listening to the story of the poorest and humblest suppliant and for a warm interest in the cause of the American Indian. The sudden accident which called this good man, the William Thaw of the West, to his reward was a public calamity to Cedar Rapids and to Iowa. Of the Mission which now has grown into the Third church Dr. Burkhalter says:

"The spiritual wants of that portion of our population who live in the neighborhood of Hope Chapel had always been dear to Mr. T. M. Sinclair, since the location of his business in that part of the city. He had made a home for our Mission Sabbath-school in one of his own buildings, the box factory. There he met his men and their families for a prayer-meeting every Friday evening, and there it was determined in the latter part of 1877, and the early part of 1878, to enlarge the work and organize a branch of our church. Steps were taken looking toward the erection of a chapel. Meanwhile religious services were held every Sabbath morning in the box factory, conducted by Rev. R. A. Condit, professor of the Latin and Greek languages in Coe College. Progress was constantly made in the direction of organizing a branch of our church in that part of this city. On the 9th of April, 1878, the first accessions to this Mission Branch were received, and on Sabbath evening, April 21st, 1878, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the box factory for the first time, and many from the mother church sat down at the Lord's table together with our new members of the Mission. Twenty persons in all were the nucleus of that work. From that day to the present it has gone on with that varying success which attaches to everything here below. One hundred and sixty-six persons in all have been received into fellowship, of whom perhaps 120 are now resident members. Mr. Condit ministered to that people, from the be-

ginning, preaching once a Sabbath, until some time in 1883. The people at that time desired his full service upon the Sabbath and during the week; but Mr. Condit was not prepared to give up his work at the college. In the fall of 1883, the services of Rev. E. B. Miner were obtained for the Mission."

After him came the Rev. A. K. Bates, who ministered with great acceptance for two years. In addition to this church for the working men and their families, a promising household of faith of the Presbyterian order has been gathered among the Bohemians. And thus in the one city of Cedar Rapids may be seen the blessings which our beloved church brings to the rich and poor alike, to the heads of the great mercantile houses and also to the horny-handed sons of toil who draw their weekly wages. It must be a pleasure of the most exquisite sort to our Boards of Home Missions and Church Erection to see what has been accomplished by their friendly assistance in such a city as Cedar Rapids.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## CITY WORK—SIOUX CITY.

The most vigorous young rival to Omaha and Kansas City on the whole Missouri river is Sioux City. Its position is highly favorable to growth and influence. The impression prevails generally that the cities of the great Western world are planted by hap-hazard or after the individual whims of owners of possible town lots. It is supposed that wherever a railroad crossing occurs on the prairies, or wherever a man has a farm which he wishes to unload upon an unsuspecting public through the means of a paper town, there a "future great" is planted. But all this is erroneous. On careful study it will be found that the cities of any size in the West have their topographical and providential reasons for location quite as much as their older sisters. In the old world villages grew around the monk's cell and the nun's cloister. With us they spring up on a convenient bank of a river, or near the mouth of a mountain cañon, or at the foot of a range of hills, or at a reasonable distance on a railroad. Utility is the principle of precipitation, not religion; but there is a providence in the one as well as in the other. Doubtless towns are located out of mere selfish policy, but they seldom thrive.

As to the location of Sioux City a reliable writer says:

"While the vim and energy of the people of Sioux City may be a matter of great importance in the development of the community, the primary causes of the city's growth must be the natural advantages of a fortunate location as the center of a good tributary territory. These advantages Sioux City possesses in the highest measure. In respect to its location, it is situated on the Missouri river in Northwestern Iowa, in latitude forty-two degrees



and thirty minutes, longitude ninety-six degrees and twenty-five minutes west. Here is the only point in the State of Iowa where the Missouri bluffs come right to the bank, and, singularly enough, this is at the very angle of the great south bend of a river and a river system which have no equal. This fact in the infancy of Sioux City played an important part in the early settlement and development of the town and surrounding country on account of the wonderful facilities afforded for river transportation. The commercial prestige thus naturally acquired was strengthened in due time by the centralization of the various railroads at this point, and the consequent phenomenal growth of Sioux City is marvelous even in this land of rapid development.

"In the territory inevitably by the laws of trade rendered tributary to Sioux City there is an unusual amount of valuable land. The deep, rich alluvial deposit of ages gone by, enriched by the growth of vegetation and the ashes of burning prairies since time untold, have formed a loam varying from fifty to one hundred feet in depth, invulnerable alike to drouth and excessive moisture. It is an absolute fact that so superior is this northwestern soil that as much wealth has been accumulated in the short period of its cultivation as from the soil of the immediate Mississippi valley during a period of three and more times as long. It is the region *par excellence* for stock and corn. But this is not all; wheat, rye, barley, oats and flax, with almost all the root crops, thrive so marvelously that to tell the truth were to invite disbelief.

"A study of the soil of this region is necessary for the understanding of the unparalleled accumulation of wealth by its cultivators and of the resulting effect on Sioux City, which depends for its trade upon it. Take the region about Sioux City, including Northwestern Iowa, within a radius of 100 miles in Northern Nebraska and Southern Dakota, and indefinitely upwards along the flood plains of the Missouri river, and the country may well be challenged for another region equaling or approaching this as a corn country. The chief excellence of the Northwestern soil is not merely its exceptional fertility, but its availability for agricultural purposes year after year. Now, remembering that this region is one profound mass of rich soil to a depth of 100 to 200 feet, and that there are near the surface no indurated clay or rock strata to act as a bowl retaining excessive moisture, two vital consequences follow. In the first place, the surface soil ac-

cumulation is naturally underdrained, so that an amount of rainfall which would cause a total failure of crops in some localities has never produced such injurious results in Northwestern Iowa since its original settlement. And, in the second place, on account of precisely the same conditions, no other soil can so resist the evil effects of drouth. The vast depth of fine friable drift acts as a sponge in retaining and giving forth moisture, whereas a thin soil, however rich, resting on a hard stratum, would speedily become impoverished of moisture under continuous dry weather.

“A striking illustration of the unequaled power of the Northwest to resist dryness was afforded during the season of 1887. Despite the general and severe drouth of the season, when for nearly ten weeks not a drop of rain fell, Northwestern Iowa had an abundant crop, not only of corn, but of other staple products. Moreover, the peculiar character of the soil of the Northwestern corn belt makes it much more easy and far less expensive to cultivate. Within the past five years what had already been known in this region began to be understood by the world at large, to-wit: That the territory about Sioux City, above described as a corn country, surpasses by far the old corn districts in Illinois and neighboring localities. The amazing development of the Northwest during the past five years has projected this fact upon the attention of the world with a suddenness that is simply startling. Glancing beyond the splendid cornfields about Sioux City, we find a vast region of a different character stretching through Western Nebraska, Western Dakota (the Black Hills), and extending indefinitely into Wyoming and Montana. This is the great cattle country of the Northwest. On the ranges the cattle can be grown and their frames built more cheaply than elsewhere, but they must be taken to the corn crib to be fattened. The corn is found in the region surrounding Sioux City. Year after year the stream of cattle pouring from the ranges to the corn region, of which Sioux City is the center, grows larger. And the mutual possibilities of the two great sections are boundless. Immense as they now seem, only a beginning has as yet been made in their development. Only a fraction of the whole is realized.”

In 1880 Sioux City had a population of 7,500; in 1884, 15,514; in 1886, 22,358; in 1887, 30,842; in 1888, 40,162; and at the present time (January, 1890), the population

cannot be far from 50,000 souls. With its large packing interests, growing jobbing trade, thriving manufactories, solid banks, and unsurpassed transportation facilities this young city is certain to take a conspicuous place among its Western sisters. One of the unique things of Sioux City is its Corn Palace, annually erected and annually attracting more and more notice from the world.

The early Presbyterian work in Sioux City is very interesting, and presents some features with which we have not met in our survey of the formative periods in other cities. In 1856 the town consisted of some 300 inhabitants living in a few small frame and log buildings, many of them roofed with clay. On the ninth day of July in that year the Rev. Charles D. Martin arrived, and during the remainder of the summer he conducted service. On the 11th of September in the same year Rev. Thomas M. Chestnut, a member of the Presbytery of Rock River, Ill., arrived in Sioux City by stage, and on the following Sabbath he held service in the attic of a small store building. Having spent a few days in conference with some of the prominent citizens relative to his permanent location in this place he returned to Rock Island and made arrangements for the comfort of his family during the winter, and then came back to Sioux City by way of Burlington, where the Synod of Iowa was holding its fall meeting. Mr. Chestnut's return was some time previous to the third Sabbath of October, for on that day he preached in the office of the Register of Public Lands. The attendance was very encouraging, and the preacher felt repaid for his arduous journeys to and fro. The Register's office was the only place where public meetings could be held at the time. The meetings were continued morning and evening every Sabbath until the last of November, when, owing to the inclemency of the weather and the unfitness of the place of meeting, it was thought advisable to discontinue them. In December Mr. Chestnut returned to his family in Illinois.

But by May 6th, 1857, this indefatigable worker was

again on the ground, bringing his family with him. They had accomplished a portion of the journey by water, that all unnecessary fatigue might be spared, and on the steamer "Asa Wilgus" the faithful pastor arrived to continue his important formative work. The name of this bark ought to be held in remembrance along with the "Castor and Pollux," the "May Flower," the "Morning Star," and the many other missionary boats of ancient and modern times, which have been so serviceable in carrying laborers to their fields.

For a time services were held in the little frame school house standing on the side of one of Sioux City's many hills. In this building the meetings of all the religious denominations of the city were held alternately. The third day of June 1857 was notable in the annals of the town, for a subscription of \$225.00 was that day raised to be used in the purchase of a bell to call the people together.

The First Presbyterian church was organized on the second day of August, 1857, with twelve members. Two elders were elected, and the work organized for vigorous prosecution. In July, 1859, at a meeting held to consider the propriety of making an effort to erect a Presbyterian church building, it was agreed to circulate a subscription, the result of which was the securing of about \$1,000.00 in cash and work and lumber. The contract was immediately given to a competent builder and for \$950.00 a building 24 x 36 was completed in about eight weeks. With typical Western enterprise and sociability the ladies organized a fair and festival in the new building, by which they raised about \$110.00 for furnishings. This simple circumstance is worthy of remembrance as showing the ordinary method of raising money for church purposes in the new towns of the great West. Whatever may be said of the advisability of church fairs as a general policy it certainly is unquestionable that in a formative Western society they promote good fellowship, enlist the help and sympathy of all classes of society, make people acquainted with each other, break down the sus-



picion many persons harbor against the church and often open the way for the reception of the gospel in the heart. Doubtless, the true and scriptural method of giving is by voluntary offerings, yet considerations like those mentioned above may be urged as a palliation of the custom of holding fairs so far as heterogeneous communities of new States are concerned.

When the little congregation of Sioux City had done all it could to supply a building the Board of Church Election stepped in with a grant of \$150.00, in aid of the enterprise. And on the 25th of September, 1859, the church was dedicated to the service of Almighty God. On that occasion Rev. Mr. Chestnut preached a very solemn and practical sermon on the text, II. Chron., 7, 12: "I have chosen this place to myself for a house of sacrifice." The Sioux City Eagle, of October 1st, 1859, has an account of the church and the service, which may well be preserved as showing the view taken of such matters by the press which always closely follows the missionary into new settlements. "The handsome little edifice of the Presbyterian church," it says, "which was reared as if by magic, was dedicated Sabbath last at eleven o'clock. The exercises were conducted in chief by Rev. Thomas Chestnut, the pastor; he was assisted by Rev. I. Fuller, of the M. E. church. This church is small but very neat and well furnished. Its construction reflects the highest credit upon those who undertook it at a time when all were sensibly feeling the pressure of tight times. It may not be out of place to remark that this community is largely indebted to Rev. Mr. Chestnut for this building. He has been untiring in his efforts to secure an edifice which would reflect credit upon the city as well as upon the congregation, and after the subscriptions were obtained he put his shoulder to the wheel and worked vigorously and unceasingly until the structure was completed. He has now the comfort of a well-appointed and neatly furnished house in which to minister to the spiritual wants of his congregation. Long may he live to dispense

the Bread of Life to the needy, and may his labor have many souls for its hire."

This glimpse into the past indicates far more than it tells of pleasures and toils, of hard work and discouragements, of hopes and disappointments, of faith and courage that could persevere through the hardships of laying foundations in a frontier settlement. The really heroic labor in the history of any church lies very near its beginning. All honor to the few who are faithful and strong-hearted in a church's early days! Especially should honor be given to the men of God who, like Mr. Chestnut, patiently prayed and toiled for the establishment of the churches whose privilege so many are now enjoying.

The last time that Mr. Chestnut's name appears in the records of the First church of Sioux City is in August, 1861. Soon after that date his ministry in this place closed. He returned to Illinois, and, after further years of active effort for his Master, was finally called to rest on the 6th of March, 1872. The people of Iowa, and especially the people of Sioux City, should never forget his name. He devoted five years of the prime of his life in seeking the moral and religious welfare of that community. In the splendid city of 50,000 souls, into which Sioux City has now grown, the seeds of his planting are still growing and yielding rich fruits.

The next pastor was the Rev. Stephen Phelps, D. D., whose name is so intimately associated with Iowa Presbyterianism. He supplied the pulpit from June, 1862, until October, 1864. After him came the Rev. A. E. Smith, whose labors commenced in the autumn of 1866 and closed in November, 1869. On the 1st of February following the Rev. E. H. Avery began his work with the church, and as he had the longest pastorate the church had as yet known, under him the principal growth took place. His scholarly preaching drew multitudes to his services, his wisdom guided them over dangerous places, and his rare skill as a counselor enabled them to decide wisely in many troublesome circumstances. From an historical sermon,

preached by this brother in 1875, the following sentences are taken, as showing the growth of the church in membership during the early years of its history:

“In this church, for several years, progress was slow. The reasons are manifest to all who are familiar with the history of the town. After the enthusiastic beginning to build up this ‘Metropolis of the Northwest’ there followed a period of stagnation and discouragement. The surrounding country was not developed with the expected rapidity. The eager thousands did not rush to the new city in such overwhelming numbers as had been anticipated by some. Financial disasters throughout the country, the distractions of the great war, and the influence of Indian alarms had a depressing effect upon the young frontier city. As nearly as I can ascertain, the population of the place increased very little, if any, for six or eight years subsequent to the erection of this house of worship. The progress of the church was such as could be expected in such circumstances. There were some additions; there were some removals. On the whole, those years were calculated sorely to try the faith of all who were engaged in the new enterprise. As appears from the records, the entire number of additions to the church, from its organization to the beginning of Mr. Smith’s ministry, i. e., for a period of a little more than nine years, was thirty-six. During the same time a loss of fifteen had been sustained by death and removal. In the next three years nineteen names were added to the roll, and from that time the church has felt the influence of increasing immigration, and of the new animation and hopefulness of this railroad era in our city’s history. The additions in the last five years amount to 112.”

This pastorate continued with great usefulness and profit, until the beginning of the year 1882, when Mr. Avery accepted a call to Vinton, Iowa. Soon after his departure, the Sioux City church were fortunate enough to secure the services of Rev. Wm. Grandy. This brother gave his life for the moral and spiritual benefit of the

church and the city, and therefore it is fitting that some extended biography be given of him here. Sioux City has had two martyrs in the last few years; one was Had-dock, the Methodist pastor, who was sacrificed to the cause of prohibition, and the other was Grandy, who sacrificed himself to the general good of the community.

Rev. Wm. Grandy was born of Irish parents at Cavan, Ont., June 30, 1842. His father, a farmer and holder of considerable landed interests, and mother are both exemplary Christians. The piety and consecration of the latter particularly influenced their son, and gave a bent to his whole character. After having received a thorough education, young Grandy entered the ministry at Galt, a town near Toronto. He was married at Toronto to Miss Margaret A. Dickey, who, with their six children, still remains in Sioux City. After short pastorates in Canada and Michigan, prosecuted with great vigor and only interrupted by ill-health, Mr. Grandy was called to Sioux City where he instantly recognized that his life-work had been placed before him. His surroundings in a rapidly-growing Western city were strikingly congenial. With all the vigor of his splendid manhood, and all the consecration of a thorough Christianity, he went at his work.

Mr. Grandy was one of the most eloquent men the West has ever had within its bounds. To his church the people flocked in crowds, and among his hearers were always numbers of those who did not ordinarily attend service. His public spirit and warm interest in all things concerning the welfare of the city of his adoption, drew to him that large class in all Western places which may be reached by ministers who know how to combine loyalty to Christ with suavity to men. Some of his sermons are still quoted in Sioux City and will have a moulding influence as long as the present residents live. One of his hearers wrote as follows: "I never heard, never expect to hear, from clergymen or laymen, such a discourse as he gave during his first year of his pastorate on the grief of David, at the death of Absalom. The words of



the broken-hearted king, 'would God I had died for thee,' find an echo in many a sad heart to-day." He was never tired insisting upon the need of building the city up morally as well as materially, and a sermon of his on the text, Numbers, 32, 24: "Build you cities for your little ones," had a mighty influence in shaping the present policy of the place in temperance and morals. A clarion note on the corruption of the grand jury brought about his head a storm of abuse, but resulted in an awakened public sentiment, and prepared the way for the admirable enforcement of law for which Sioux City is celebrated.

Out of the pulpit, as in it, Mr. Grandy exerted a wide influence. Once, when a fierce fire was raging in the city, he organized a band of young men and so effectually led the work of rescue that a valuable residence and a collection of more valuable books were saved. When a movement to secure a business college halted and seemed in danger of collapsing altogether, Mr. Grandy threw himself into the enterprise, raised the necessary funds, put the project on its feet, and secured the very useful school. At the time that he was taken sick he had progressed to some extent in a plan to establish a Presbyterian college in Sioux City, and had not death come in to stop all his ceaseless activities he would undoubtedly have succeeded. In all entertainments given by his church he was the life and soul, and his recitations of Scotch poetry and his telling of Scotch stories were so enjoyable that many humorous offers were given him to quit the pulpit for the stage. On the street and among the poor and sorrowing his life was one long beam of sunshine, and into his own home there came joy and rest from cares and worry the moment he entered.

After a pastorate of something like two years and a half a sickness developed which resulted in his death. It began with a severe cold, and ended in pneumonia and consumption. He was advised to rest, but there seemed to be too much work in hand, and against the advice of his physicians and friends he continued to preach for

several Sabbaths. One of his last addresses was made at the academy on Memorial Day, and none who heard his eloquent words of tribute to the memory of the dead soldiers will ever forget them. Early in June, 1884, he was obliged to rest from sheer weakness of body and voice. At first he hoped that it would soon pass. His feelings, when he knew that he could not live, are best told in what he said to a caller on New Year's day, only three days before his death:

"I am looking and feeling better than you expected to see me? Yes, but I shall not live long. At first it seemed hard that I must leave my family, but they will be cared for, I know—can care for themselves—and now I am ready. I do not dread to die. When you ask: 'If a man die shall he live again?' I am not able to give the reason, but I know that I shall live again—know it as well as I know that I hold this orange in my hand, though in a different way. I know that what I have preached is true; that Christianity is true, and that when I die, which will be soon, I shall go home."

On Christmas day he had been very low. He did not want to die on the children's day, he said. Even in his longing to go home he was considerate of others, and did not want to mar the enjoyment his children might otherwise have in Christmases thereafter by having that day made the anniversary of their father's death. Afterwards he frequently asked his physician: "How long?" and on Sunday was happy when told that there was not long to wait now. "Rounding into port," he said. At the close of that Sabbath he closed his eyes and entered upon the "Sabbath of rest that remaineth to the people of God." He was laid away by loving hands, and in the prosperous present and promising future of the city for which he gave his life his memory is and shall continue to be precious.

The next pastor was the Rev. George Knox, under whom the church grew into a large membership of nearly four hundred souls, established a Second and a Third church, enjoyed a revival of very decided power and most encouraging results, and progressed in all ways to

the glory of God and the satisfaction of its members. The present pastor is the Rev. H. D. Jenkins, D.D., under whom the growth of the past will undoubtedly continue in an increasing ratio. In Sioux City we see a conspicuous example of the adaptability of our faith and order to a rapidly growing community, where a strong moulding presence is needed, and where all the wisdom and experience in our polity may find expression and use. Our church has been singularly fortunate in the choice of pastors, and the benefits accruing from such a godly and zealous succession must more and more strike the devout beholder with gratitude and hope. A hundred years hence the story outlined in this chapter will be a glorious memory, quite as sacred, doubtless, as any of the histories we now prize of the early work in New York or London or Prague. Toil and sacrifice are noble anywhere, and in our admiration of the noble army of ancient martyrs we should not forget those who have devoted their best years to the work of the Master in the trying fields of our Western frontier.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## CITY WORK—COUNCIL BLUFFS AND OTHER CITIES.

Council Bluffs is one of the oldest cities of the State, and around it have centered many interesting historical movements. It is preëminently a city of homes. It is noted for its refined society. The bridges connecting it with Omaha will more and more conduce to make it a sort of Western Brooklyn to furnish residences to those who do business in its neighboring metropolis. It is, however, and doubtless will continue to be, a city in itself: It has some thirty thousand inhabitants. It has its splendid stores, its massive grain elevators, its thriving manufactories, and its solid wholesale houses. On the beautiful hills to the westward of the city it has its Chautauqua grounds, to which thousands of people resort in the summer for study and recreation.

Council Bluffs takes its name from a series of hills among which councils with the Indians were anciently held. The actual bluffs where these conferences took place are some fifteen miles up the river, but the circumstance that such occurred is forever rendered historic by the name of this thriving city. The business portion of Council Bluffs is built upon the level bottom lands skirting the Missouri, but the finer residence portions will be found in the picturesque glens running back into the hills and upon the hills themselves.

Doubtless it will be of interest to preserve the following description of Council Bluffs written in the year 1854, though its value will be rather for its pleasant prophecy than for its actual history:

“The largest and most important town west of the



Des Moines Valley, is Council Bluffs City, which is located some three miles from the Missouri (directly opposite Omaha City, in Nebraska), is the county seat of Pottawattamie county, and now contains about 2,500 inhabitants. It is a sparsely built, incorporated city, contains two churches, Methodist and Congregational; three schools, ten stores, six doctors, twelve lawyers, and mechanics, and artists to match. Lots in the city rate from \$100 to \$1,000, each, and improved farms in the neighborhood from \$5 to \$10 per acre, including timber. An ever-flowing stream, called Indian creek, runs through the town, and upon the high points of the adjacent bluffs the country for miles around may be seen, including a broad scope of the beautiful and varied lands of Nebraska.

"A part of the city is laid out with little regularity, it having been settled before the survey of the country; consequently, the lots are of various shapes, and the streets of such angles as will suit the position of the ground. Many excellent buildings already have been, and are now being reared, and good improvements are rapidly progressing. The land office for the 'Missouri River District,' embracing nearly thirty counties, is located here. Four distinct railroads have been surveyed to this place from the Mississippi river, from different points, some of which are actually under course of construction; and it is thought that here will be the great Missouri crossing for the Pacific railroad.

"In 1846, the Mormon pioneer train, numbering many thousands, first opened a road across the State from Nauvoo, in Illinois, to Council Bluffs, in this county. As the season was too far advanced to admit of a further prosecution of their journey that fall, they halted here. Soon after, the largest number crossed the river and built a large village about ten miles above, and called it Winter Quarters (now called Florence). Early in the spring, a pioneer company of 100 men started westward, whilst those remaining opened farms and built houses on both sides of the river.

"The next spring, 1848, about two-thirds of the whole company started westward for the Salt Lake valley, and those remaining removed to the Iowa side of the Missouri, and commenced a small town called Miller's Hollow, on the present site of Council Bluffs. Messrs. Stutsman, Voorhis, and Henry Williams, each opened a little store here at that time, and were all that were in the country, in 1849. The county was organized in 1851.

“ Council Bluffs is situated almost in the geographical center of the United States, upon the longest stream on the globe, and directly in route West from the great metropolis of the East to the South Pass, and at the entrance to the great and only natural highway to the Pacific, the valley of the Platte. The fact that hundreds of thousands of pioneer immigrants have taken this as the only practicable route to California, where one has taken any other, is evidence sufficient of its importance. There are now four railroads from the East pointing directly to this place, some of which are progressing to completion, and the chain is already perfect from the Atlantic to the capital (entering the State at Davenport), and still they hasten toward us. We shall without doubt, within three years, hear the shrill whistle of the iron horse, making our hills and valleys reëcho with its rattle.”

It is well known that these predictions have been more than realized, as Council Bluffs is one of the greatest railway centers in the United States. The wide bottom lands between the city and the river are grid-ironed with tracks. It is the terminal point of the great Union Pacific system, and all the great Western trunk lines focus here. A large part of the population is hence composed of railroad men, and a conspicuous feature of the landscape is the round-house and the repair shop.

The Presbyterian church of Council Bluffs is really the parent of scores of churches in Western Iowa and Eastern Nebraska. The Rev. William McCandlish and the Rev. George L. Little were connected with its earlier years—men who left their impress upon both States. But the main growth of the church occurred under the Rev. Thomas H. Cleland, D. D., a very scholarly and eloquent man, who came to Council Bluffs fresh from the seminary, and gave to the city more than fifteen years of his best energies. His successor was the Rev. Alfred K. Bates, who did a work of edification and biblical instruction, the blessed effects of which will ever remain in the church. The West has had few men of Mr. Bates' consecrated spirit and thorough knowledge of the Word.

After Mr. Bates came the Rev. Stephen Phelps, D.D.,

an honored man in Iowa Presbyterianism. We have come upon his work more than once, and though a young man still he can truly say: "Iowa is my joy and my crown." Under Dr. Phelps the church has grown largely, an enlargement of their building has been made, a second church has been organized, and indeed every good germ planted by his predecessors has been trained into a sturdy and fruitful growth. Dr. Phelps is one of those choice men whom any State may proudly claim, and we are very glad to be able to present here a pleasant letter from him relating to his experiences in Iowa. It is as follows:

"My first charge was at Sioux City. I reached there the first time, fresh from the Theological Seminary, in the spring of 1862, riding from Omaha on a buck-board, on the Nebraska side of the river. Crossing the Missouri at Sioux City, on the old flat-boat ferry, I was sitting alone on the buck-board. A cow, being taken over, was standing on the boat, between me and the railing. She became frightened at the water, and, rearing up, threw her fore feet into the buggy. I concluded that if she was going to get in, I would get out, and so I very promptly gave up to her my seat; an act of gallantry to the weaker sex, for which I claim no credit.

"Our conveniences for travel were not very great. I went that summer to Illinois to be married. I rode on the buck-board again to Omaha. There were three of us, two passengers and the driver, on the one seat, and drawn by a single horse. I sat about half projecting over the end of the seat, all day, all night, and until noon the next day, not daring to drop asleep lest I fall off; broiled by the sun during the day, and greatly chilled at night. Then went on by stage, day and night, to St. Joseph, Mo., 150 miles farther. There I found the nearest railroad, the Hannibal and St. Joe, with soldiers and block-houses at every bridge, to protect from the rebels; trains often fired into, and sometimes captured by the rebel soldiers.

"Sioux City, at that time, had a population of about six hundred. In the Indian excitement of 1862, in which occurred the massacre at New Ulm, Minn., the Yanktonais, in Dakota above us, one of the most powerful tribes of the Sioux family of Indians, were said to be rising against the whites; and that Sioux City would be

their first prominent point of attack. The young braves, as we afterward learned, did want war, but the old braves counseled against it. We heard, however, that they had already risen. We had, before this, sent out from our little village, a company of men for the protection of the frontier. Of course there were but few men left. This company had been armed twice, by the Government, by mistake. The few of us who were left, organized ourselves into a home-guard and distributed among us the Austrian rifles, which we found in the company's armory, and threw a picket guard around the town. We kept it there for two weeks. The excitement and alarm were very great. Many of the people had their trunks packed for flight, and did not go to bed at night, expecting to flee, yet where, or how, no one could tell, for Council Bluffs, 110 miles away, was the nearest place of any size, and there was no way of reaching it in safety, as the Indians were on the war-path around us. We felt safer to stay where we were. Many of the settlers of Dakota Territory fled into Sioux City, bringing the report that the Indians had risen, and were just behind them, murdering the people and burning their homes. They left their dinners cooking on the stove, or uneaten on the table, and fled in great haste; others in their night-clothes, not stopping to dress themselves, when the alarm reached them. Our little village was tremendously excited, as these people thus came fleeing into our streets, and with such reports, and at all hours of the night. It was Saturday night. On Sabbath morning, the men determined to build a stockade and fort, and immediately went to work with vigor. I rang the church bell, however, the other churches having all given up their services, and assembled the women, and preached to them of the privilege we had of casting our burdens of care and fear on the Lord. During these services we could distinctly hear the sounds of the axes and hammers and teams, as the men built the stockade. The plan was, that, at the first alarm, either from a sentinel shot, or otherwise, all were to flee to the stockade. We had sent a horseman to Council Bluffs, asking help. That Sabbath evening, when the town was filled with fear and dread, a volunteer company of artillery from Council Bluffs reached us, bringing with them a cannon. They planted themselves on one of the hills at the edge of the town, and fired their cannon. Never was there a more welcome sound than



that gun on that Sabbath evening. It told of protection. There was at once a universal sense of relief, and the work of building the fort ceased. I was called out once at midnight, during this excitement, to do sentinel duty. It was a dark and rainy night. The beat assigned me was from the Perry creek bridge back to the foot of the bluff. I paced it from midnight until daylight, walking much of the time in water ankle deep. It was raining all the time. It was there that the Indians were expected to come into the town, and an officer of the guard, in assigning me to my beat, gave me the encouraging word that he had already placed two different men there, and they had both forsaken it. At about two o'clock I heard a horse coming toward me. I knew that it had a rider, for I could hear him trying to quiet the horse. I thought that it must be an Indian coming into town at that time of night, and such a night and during such a state of things. I also thought that if he was an Indian, he was but a scout, and that there were a thousand more behind him. I knelt down that he might have the black earth for my background, and I would have him against the sky and have the advantage of what light there was. I could then see him, when he could not see me. I waited until he was within a few feet of me and was then ready to fire, when I challenged him. It proved to be the Captain of the Guard out seeing if the men were all on duty.

"In that day, fruit was a thing almost beyond our reach. My wife's mother lived in a fruit region in Illinois and put up some cans of fruit in a little box and sent them to us. They were caught by the frost at St. Joseph, and were taken on from there by express on the stage. When I received the box, I had to pay twenty-four dollars charges, and then the fruit had, much of it, been destroyed by freezing. We thought it a costly luxury.

"One of our elders was asked by a stranger, 'Do you have a good deal of snow here?' 'No,' he replied, in his quaint Scotch way, 'not much. It can't seem to snow here at all without getting up a tremendous wind, and that blows the snow clear past us.'

"Sioux City was composed, in that day, chiefly of young people. It was very rare and a great treat to see elderly visitors, with gray heads, in the congregation.

"While the soldiers were quartered there, one morning, it was found that our church had been broken into,

and the Sunday school library had been stolen. It was traced to the very bunk where two soldiers slept. In a drunken spree they had taken it. I pleaded with their captain not to punish them, but, poor fellows, he had a placard fastened on their breasts with the word 'Thief,' printed on it, and then, with a bugler walking before them, had them paraded through the streets of the town.

"Waterloo was my next charge. I was going from Sioux City to Illinois, to my childhood home. In the stage from Fort Dodge, I had as one of my traveling companions Capt. W. H. Curtiss. He was a provost marshal of the district, and had been at Fort Dodge on duties connected with drafting soldiers into the army. He was an elder of the church at Waterloo. He asked me to stop over and see Waterloo. I did so. I found that the church there had built a house of worship a few years before, and had lost it through debt. The members had largely left it and gone to other churches. The Presbytery had sent a committee to visit the field and see whether it should not be abandoned. That visit had been made, and the committee were waiting for the next meeting of the Presbytery to report that, in their judgment, the church ought to be given up. I became interested in them and arranged to preach for them. We rented a hall. They began to rally. We soon needed a church building very much. I appointed a meeting of the little congregation to consider the matter. Only five came, and three of them soon left discouraged. The remaining two said, 'let us build.' The lot was purchased and on it was soon erected the substantial brick house of worship that is still used by that church. It was paid for before it was dedicated. While building it, one of the elders, Mr. E. A. Raymond, was one of our most liberal helpers. He was the son of a minister in the East and was the eldest of a half dozen sons. He secured places for his brothers, one by one, as they were ready to enter on work, either in his own store at Waterloo, or by establishing branch stores in neighboring towns, and giving them an interest in them. Just in the midst of our church building enterprise, while the burdens were the heaviest, and much depended on him, one of the largest of these branch houses burned down, completely destroying a large stock of goods which had just been replenished. It was a heavy loss to him, and he said that he would be compelled to retrench somewhere, but it should not be at the house of God. He con-

tinued to give just as before to our enterprise. His noble liberality was inspiring to all the others, and the effort of the little band of workers was crowned with marvelous success. Few church buildings in Iowa represent greater self-denial or more heroic labor for the Master than that brick church in Waterloo. God blessed them as families, in their business, and also sent them revival after revival as a church. Mr. E. K. Ware was one of its elders. My health broke, and the physician said I must stop preaching, perhaps for ten years. A meeting was held to consider the request for a dissolution of the pastoral relation. They magnanimously offered me a rest of one or even four years if I needed it, and they would supply the pulpit and hold it for me. Mr. Ware came to me during that meeting and made me one of the noblest offers ever made to me. He said that if I would let the pastoral relation remain, I might travel as I found necessary, or rest, or do anything I desired, and he would pay the bills for myself and family for a year; and the rest of the church would keep the pulpit supplied. The offer was declined, though it deeply moved me. Such was the character of the men of that church; and there were many others like these whom I have mentioned. The women, too, were a noble band of workers; fit companions to such men.

“As a member of this congregation, I found Rev. David Blakely. He was acting as an elder of the church. He remained there a year and a half after I had taken charge and was an invaluable helper to me. In his worldly business he failed, as we could see afterward, because the Lord was leading him to something better. He tried farming and failed; then sheep raising and failed; then went to teaming and still failed. He was very industrious and very active, yet he could not make a success of these undertakings. He had been laid aside years before from the ministry, by a sore throat. In the meantime he had married, and his wife was unwilling to be the wife of an active minister. She was at length laid on a bed of severe illness. God’s Spirit led her, good woman that she was, to give up her objections, and she resolved that if she should recover, and her husband should desire to enter the work of the ministry, she would no longer resist. She recovered. Steamboat Rock, then one of the very hardest towns in Iowa in its reputation, opened to them, and there they went and assumed charge of the church. Their ministry was ex-

ceedingly successful from the beginning, and for the many years of their stay. Mrs. Blakely had never been so happy before in all her life. God had led, almost driven them, into the work, and He greatly blessed them in it.

"While I was in Waterloo, I came in contact with an instance, showing how a mother's influence follows her sons, even for many years. Dr. John M. Peebles was an elder of the church at Janesville, Iowa. He was a practicing physician of fine reputation and splendid practice, and was greatly beloved by the whole community. His wife died. The affliction moved him to write me of a burden that was on his soul. His mother had intended, through all his child-life, that he should be a minister of the gospel. She educated him with that in view. He was familiar with her plans and in sympathy with them. When he had reached the Junior year, at Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, his mother died. He then gave up his collegiate studies and determined to be a physician. He prepared himself thoroughly and entered the profession. He had succeeded. He had universal respect and a fine practice, but he was not satisfied. He was forty years of age. The result was that he borrowed books from my library and prepared himself for the Presbyterian examinations; took them; was licensed, and, after a year's preaching, was ordained, and became a happy and useful minister for the remaining years of his life. When I had been forbidden to preach any more, for ten years, by a physician in Waterloo, and I was arranging to learn the carpenter's trade, it was this same Dr. Peebles who discovered the error in the diagnosis of my case, and put me in the way of a speedy recovery of my health and return to the pulpit, greatly to my joy.

"In 1874, the church at La Porte City had built their house of worship. The building committee had gone on, farther and faster, with the enterprise than many had intended. As a result, they found themselves \$3,900 in debt, and that for a building whose entire cost had been only \$8,000; that is, for nearly half of its cost. They felt that they had already given all that they were able, and were greatly disheartened. At the dedication of that church, on November 29th, I witnessed a scene that I shall never forget. That same discouraged people took hold of that debt, with a faith in God, such that, before they ceased giving, their contributions amounted to \$4,400, or five hundred dollars more than their debt. A



dedicatory prayer was probably never offered by a happier people than they were that day.

"The Vinton church, which I afterward served, after leaving Waterloo, was much in need of a new building. I presented the cause and a committee of solicitation was appointed. After working for two months at it, they were met by the financial panic of 1873, and gave it up. For more than a year we worshipped on, in the old building, which had been enlarged; when one Sabbath, July 11th, 1875, I appealed to them again, to rise up and build, and called for their pledges. They responded nobly and before they left their seats they had subscribed \$22,000.00; and their new church building was assured. They went on immediately to build, and while the work was yet in progress, God honored the church with a most remarkable outpouring of His Spirit, and 185 were added to their membership as a result. In the midst of this revival, it was necessary to ask them for more money to complete the building and on another Sabbath morning they responded with \$8,000 more.

"Rev. Thaddeus McRae, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Cedar Rapids, came to me, just in the midst of these revival meetings, asking my help, as a neighboring pastor. His church was in debt \$5,900.00 and affairs had now reached such a pass, that he felt that it was a life-and-death matter with the church that it should be paid. He did not like to solicit money, and we arranged for an exchange of pulpits for the following Sabbath, that I might help him by making the appeal for him. He arranged with the officers of his church for the matter, and on Saturday morning came to Vinton. Toward evening, I was on my way to the depot to go to Cedar Rapids, and met the telegraph boy with a dispatch for Mr. McRae, in my care. Suspecting its nature, I opened it. It was from his church officers saying that I should not come down to raise the money the next day, for it could not then be done. I put the telegram into my pocket, without showing it to him, and went on to Cedar Rapids. I succeeded in getting a meeting of some of the church officers for a conference that evening. I pleaded with them until half past ten o'clock, to consent to let me try to raise that debt. Under the influence of two of their wives, godly women, who were present, they at length reluctantly yielded. The Sabbath morning came, with the air filled with a winter's storm. The congregation was small. They, however, began to give, and

it seemed as if every man, woman and child, who was in the congregation that day became intensely interested in the success of the effort, and, as a consequence, they raised \$7,000.00; that is, \$1,100 more than enough to pay the debt. They were happy people, that day, as they sat down to their Sabbath dinner; and their pastor, when I met him at the depot in Vinton the next morning said, with a pretty long face, 'Didn't you fail? I have so dreamed.'

"I told him the state of the case and he cried like a child with tears of joy. One of the first responses, that day, was by the Woman's Society, in a pledge for \$600.00. I said, in my appeal, that I believed the call was from the Lord and that He would help any one to pay what there he promised. The next fall, I visited the State Fair Grounds, and saw a sign over a certain place, 'Presbyterian Lunch.' I thought that such a lunch would taste good, and patronized them. I found that this same Woman's Society had opened a lunch room, for the purpose of raising money to meet their pledge. They were so unexpectedly and overwhelmingly patronized, that they were stripped of provisions, and again and again they had to send to town for renewed supplies. And so it continued from day to day. When they came, at last, to count the net proceeds, they were found to be exactly \$600.00, not a cent more or less than they had pledged at the church, at the debt-raising. It seemed a gift directly from God, and in response to His people's trust.

"At Dysart, the Presbyterians had built a neat and commodious house of worship. I had the pleasure of being present at its dedication. They were \$150.00 behind in their finances. They felt that all had already given to the extent of their ability. They were willing, however, that a collection be taken, as part of the dedicatory services. They commenced to give. The \$150.00 were speedily raised. In a few moments more, they had given an additional \$250.00, with which to build sheds, back of the church, for their teams. They were not even then willing to stop giving, and one of the elders of the church arose and moved that they raise what more they could, and with it help the Methodist church across the street to pay off their debt. They then went on and gave \$200 more, for this neighborly Christian purpose.

"And so, I have seen many of the churches of Iowa utterly amaze themselves at the amounts they could easily raise, when they set about it together with earnest purpose and with faith in God; and in every case the

people have been glad and thankful, instead of sorry or cross. They have been cheerful givers, such as the Lord declares that He loves.

"In 1864, Rev. Henry B. Holmes was the pastor of the Second Presbyterian church at Dubuque. He was a good man, a strong man, and somewhat peculiar; very forcible in his way of putting things. He was strongly opposed to immersion, as the mode of baptism. As the result of a revival many were joining his church. It is said of him that a young man desiring to be of this number came and asked him to immerse him. 'No,' said Mr. Holmes, emphatically, 'I wouldn't get my breeches wet for you.' This remark let the young man, as it was intended, to think that, after all, the mode of baptism was not the most important thing about it, and he came into the church by baptism in our usual mode. A few weeks later another young man came to him on the same errand and asked Mr. Holmes to immerse him. He was a cousin of the former, and knew the answer that Mr. Holmes had given him; yet he was conscientiously in favor of baptism by immersion, and hoped that the pastor might yield. To his great surprise, Mr. Holmes answered promptly, 'Certainly I will.' They then talked the matter over, as to time and place, and arranged the various details. The baptism was to take place at the river side, on a certain day. But just as the candidate for baptism was rising to go away delighted, Mr. Holmes said, 'Now, remember what it is, that I have promised. I will immerse you; but I will not emerge you. I will put you into the river, but I will not take you out.' The young man was by this strange putting of the subject, set to thinking, as never before, and also came into the church in our usual mode.

"I remember that, after Mr. Holmes, Rev. S. G. Spees, D.D., went to Dubuque, I think from Baltimore, and took charge of the same Second church. He was a very eloquent man and scholarly, and one who loved to preach. He very soon impressed himself not only upon the church and community, but on the Presbytery and Synod. His study was at the church and opened upon the auditorium. He could see the people, as they assembled in the church for worship. I have heard him say, that he would often walk his study floor, on Sabbath mornings, as he thus saw his people assembling, in a perfect rapture, that he was to have again the opportunity of preaching the glorious gospel. Those were the days when we were discussing

the reunion of the Old and New School churches. We were New School. Dr. Spees earnestly opposed the reunion, and wrote a pamphlet pressing his views. I felt very much as he did, at that time. A prominent minister of the Presbytery, in one of the heated debates, did me the credit to say of me, alluding to the influence of Dr. Spees over me, 'Some young men pin their faith to the tail of a D. D., and if the D. D. should go to the devil, the young men would go with him.'

"Rev. Nelson C. Robinson figured largely in the affairs of the New School church in Central Iowa and was well known throughout the State. He was for eighteen years at Vinton, and was my immediate predecessor there in the New School church. The people were very much attached to him. He had extraordinary executive ability. His judgment was much sought. He was a prodigious worker, and in the early years of Iowa, was surely called to endure hardness, which he did endure, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He did Home Missionary work, over a very large field, and pioneered the way for many of his brethren in the ministry who have succeeded him; and organized many of the now strong churches of that region of the State.

"He braved storms, swam rivers, and made long, cold rides, in winter, and hot ones in summer. He was 'at it and always at it,' in season and out of season; a man of powerful physique, and equally as large a heart. He was a man of great influence in the Presbytery and Synod, for his sterling worth of character, and for the wisdom of his counsels.

"You, of course, know of Rev. James Knox, of Cedar Rapids, a man who also impressed himself very deeply on the churches of all that region. He never would let us know his age. He grew to be an old man among us, yet we were hardly aware of it. He was always so full of life and vigor, enjoyed innocent fun so much, was so appreciative and sympathizing with us younger men, that we felt toward him, almost as if he were of our own age, rather than twenty or thirty years our senior. At the last, he fairly gave his life in his zeal and devotion to the interests of Coe College, which the Presbytery was seeking to build up in Cedar Rapids.

"I need not remind you of Revs. Hannibal L. Stanley, of Lyons; Charles W. Treadwell, of Wheatland; James Boggs, of Independence, a man of refined and gentle spirit, yet when aroused, as in defence of the faith



against attacks of its enemies, a perfect lion in strength, and almost irresistible. I admired him above most of the men whom I have met."

This completes our survey of the work in the cities of Iowa. Doubtless it will seem to some that we ought to have included other places in our narrative. Indeed, there are in this fruitful young State several other cities of which we would be glad to speak—Fort Dodge, Iowa City, Oskaloosa, Independence, Clinton, Waterloo, Creston, Clarinda, and some others—but our space has been exhausted. Enough has been given to outline the sort of work that has been done in this portion of the West. The cities are everywhere the strategic points. The successful missionaries of all ages have been they who have gone to the cities and have there struck their chief blows. God sent Jonah not to the small villages of Assyria but to its largest city. Paul wrought not in the towns and hamlets of Italy and Asia Minor, but in such considerable places as Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth and Rome. So thoroughly was the rural population left at one side in favor of these great centers of influence that the word "pagans," which at first meant only those who dwelt in the country, came at length to mean those who had not been reached by the gospel.

Nearly 16,000,000 of us Americans live in cities. There are 350 of these large aggregations of men in our nation, sixty times as many as there were a century ago. History presents no nation which had half so many cities to govern as we have, from which results immediately the necessity of publishing the gospel to the dense masses in our crowded centers, and the applying to their moral sores the best means and latest balm that the progress of mankind furnishes to us. The old gospel will ever be the only sure cure for the wounds made in the battle of life, but we want the wisest and latest methods in bringing it to bear upon men.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## THE PROHIBITION MOVEMENT.

Perhaps the most interesting subject connected with the State of Iowa is its struggle for the enforcement of its prohibitory law. The eyes of the world are turned upon it, not so much to behold the beauty of its hills or the fertility of its valleys and fields, or even the progress of its schools and churches, as to watch the issue of the conflict between the Home and the Saloon. The State is one of the arenas on which the great battle of temperance is to be fought out. A sketch of what has already been accomplished and a statement of the hopes of those still involved in the struggle will be given in this chapter.

It would require a whole volume to give a complete history of the prohibition movement in Iowa. All that can be attempted here is to present a few salient points round which such facts as the reader meets with may be conveniently grouped. Iowa being largely agricultural, with but few great cities, the wish for prohibition has been fixed, from the very first, in the minds of the people. The movement, although recently grown intense, is not new. The early settlers of the State rose in revolt against the grog-shop when its principal ravages were confined to the Indians. As early as 1841 Governor John Chambers demanded legislation for the protection of the Indian against the vendors of strong drink. Among his many pointed things, is this to the Territorial Assembly, that "humanity shudders and religion weeps over the cruel and unrelenting destruction of a people so interesting by means so dastardly and brutal." So the first statute book of Iowa absolutely prohibited the sale

of intoxicating liquors to the Indians. This seed has grown to be a great tree. That statute stands unrepealed, although the march of progress has banished the Indian from the face of the State. As early as 1851, when only about thirty saloons existed in Iowa, an enactment of the Legislature declared every dram-shop a public nuisance, and prohibited the sale of intoxicants at retail under heavy penalties.

In 1855 the sweeping act of prohibition was enacted, forbidding the sale of all liquors except for the most necessary purposes. In this same year the question of prohibition was submitted to the people for approval or rejection; and out of a total vote of 48,200 nearly 3,000 majority voted to sustain the policy. At this time the State was in the hands of the democratic party; so that democracy is responsible for the introduction of prohibition into Iowa. We do not know whether this great party is willing to assume the public honor of this fact or not.

What has been detailed in the foregoing pages of the lives of noble men and women may enable the reader to understand why this temperance policy received so early an endorsement. All the great leaders of all the missionary churches in Iowa favored temperance and preached sobriety and practiced total abstinence. The temperance lectures of Asa Turner, and "Father Clark," and "Father Bell," and the Rev. Mr. Beaman, and the Rev. Mr. Williams, and many others, are still spoken of in Iowa as having had not only Gospel fervor but nineteenth century radicalism in them. Undoubtedly these men were beginning to realize that soft measures would not do. If the hydra was to be killed a sharp and strong and ready shaft was to be used against it. Their wise and vehement utterances undoubtedly laid the foundation for what we see to-day.

During and following the immigration of 1855 and 1856, already described in these pages, a vast horde of foreigners streamed into the State and through their influence the law was so far modified as to permit the sale

of beer and wine in cities and towns favorable to the granting of a license for this traffic. And this remained the law in the State until June 27th, 1882, when the question was again submitted to the people at a non-partisan election, this time receiving 30,000 majority in favor of the absolute prohibition of the sale of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. It was during this campaign of 1882 that the people became thoroughly aroused, and in the whole State the interest in the question rose to a white heat. No question ever received so thorough a discussion and absorbed so completely the public mind and conscience. For six months it was all Iowa thought of. Every day in the week witnessed public meetings and convocations, great and small, in nearly all the groves, school-houses and churches in the State. It assumed an interest bordering on religious enthusiasm. The Sabbath, saved to religious services, was devoted to the discussion of this vital question, when thousands of people were gathered together to speak, and sing and pray for the success of this movement. In fact, it was a modern crusade.

Even among drinking men the movement found strong support. It was not an uncommon thing to witness the strange anomaly of a man under the influence of liquor addressing an audience in favor of prohibition. Such a speaker was not a willful hypocrite. Struggling in chains whose strength he felt all too severely, he was simply pleading for protection against himself and for some external aid against his direst foe. The pulpit, the press, the bench, the bar, the farm, and the workshop, all were involved in the engagement. But above all, and more patiently than all, the mothers, wives and daughters took part in the contest and led the movement, bringing to its aid that strongest, profoundest and widest of all motives that move men—domestic affection! It was well that the ensign of prohibition bore this legend: "The Home Against the Saloon."

The day of election came, June 27th, 1882, and the



country knows the result. This election disclosed the powerful agency of woman. They were at the polls everywhere in large numbers, not to vote but to persuade and inspire. Booths were erected wherein lunches with hot coffee were served; and while this was being done at the polls other bands of women met at the churches for prayer. And God carried the day with victory for temperance. If every election in the country could be held as free from political acrimony and vicious influence, and with as high motives to actuate and inspire each voter, the nation would be supremely elevated.

The Presbyterian church, in all parts of Iowa, took an active part in this conflict. The Revs. J. B. Stewart, of Des Moines; George Knox, of Sioux City; Robert E. Flickinger, of Walnut; T. C. Smith, of Clarinda, and the Rev. Drs. David J. Burrell, then of Dubuque, and T. D. Ewing, then president of Parsons College, were towers of strength on the day of this battle. Many others did valiant and efficient service. A number of prominent elders of our church lent their influence to the cause; indeed, the famous Clark law itself drew its name from one of these, to whom prohibition will never be able fully to pay its debt. Our church courts fulminated against the saloon. On this question, as on all questions, our noble church is the conservative body of the world, but when once there was need of radical and pronounced methods our historic and apostolic courts have been able to speak plain words.

The climax of the prohibition movement in Iowa, if it has yet reached that point, came in the session of the General Assembly of the State at Des Moines in the year 1884. At that time it became the duty of the Legislature to embody the will of the people into the law of the State. In the interval between June, 1882, and the convening of the Legislature in 1884, the liquor element of the State had made a fictitious issue between a saloon-keeper and a brewer of the city of Davenport, involving the consti-

tutionality of the amendment to the constitution adopted by the people. Upon this issue, heard before a District Judge, judgment was given against the prohibitory amendment. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and after a full hearing the court of last resort, upon a bare technicality, overthrew and destroyed the amendment. This adjudication so incensed the people that a movement was at once inaugurated throughout the State to secure statutory prohibition. So the members of the General Assembly were elected upon this issue.

Both branches were Republican. Upon the question of prohibition, however, the House had the slim majority of one vote. There being one hundred members in the House of Representatives, it required fifty-one votes to carry any measure. It was at this memorable session that the old adage that "Every man has his price" was falsified. Every artifice known to defeat legislation was resorted to by the respective parties. The debate was drawn out through many days and weeks. Suddenly one member of the Legislature died, and the dominant party was compelled to await the slow process of an election to fill the vacancy, and during the interval were compelled to resort to dilatory measures and prolonged debate in order to defer action until the vacancy could be filled. The new member elected was a prohibitionist, and thus the balance of power was again restored.

At another time a certain member slipped upon the ice and broke his leg while at his home in Hardin county; but in the face of protests from his physicians and at the risk of his life he insisted on being carried to Des Moines on a stretcher. He lay for some time in the corridor of his hotel waiting for the moment to come when he should be carried to the State House to vote with the prohibitionists. It is alleged as a fact that many thousands of dollars were offered for a single vote against prohibition. When this could not be secured, like sums were offered

for a single negative traitor—for one prohibition member who would agree to get sick and absent himself, or in any way to abstain from voting. But the fifty-one men remained faithful in the face of bribes, insinuations, threats, cajoleries and abuses such as only truly brave and noble men could possibly withstand.

In the Senate, while the majority in favor of the measure was greater, the battle was just as fierce. The liquor power had elected its ablest and strongest lawyers to represent them in that body. Congressman Benton J. Hall of Burlington, and Senator Bills of Davenport, were the anti-prohibition leaders. Senator Talton E. Clark of Clarinda, being the chairman of the committee on the Suppression of Intemperance, and a Presbyterian elder, as has already been remarked, led the debate for the prohibitionists, supported by many other able men. The measure became a law, and with the subsequent amendments constitutes the present prohibitory law of Iowa. The wording of this law, springing from the clear head and the aroused heart of a Presbyterian elder, should be preserved. It is as follows:

“SECTION 1. That section 1555, chapter 6, title 11, of the code be and the same is hereby repealed, and the following is enacted in lieu thereof:

“SECTION 1555. Whenever the words intoxicating liquors occur in this chapter the same shall be construed to mean alcohol, ale, wine, beer, spirituous, vinous and malt liquors, and all intoxicating liquors whatever; and no person shall manufacture for sale, or sell, or keep for sale, as a beverage, any intoxicating liquors whatever, including ale, wine and beer; and the same provisions and penalties of law in force relating to intoxicating liquors shall in like manner be held and construed to apply to violations of this act, and the manufacture, sale and keeping for sale, or keeping with intent to sell, or keeping or establishing a place for the sale of ale, wine and beer, and all other intoxicating liquors whatever.”

This measure passed the Senate by a vote of 35 to 13, and the House by a vote of 52 to 41. It was ordered that the law should begin to take effect on the Fourth of July of that year, 1884.

The struggle since has been for the enforcement of the law. The fierce and stubborn resistance to its enforcement on the part of the liquor traffic furnishes a chapter of grave offenses, of high crimes and misdemeanors, of conspiracies and foul murders, that even disgrace the liquor traffic itself as venal, cold-hearted and diabolical, as it is. A Presbyterian elder, the Hon. W. E. Blake of Burlington, who had the temerity to aid in the enforcement of the law, was almost assassinated by a dynamite explosion in front of his own house. A Methodist clergyman was shot and killed on the streets of Sioux City. Congressman Struble's residence was fired in Le Mars. Many dwellings have been burned, officers of the law defied and all manner of crime committed in opposition to the enforcement of the most benevolent and beneficent of laws. If anything can show the deadly and corrupt heart of man, particularly when his passions have been aroused by strong drink, the spectacle may well be said to have been brought out in startling distinctness and color by the history of Iowa in the last half decade.

But notwithstanding all resistance and obstruction the law has wrought much good in the State. It has made thousands of sober men, it has reduced taxation, it has diminished crime, prevented litigation and taught a great lesson of patience, fortitude and sobriety, to the people of a mighty and growing commonwealth.

Early in July, 1885, one year from the time when the prohibitory law went into effect, the State Temperance Alliance sent a circular to every township in the State, and at the end of a month they had received replies from 343 townships in 85 of the 99 counties, from which the following information was gained: Number of saloons prior to July 4th, 1884, 927; number still open, 331. Number of places having permits engaged in the liquor traffic, 588. Townships reporting majority in favor of enforcing the law 273, against enforcement 45, doubtful 25. It was reported that drunkenness, lawlessness, and consequently criminal expenses were diminished during that year in



the same ratio as the saloons. In most cases where liquor was sold at all it was done by stealth.

The Governor of the State said that year in reference to the subject:

“For several months the law was generally complied with throughout the State, and continued to be quite well observed until judicial and other officers connived at, and even openly encouraged the violation of the law. In several instances appeals were taken and the cases transferred from the State to the Federal Courts, and these are still undecided. Under these embarrassments those especially interesting themselves in enforcing the law have relaxed their efforts, waiting for the decision of the courts. The opponents of the law, of course, take advantage of this opportunity and endeavor to force the conclusion upon the public mind that the law is a failure. The law has not yet proved a failure, nor has it proved an entire success.”

Compare this with the reports gleaned the following year and some idea of the progress made will be attained. In 1886 the secretary of the Temperance Alliance reported as follows: Thirty county auditors' reports give the number of permits granted, none; forty-seven auditors' reports give the number of permits granted 220. Average number granted five. Five greatest number of permits granted respectively, twenty, nineteen, fourteen, thirteen and nine. Statistics from seventy clerks of courts show injunction cases under the prohibitory law 255; result of these cases pending, thirty-seven; temporary injunctions granted, seventy-six; dismissed, forty-three; transferred to United States Courts, ninety-three; number of cases appealed from the justices' courts to the District Court, 547; number now pending, 110; acquitted, twenty-one; found guilty, eight; pleaded guilty, eighty-six; dismissed, twelve; convicted, twenty-nine; failures on account of disagreement of jury, eleven; fined, 117. The fines ranged from \$25 to \$900 (the latter was appealed to the Supreme Court), and imprisonments from 22½ days to 120 days.

In 1887 the Governor of the State said, in his message:

“Much progress has been made in the enforcement of the prohibitory law. Not only has public sentiment much improved in relation to it, but judicial officers are more disposed to secure its enforcement. Many judges give strong testimony in its favor, showing that, where it has been executed, there has been a marked reduction in criminal offenses and also in court expenses. During the last year, and particularly during its latter half, there has been a decided falling off in the penitentiary convicts, and a very large number of county jails have been empty, some of them for the first time in years. There has been a marked improvement in the condition of our poorer people. While there is very little difficulty in enforcing the law in the rural districts and in a very large majority of the counties, there are still a few portions of the State, particularly some of the larger cities, where the law is not enforced. This, however, does not include all such cities, for in Des Moines, Sioux City and Cedar Rapids the prohibitory law is now, and has been, for the last year, well enforced.”

In 1888 the carefully collected reports of the secretary of the Temperance Alliance showed that the prohibitory law was well enforced in sixty counties, reasonably well enforced in twenty-eight, and practically disregarded in eleven.

From all of which it is evident that there are hopeful signs in the struggle now going on in the State. The victory has not yet been gained, but there is every prospect that it will be gained. As long as man remains as he is law will be broken, yet the friends of temperance may encourage themselves with the reflection that the cause is marching on. It is something for parents in even a few spots in Iowa to feel that their children are growing up without having seen an open saloon. Hundreds of nominally respectable men have been reclaimed from strong drink, as their very respectability prevents them attempting an evasion of the law by seeking out “holes in the wall.” And, more than all, the prohibition movement in Iowa is worth all it costs, whatever its ultimate issue, as presenting a square and uncompromising pro-

test from lovers of home and lovers of God against the giant evil of the Anglo-Saxon race. The friends of the cause in Iowa are sanguine and courageous, and all good men and women, the world over, follow them with their interest and their prayers.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## THE OUTLOOK.

All that was in mind at the beginning of this undertaking has now been accomplished. A history of Presbyterianism in Iowa has not been attempted, but an outline sketch of the work and the workers up to the present time has been given. A much larger volume than this would be needed to give even a brief biography of all the men who have toiled in the State. It will be seen that this has not been attempted. The biographies presented are only samples, and many incidents and anecdotes have been incorporated that would have been out of place in a more pretentious book. We have kept steadily before us the purpose of giving a life-like and interesting narrative of the mingled struggle and triumph, sorrow and joy, toils and pleasures of those who have brought a great State out of its nebulous religious condition into something like form and order. The whole church ought to know what its pioneers have done and are doing, and if this purposely heterogeneous volume shall contribute to this result, its whole object will have been attained.

The Home Missionaries have painted their hardships in modest colors in these pages, as they are certain to do in any account they give of themselves. The storms they have faced are similar to those we are all called upon, at times, to breast. The rivers they have forded have names that are perfectly familiar to us. The hot winds which in summer have swirled the scorching sand and blinding dust and choking miasmas into their faces and down their throats and up into their nostrils are called by no African or Oriental names. Yet we must



not forget that their heroism is quite as worthy of praise and their cheerful faithfulness quite as deserving of the honor of a whole church, as if the hardships they have described to us were entirely novel to our present circumstances. A hot wind may be as distressing as a simoon, and an Iowa storm may be as hard to endure as a sirocco, and the swollen Wapsie may try the muscles of the thigh and the coolness of the heart quite as much as the Ganges or the Euphrates. We are not to allow distance to lend such an enchantment to the toils of foreign missionaries as to blind our eyes to the labors and discouragements of the men at home. The world is one and the work is one, let us give to all the workers our heartiest sympathy and praise.

Iowa has been blessed with scores of noble men. The Rev. Drs. Willis G. Craig, Alexander S. Marshall, George D. Stewart, J. C. McClintock, Thomas H. Cleland, David S. Tappan, and a host of others have given their best years to it and made their chief reputation on its soil. The eloquence of Rev. A. K. Baird, the scholarship of Rev. Eugene H. Avery, the fervor of Rev. William J. Young, and the consecrated zeal of a thousand others, are still blessing the commonwealth. Such names as Mason, and Goodale, and Cooke, and Cowden, and Carroll, will always be held in the grateful and affectionate remembrance of her people. If ever a State was stamped by the character and personality of the men toiling within its borders Iowa has been. Unborn generations will rise up to call them blessed.

At the semi-centennial of Presbyterianism in Iowa the Rev. E. R. Burkhalter, D. D., of Cedar Rapids, read a most interesting paper on the "Future of Presbyterianism in Iowa," from which a few extracts will here be given. They answer many of the questions asked by both friends and foes as to the outlook of the great State which has chosen God to be its God and prohibition to be its issue. By Dr. Burkhalter's permission we make the following quotations:

“What, then of the growth from the past to the present? Fifty years ago this autumn there was just one Presbyterian church in Iowa with eleven members. At the reunion of the Old and New Schools, just thirty-three years later, 1870, there were within our borders 286 churches, 198 ministers and 14,200 communicants. In 1883, at the consolidation of the two Synods, there was found to be in the one Synod of Iowa 252 ministers, 352 churches and 20,944 communicants. In 1887, the present year, there were reported last spring 264 ministers, 352 churches and 24,713 communicants.

“It will thus be seen that the growth of Presbyterianism in Iowa, for the last few years, has been phenomenally slow, a mere holding of its own in the number of churches, and until the last year or two scarcely more than this in the number of communicants. In some years more churches have been dissolved than have been organized. But this is easily accounted for. The general growth of population in Iowa for the last few years has been wonderfully small. From 1880, when the United States census was taken, to 1885, when the State census was taken, the growth in population of Iowa was from 1,624,615 to 1,753,980, a growth of 129,365 souls in five years, a per cent. of increase of only 7.96, the smallest rate of increase in the whole group of States and Territories that took a census in 1885. Dakota advanced in that time 207.19 per cent.; Nebraska, 63.71; Minnesota, 43.17; Kansas, 27.35. (See American Almanac for 1887, page 168). And the matter has not improved since 1885. The depletion still goes on, and now it is Southern California that is receiving Iowa Presbyterians. The worst of it is, the depletion is of our American population from which Presbyterians are made, whilst the small accessions are from a European population, foreign speaking, foreign acting, foreign feeling; in religion Roman Catholic, or Lutheran, or nothing. It is hard to stem the tide. No one need wonder that there are no more churches on our Synodical roll from year to year. No one need be surprised, though we all shall mourn, if from time to time some of our churches die and are buried.

“But what ails Iowa? I think I have heard or read that there are some people in the State who think that it is our prohibitory liquor laws which are hurting Iowa and deterring people from coming into the State. I do not think it requires much moral courage in the presence of ministers and elders to pronounce this statement ridic-

ulous and devoid of all fact and reason. Nor will I take your time to seek to prove this remark. And I could even say that I would be ready to congratulate myself and you if I supposed that it were true that we were receiving only a population which discriminated in our favor because we have banished, or are seeking to banish, the traffic in intoxicants, and that we were losing only that element which insists on selling or drinking them. But this has little to do with the case. It is not prohibition that is making Iowa so slow of growth in population and wealth, but climate, and yet more the few advantages at present in the way of material prosperity. There is no boom in Iowa either for the husbandman, or the manufacturer, or the merchant. On the contrary for several years there has been the drag and the heavy strain. Other parts of our wide country are having their day—hence the drain from our cities and the slow filling up of our farming population. Our American people do not know what the word patience means. They are never satisfied with creeping and hard-earned wealth. Wealth must come in a day and it must keep coming every day in the year. Hence Iowa is at present an unfavored part of our Union.

NOTE.—It may be proper to say that these remarks are specially true of the eastern and central parts of the State. But it will not always be so. The tide will turn again. This large belt of the most fertile soil in the world can not fail in time to be occupied by a dense and prosperous settled population. The fact that 95 per cent. of the soil of Iowa is arable land and most of it the fattest and most productive on earth, the fact that there is never anything like a total failure of the crops, but that there is every year a fair yield of the great staple food products—this means permanent, steadfast prosperity and eventually dense population for Iowa. The fact that there is plenty of coal here means cheap manufactures. The State lies in the path of the world's greatest energies. It will be the theater of much of America's intellectual and moral struggle and progress. We must get ready, therefore, for a large future, we must be prepared to deal with large results. Iowa is not going backwards, it is not going to be left out of America's progress; it has seen no such days of power and promise as it shall yet see.

“There are several points which should be taken into our view in preparing for this future. In the first place

our cities. These are the strategic points which it behooves us well to occupy. The great apostle of Gentile Christianity saw this plainly and acted upon it successfully in his day. We should be wise in the use of the same wisdom. Our church should not only be planted in each of these cities, but should grow with their growth. Colonies should go forth from mother churches. Mission stations, for Sunday-school and prayer-meetings, with preaching on the Sabbath, should be located by our strong churches to grow up to independence and self-support.

"But our population is mostly rural, thinly scattered over our large acreage. Of our 352 churches by far the most are very weak in membership and wealth. To supply them with the stated means of grace, and the services of a resident ministry, is the heaviest of problems. Several churches must be grouped together. This is arduous for the pastor and often causes friction between the two or three congregations. The consequence is frequent vacancies, constant changes. The still further consequences are great discouragement and loss of spirit. There are multitudes of churches on the rolls of our eight Presbyteries which are almost ready to perish. The future of Presbyterianism in Iowa largely depends on what is done with these weaker churches. Shall our church withdraw from them and leave them to perish whilst it concentrates itself on the more favored points? If it takes this course it can never regain the lost ground. Nor dare we say that any other branch of the church of Christ is better able than we to come in and occupy the field.

"I believe the true course is a richer, deeper cultivation of our whole territory. Each Presbytery should study out the problem on its own ground. Some of our Presbyteries are studying it in the direction of the employment of a Presbyterial missionary to give all his time to the interests of these weaker churches, visiting them and working with them for longer or shorter periods as their needs suggest. My conviction is, it would be wise for all Presbyteries to employ such help, and I believe it would be economical if all our eight Presbyteries raised and spent in this way a thousand dollars a year within their own territory.

"But I have one more point to make concerning the future of our church in this commonwealth. Its prosperity will largely hinge upon what is done with our Presbyterian colleges, Coe, Parsons, Lenox. The Congrega-



tional churches of New England clustered around Harvard first, then Yale, and Dartmouth, and Amherst, and Williams. These colleges gave them, in the first place, educated and trained ministers; but besides this they nourished and developed the genius of the Congregational system. The churches and the colleges acted and reacted most healthfully upon each other. In New Jersey, Princeton College has been the nursing mother of thousands of Presbyterian ministers, elders and laymen, and has, with its sister institution, the Theological Seminary, contributed more than any other single influence to make New Jersey what it is so strikingly, a Presbyterian State. Hamilton College has done similar work for New York, and Washington and Jefferson for Pennsylvania. Lake Forest will do the same for Illinois, and Parsons, Lenox and Coe must do the same for Iowa. We can send our sons to McCormick Seminary and complete their preparation for the ministry, but we must develop the spirit that calls for them within our own colleges. It is not easy to exaggerate the influence of this for the future of Presbyterianism in our State. If the church will help the colleges they will pay it back again many fold. They must be brought to close union, and they will build up each other grandly and beautifully. Let the point be emphasized everywhere throughout our churches that our colleges must be endowed and thoroughly equipped for their great and sacred mission. All that is done for them will flow back again upon the churches in increased measure. The future of Presbyterianism in Iowa must mean an educated church, strong in Christian knowledge, trained, skilled equally with the best. We must look to our colleges to develop such a genius, such an idea, such a spirit—and they will greatly answer the demand and give to our churches not only an able ministry and an eldership, but also a rank and file of membership well-grounded in the faith, not easily moved therefrom, and well-instructed in the truth and principles of the kingdom of God, a membership calculated to build up strong and aggressive churches. Without our colleges it seems to me that much of our work will be like building with sand."

In the future of this noble State every Presbyterian heart will have a deep interest. The elements which have made it great are in it yet, and we may hope to see this commonwealth which lies in the line of the world's

greatest energies moving on slowly, it may be, but surely toward usefulness and honor. The battle has only begun, but the victory is sure. May the prayer of every dweller in the "Beautiful Land" more and more take to itself language like this: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it!"





















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